BIBLE CONFERENCE ADDRESSES

MID-WINTER
BIBLE CONFERENCES
1913-1914

MID-WINTER BIBLE CONFERENCE ECHOES

A BOOK OF

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN

FORTY-FIVE EASTERN, WESTERN AND SOUTHERN CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES

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AFTERWORD

The Mid-Winter Bible Conferences of 1914 are history and today we greet those who desire to help us extend still further the influence and blessing.

The phenomenal success of the Winona Lake Bible Conference and of other summer Conferences suggested the enlargement of its sphere; and therefore, in February and March a series of Bible Conferences were conducted in various parts of the country. Seven of the large cities were visited. Washington, D. C., Columbus, Ohio, Nashville, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., Springfield, Ill., Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and radiating from these to other cities in contiguous territory simultaneous evening sessions were held. Altogether forty-five (45) conferences were held with results surprisingly gratifying.

Prof. W. H. Collisson, of Winona Lake, was with the party during the entire itinerary and conducted the singing with great acceptance in all the cities. Prof. Collisson's long experience as an evangelistic singer and as a leader of great meetings, including Winona Assembly, J. Wilbur Chapman, "Billy" Sunday, and other meetings, enabled him to quickly organize the singers, and to make the music a successful feature of the Conferences.

In every instance the organization was enthusiastically supported by the local ministers and committees as well as by the laity. The newspapers in nearly every one of these cities reported with minuteness the addresses and proceedings of the Conference and paid handsome tributes to the unusual benefits that came to their communities through the Bible Conferences. The speakers were all experts in their particular line and were so varied in their gifts and methods as to avoid duplication or monotony. It would be invidious for me to laud one speaker above another and as I think of them one by one and of their messages, I rejoice in the thought that each and every one of them helped me make real the great ideal of the Bible Conference viz: "To unfold the Riches; to confirm the faith in the Bible Inspiration; to set forth plans for teaching and preaching the Word; to deepen

and quicken the Spiritual Life; and primarily to emphasize the need and blessing of expository preaching and teaching.

As a result of the success of this year arrangements are about completed with distinguished foreign and home speakers to devote much of their time to this Bible Conference work and dates are now being fixed for the winter of 1914-15. The tour will include about twenty-five central cities in the Eastern, Central West, Southern, and Western States and evening Conferences will be arranged in about one hundred (100) contiguous cities.

It is the hope of the management to eventually organize in every section of America and Canada a permanent Winter Bible Conference. Our hope is in Him who has commanded us to preach the Gospel to every creature and our confidence is in His promise "Lo I am with you alway."

SOL C. DICKEY, D. D., Director.

Winona Lake, Indiana.
June 1st, 1914.

W. J. BRYAN AND DR. MORGAN TELL HOW TEXT AND SCIENCE AGREE

A great throng, rich and poor, statesman and laborer, crowded Poli's theater yesterday afternoon to its utmost capacity at the initial meeting of the Mid-winter Bible Conference to hear two of the world's greatest disciples of peace preach the doctrine of the Bible. Long before the doors were open, a surging mass of humanity besieged the theater, some with tickets, others without, seeking admission. And when the doors finally were thrown open the seats filled rapidly, the standing capacity was taxed, and thousands then were turned away. Never in the history of Washington's church world did a greater throng strive to hear the message of the Bible.

There were but two speakers yesterday—the Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, and Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan. But the messages from afar and near which were brought by these eminent men, both scholars, both statesmen, and both brilliant orators, were carried into thousands of Washington homes, there to be analyzed and pondered over. Dr. Morgan spoke first, brilliantly and impressively. He and Mr. Bryan were introduced by Vice President Marshall, who presided, and in that easy manner and soft English accent the distinguished Britisher spoke for nearly an hour. It seemed but half that time.

Mr. Bryan followed. As he stepped upon the stage earlier in the afternoon, a burst of applause greeted him. He recognized it with a bow, and sought his seat among the line of guests. For the moment he was the center of interest.

The meeting was scheduled for 3 o'clock, but as early as 1:30 here and there were seen those who had hurried through with their dinners and had hastened to the theater in hopes of securing choice seats. They were disappointed. But the chill wind that swept down Pennsylvania avenue had but little effect upon their spirits. They headed the line of peaceful invasion, and stood their ground until the doors were opened. Then as the time for the session drew on, trolley cars, automobiles, and carriages brought their passengers to the corner, and these in turn were caught by the wave of humanity and swept toward the entrances.

The main floor and galleries were filled, and the stream of seat-seekers was still pouring in when the audience began singing "Bring-

ing In the Sheaves." Those in the lobby joined in the singing, and so on down the line it went, until far up at the corner, several notes behind, the old hymn was ringing like an echo from the chorus inside. Persons as they passed, paused; some in wonderment, others in appreciation. Some joined in the singing, and while the cold breeze fought hard to drive them on their way, felt as deeply impressed as did those more fortunate ones who had gained admission.

Those who comprised the crowd were members of all classes. Representative men and women stepped from their chugging limousines to brush elbows with laboring men; stylishly dressed women pressed against their less fortunate sisters who probably were employed by some other stylishly dressed women; children, guided to safety by nurses, turned and smiled at the little newsboys at their side. It was a cosmopolitan crowd, each person intent upon broadening his scope of biblical knowledge and yet ever thoughtful of his fellow man.

The beautiful words of "Bringing In the Sheaves" echoing through the theater suddenly ceased, and the music was all that was heard. Then there was a lapse of several minutes, then W. H. Collisson, who led the singing, turned toward the audience, and, in a clear, rich voice, started, "I Need Thee Every Hour." Those in the front rows joined him, and on to the back of the house and up to the galleries the melody went, until the whole audience was singing.

Secretary of State Bryan supplemented Dr. G. Campbell Morgan's address at Poli's theater yesterday on the values of the Bible in national life, treating the great audience to an earnest exposition of his conviction respecting the indispensability of the Bible. His speech was an inspiration born of the occasion. He held his hearers in close attention and his words were words of wisdom. Secretary Bryan said:

In opening a conference for Bible study it is appropriate that the first words should be spoken by a citizen of Great Britain because that country has given us the King James version of the Bible. It was published just when the first settlements were being made on the Atlantic coast. Our independent national existence does not run back quite one-half of the period since the English Bible was given to us. It is appropriate, however, that the second word should be spoken by a citizen of the United States, because our country and Great Britain together bear the larger part of the burden of distributing the Bible among those who know it not.

Dr. Morgan, in that admirable address, which has both delighted and instructed us, gives four reasons in support of the Bible's claim upon us. These four do not exhaust those claims, however; neither will the additional claims that I present exhaust the number. They will not be exhausted by the speeches made at this Bible conference.

They are innumerable and are continually being added to. Those who accept the Bible as the Word of God do not have to apologize for their position nor to defend it. The burden of proof is rather upon those who reject the Bible, since its claim to our confidence has been fully established. The time has come to put to the test the theory of those who deny its authority.

Is the Bible the work of man, or is it an inspired book? Is it the product of human wisdom, or did its authors speak as they were commanded by the Lord?

Atheists and materialists declare that it is merely the work of man —that it was written under the limitations that apply to human wisdom. Taking this position, they must necessarily contend that, unless man has degenerated in ability and declined in wisdom, he can now produce a book equal to the Bible. Let them produce it.

Judged by human standards, man is far better prepared to write a Bible now than he was when our Bible was written. The characters whose words and deeds are recorded in the Bible were members of a single race; they lived among the hills of Palestine, in a territory scarcely larger than one of our counties. They did not have printing presses and they lacked the learning of the schools; they had no great libraries to consult, no steamboats to carry them around the world and make them acquainted with the various centers of ancient civilization; they had no telegraph wires to bring them the news from the ends of the earth and no newspapers to spread before them each morning the doings of the day before. Science had not unlocked nature's door and revealed the secrets of rocks below and stars above. From what a scantily supplied storehouse of knowledge they had to draw, compared with the unlimited wealth of information at man's command today! And yet these Bible characters grapple with every problem that confronts mankind, from the creation of the world to eternal life beyond the tomb. They have given us a diagram of man's existence from the cradle to the grave, and they have set up sign posts at every dangerous point along the path. We turn back to the Bible for the Ten Commandments, which form the foundation for our statute law and for the Sermon on the Mount, which lays down the rules for our spiritual growth. The Bible gives us the story of the birth, the words, the works, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension of Him whose coming was foretold in prophecy, whose arrival was announced by the angel voices, singing peace and good will—the story of Him who gave to the world a code of morality superior to anything that the world had known before or has known since—the story of Him who is the growing figure of all time, whom the world is accepting as Savior and as the perfect example.

Let the atheists and the materialists produce a better Bible than ours, if they can. Let them collect the best of their school to be found among the graduates of universities—as many as they will and from every land. Let the members of this selected group travel where they will, consult such libraries as they please, and employ every modern means of swift communication. Let them roam at will wherever science has opened a way; let them take advantage of all the progress in art and in literature, in oratory and in history—let them use to the full every instrumentality that is employed in modern civilization; and when they have exhausted every source let them embody the results of their best intelligence in a book and offer it to the world as a substitute for this Bible of ours. Have they the confidence that the prophets of Baal had in their God? Will they try? If not, what excuse will they give? Has man fallen from his high estate, so that we cannot rightfully expect as much of him now as nineteen centuries ago? Or does the Bible come to us from a source that is higher than man —which?

But our case is even stronger. The opponents of the Bible cannot take refuge in the plea that man is retrograding. They loudly proclaim that man has grown and that he is growing still. They boast of a world-wide advance, and their claim is founded upon fact. In all matters except in the science of how to live man has made wonderful progress. The mastery of the mind over the forces of nature seems almost complete, so far do we surpass the ancients in harnessing the water, the wind, and the lightning.

For ages the rivers plunged down the mountains sides and exhausted their energies without any appreciable contribution to man's service; now they are estimated as so many units of horsepower, and we find that their fretting and foaming was merely a language which they employed to tell us of their strength and of their willingness to work for us. And, while falling water is becoming each day a larger factor in burden bearing, water, rising in the form of steam, is revolutionizing the transportation methods of the world.

The wind that first whispered its secret of strength to the flapping sail is now turning the wheel at the well.

Lightning, the dread demon that, from the dawn of creation, has been rushing down its sig-zag path through the clouds as if intent only upon spreading death has been metamorphosed into an errand boy and brings us illumination from the sun and carries our messages around the globe.

Inventive genius has multiplied the power of a human arm and supplied the masses with comforts of which the rich did not dare to dream a few centuries ago. Science is ferreting out the hidden causes of disease and teaching us how to prolong life. In every line, except

in the line of character-building, the world seems to have been made over, but the marvelous changes by which old things have become new only emphasize the fact that man, too, must be born again, while they show how impotent are material things to touch the soul of man and transform him into a spiritual being. Wherever the moral standard is being lifted up—wherever life is becoming larger in the vision that directs it and richer in its fruitage, the improvement is traceable to the Bible and to the influence of the God and Christ of whom the Bible tells.

The atheist and the materialist must confess that man ought to be able to produce a better book today than man, unaided, could have produced in any previous age. The fact that they have tried, time and again, only to fail each time more hopelessly, explains why they will not—why they cannot—accept the challenge thrown down by the Christian world to produce a book worthy to take the Bible's place.

They have prayed to their God to answer with fire—prayed to inanimate matter with an earnestness that is pathetic—they have employed in the worship of blind force a faith greater than religion requires, but their Almighty is asleep. How long will they allow the search for the strata of stone and fragments of fossil and decaying skeletons that are strewn around the house to absorb their thoughts to the exclusion of the architect who planned it all! How long will the agnostic, closing his eyes to the plainest truths, cry "Night, night," when the sun in his meridian splendor announces that noon is here?

The Bible has stamped its impress upon the map of the world; its boundaries are clearly marked and the light that emanates from the Christian nations is flowing outward toward those who sit in darkness. Back of the progress that marks the present day is the code of morals that Christ proclaimed and back of that code of morals is the divine character of Him who is both Son of God and Savior of Mankind.

If as we contend this is the work of God, the importance of the study of it cannot be overestimated. If any of you are disposed to think that one can intellectually outgrow the Bible, you ought to read the rebuke that Tolstoy administers to what he calls the cultured crowd. He says that there are some who regard religion as a superstition—good to restrain the ignorant; but that with a certain amount of intellectual progress one can outgrow the necessity for it. His answer is this: "Who has experienced religious feeling knows that it does not rest on vague fear of the unseen forces of nature, but it does rest on man's consciousness of his finiteness amid an infinite nature," and of his sinfulness and this consciousness, Tolstoy adds, man can never outgrow.

We all need religion to nourish the spiritual nature. If spiritual emaciation was as easily discerned as emaciation of the body, it would be as easy to persuade people to be regular in the taking of spiritual nourishment as it now is to convince people that they should eat three meals a day.

If I was a minister and found a member of my congregation growing lukewarm or becoming skeptical, I would take him to a rescue mission and let him see the spiritual regeneration that can take place. Some two years ago I visited a rescue mission on the Bowery in New York, and listened to the testimony of a dozen men who told how, after careers of dissipation and crime, each one had found his way into that little room and there been borne again.

Their faces gave proof of the change that had taken place, and when I compared them with the young men who came forward and asked for prayers—young men whose faces no longer suggested that they had been made in the image of God—then I realized more fully than I ever had before the miracle that is performed when a man's heart is touched, so that he hates the things he loved and loves the things he hated.

The Christ who can go down into the gutter and lift up one who has fallen so that his own flesh and blood had given him up for lost, the Christ who can cleanse and fill that heart with a passion for service—that Christ could have broken the bonds of the tomb.

[The Mid-Winter Bible Conferences began at the National Capital, Washington, D. C. Believing the reader would be interested we have inserted the above as reported by the Washington Post, the leading morning paper.]—Editor's Note.

THE BIBLE AND NATIONAL LIFE

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

On one of the highways near the heart of London's city stand two great publishing houses. The one is that of the Times newspaper, and the other is that of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Over the first is a clock and a figure of Father Time, suggestive of things transcient and passing. On the facade of the other is an open Bible with the words of my text inscribed thereon, "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever"; a reminder, in the midst of transient and passing and perishing things, of the things that abide.

There is a value and a suggestiveness in these facts. The newspaper is a record of the practices of time. The Bible is a revelation of the principles of eternity. There is a close inter-relation between these two matters; or must I amend my sentence, and say, there ought to be inter-relation between these two matters. John Wesley said, "I read my newspaper to see how God is governing the world"; and that is the true way in which Christian men should read the newspaper. The Bible is the revelation of how men ought to behave in the world, which never yet has escaped, nor ever can or will escape from the government of God; and in proportion as the nation, whose doings are recorded in the newspaper, listens to the words of the Bible, the nation will approximate to the will of God, and reach the fulfilment of all that is highest and noblest and best in its life.

The theme of which I desire to speak is that first, of the value of the Bible in national life; and secondly, and consequently, of the responsibility of the Church in this matter.

What then is the value of the Bible in the life of the nation? The question is a pertinent one; one that we assuredly need to face; for we must all recognize that there is a widespread, if not very definitely formulated idea that we are now growing away from the Bible, that we are becoming independent of it; or perhaps I should more accurately express the mental mood to which I refer if I said that men are coming to think we have outgrown the Bible; that we can do without it. The motto of Glasgow today is this, "Let Glasgow flourish"; but that is a mutilated motto; and the mutilation of the motto is evident of the mental mood to which I have referred. The old motto of Glasgow is this, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of

the Word"; but we are supposed to have outgrown the latter part of the motto; and there were—somewhere and somewhen, I am fortunately ignorant as to the names—men who thought themselves wise, and who mutilated the motto. But the fact is not mutilated. Glasgow can only flourish by the preaching of the Word. That is true also of any city, or any nation. When the newspaper is interpenetrated by, and believes in the Bible, and that because it mirrors the attitude and activity of the nation, then the nation will flourish; and the proportion in which the newspaper ignores the Bible, because reflecting the activities of the people who have no use for the Bible, is the revelation of the measure of the break-up and decay of the nation.

But you say, all that is the dictatorial and dogmatic statement of a preacher. Well, I plead guilty to the dogma. I have no quarrel with dogma. But let us enquire the reason of the preacher's conviction, the reason of the definiteness of the declaration.

What are the values of our Bible in the life of the nation? I have asked a great question, which it is impossible to answer fully and finally in the course of one meditation; but I desire to speak of four values as I see them.

First of all, we have in the Bible the moral standards which make great civilizations. Secondly, we have in the Bible that conception of God which issues in great philanthropies. Thirdly, we have in the Bible that conception of man which make for his personal, social and national uplifting. Finally, we have in the Bible the one and only evangel of the forgiveness of sins.

We have in the Bible, first of all, those moral standards which make great civilizations. I might appeal to history. I might obey that statesmanlike and far-seeing injunction of the late Lord Salisbury when he advised men to study large maps, and not to confine their attention to small localities. And if for one moment we think of the map of our whole world, projected so that we see the two hemispheres at once; than I challenge you to put your hand down where civilization has come to highest perfection, and you will find your hand resting upon the lands where the Bible has been the bed-rock of the peoples' belief, and where the moral standards of the Bible have been accepted.

Or I might look back through the centuries with the same result. I prefer, however, in two or three brief words to draw your attention to that which is the essential moral sanction of the Bible.

The moral sanction of the Bible is the conception that human life can only be fulfilled as it is related to God. The moral sanction of the Bible begins by denying that man is wholly of the dust, and consequently asserting that the deepest and profoundest truth about any and every man is that of his relationship to God and to eternity. We

may gather up the whole teaching of the Old Testament in the one brief word, spoken by the great law-giver to the people long ago, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." We may gather up into one brief sentence of Jesus the fundamental truth presented by the New Testament, as the foundation of morality, "This is the age-abiding life to know Thee the only true God, and Him Whom Thou didst send, even Jesus Christ." These are the fundamental conceptions which have created the great moralities which have in turn created the great civilizations.

Out of the fundamental conceptions grow these things. The Bible stands for the sacredness of life. Its, "Thou shalt do no murder," interpreted by "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer"; is the perpetual charter of the sacredness of human life.

The Bible stands for the sanctity of the marriage relationship, and forbids alike that awful looseness that has been the curse of nations in the past; and that godliness which in proclaiming a supposed new order of better conditions, cuts at the root of all true and pure and noble conditions, by undervaluing the sanctity of that relationship.

The Bible stands for the importance of the family. The first circle of human inter-relationship in the economy of God is the family.

The Bible finally takes up a little child and puts the little child in the midst of the Church, and in the midst of the city, and in the midst of the nation, and in the midst of the world; and says, Conform your conduct so that the well-being of the little child shall be the issue of it, and you have reached the final morality of inter-related life.

That is only to summarize in the most incomplete way, in order to illustrate the first position that I take when I declare that the moral standards which make great civilizations are in the Bible. The Bible in the nation is the word of morality. Destroy it, neglect it, forget it, and all the moral conceptions to which I have referred will gradually be lost, and chaos will result. Deny man's relationship to God, and all these things, the sacredness of life, the sanctity of marriage, the importance of the family, the value of the child, will perish.

In the second place, I repeat that the Bible gives to us a conception of God which issues in great philanthropies. Here at first sight there seems to be no true sequence. The true sequence would seem to be that in the Bible we have the conception of God which issues in true religion, in the true love of God; but that would be to halt ere we reach the evidence and proof of the love of God. This is a strange and wonderful fact concerning the Bible; it for evermore creates a conception of God which issues in the great philanthropies. What is the conception of God which the Bible presents? And I am inclined to apologize for every question I ask, because as I ask, you see how

large the answer must be. And yet I will attempt the answer in perhaps the briefest definition of God the Bible contains, and yet the most comprehensive. "God is love."

I am always in conflict with the theologians when they declare that love is a Divine attribute. Love is the essence of Deity, and the attributes are but the exposition of love;—truth, justice, beneficence, patience—all these are attributes, but they are not the unfolding of the meaning of love. I suppose men have declared love to be an attribute because they have failed to understand what love is, and have thought of it only on its weaker side, the side of sympathy, and emotionalism, and tenderness. All these things are in love; but love is strong and fierce. That is not love which cries over the cancer, and dare not cut it out. That is not love that allows the wayward child to run its own way, without correction or direction. All the things of God are in the love of God, homed there, springing therefrom. That is the Bible conception.

Or let me state it in another way, with quietness and reverence, knowing how difficult it is to express the great truth. The Bible has revealed a God in Whom there merge those two great facts which make profoundest appeal to the heart of man, the fact of Fatherhood, and the fact of Motherhood. Both these are in God, according to the Bible. The first I need not argue for one moment; and I will only argue for the second by the citation of two illustrations. In the midst of the thunder of one of the ancient prophecies occurs this plaintive note of ineffable music, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you"; and in even yet more plaintive and wonderful revelation come the words of Jesus with the self-same sweet suggestion, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Fatherhood and Motherhood, principle and passion, merging into each other; principle suffused by passion; passion held in check by principle. No full and final unveiling of the infinite mystery of Deity is attempted by the Bible from its first page to its last; but by words, and songs, and suggestions, and finally by the portraiture of a Man of our humanity, this God has been revealed. With what issue? That the love of man, for ever springs in the heart of those who really find and yield to the God of the Bible. The toils and travails and triumphs of man on behalf of men are the outcome of this vision of God. The great institutions which care for the unfit have resulted from man's acceptance of the conception of God which the Bible has given to him.

But we have in the Bible also the conception of man which makes for his personal, social and national uplifting. What does the Bible teach us about man? What does the Bible say of man essentially?

That he is in the image and likeness of God, that he is a Divine creation; and the great apostle did not hesitate to borrow and make use of the Greek poet's declaration, "We are also His offspring." That is the fundamental fact; and that is what the Bible says about man.

The awfulness of man's ruin—and I have no other word accurately to describe the condition of affairs in the world—the awfulness of man's ruin is only seen when the ideal is seen through the Bible. Take this Bible away from me, tear it up, deny its truth, leave me all the other religious writings of the world, and all the other conceptions of man, and I shall become a profoundly contented man with the processes of humanity. But give me this vision of man, let me see man through the light that falls upon him from the page of the Bible, and then I share God's discontent in the presence of the limitations and the sorrows and the sins of humanity. I enter into fellowship with the Lord Christ Himself, Who when He saw a man lying in Bethesda's porches, impotent for thirty and eight years, said in vindication of his breaking Sabbath to heal him, "My Father worketh even until now, and I work." It is when man is seen in the light of the Bible revelation concerning him, that the passion for his uplifting, personally, socially, nationally, takes possession of the soul. Every man who really knows this Bible is a crusader, fighting, so help him God, against all the things that spoil humanity. The measure in which the spirit of the Bible's interpretation of the mystery of human life possesses the nation is the measure in which the nation itself will set itself to the sacred business of dealing with all the things that spoil and harm and blast and damn, in order to the delivery of humanity.

And finally, we have in the Bible the evangel of the forgiveness of sins.

While all the things to which I have made reference are found in this Bible; while they are true values of it, contributing to the national life what that national life supremely needs if it is to be fulfilled on highest levels; yet here is the central note, the highest anthem, the sweetest music, the most wonderful declaration of this Bible; that of the possibility of the forgiveness of sins.

Can we do without that message? Well let me answer the inquiry in another way. You quarrel with the doctrine as a doctrine. You question the possiblity as a possibility. Let me ask you to consider this, that the fact of the forgiveness of sins is demonstrated in the life that triumphs over sin; and the fact of forgiveness of sins is expressed in the life that becomes passionately devoted to the business of helping other men to be free from sin. Those to me are the supreme proofs of the thing itself. If a man shall say I am forgiven my sin, and shall continue in sin, he is a liar, his sins are not forgiven. If a man shall say, My sins are forgiven, and he shall have no care

and no passion for other men, and never seek to help them, then he contradicts the teaching of the Bible, and the great and gracious experience of nineteen centuries of Christian history. But here is a man who declares his sins are forgiven. Now observe him carefully. His life now becomes a conflict with the very sins he committed in the past. He stumbles, he falls, he trembles; but he rises and fights and wins; on the basis of sins forgiven, he is able to go and sin no more.

And the supreme expression of the fact of sin forgiven is that of active service for others. Oh this is it! We may discuss the psychology of conversion, and it is interesting and proper; and when I am told that conversion is simply the influence of mind on mind, I admit it;—the mind of God on the mind of man. Ah but the conversion that comes by the way of the Bible doctrine of the forgiveness of sins is not merely change wrought in the individual, it is a fire, a burning, a passion, created in the individual, to rescue the perishing, to care for the dying. If you tear your Bible up, or neglect it, and banish it from your schools, and cut it off from your municipal mottoes, and put it out of your legislative assemblies, you cut at the root of the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, and you have nothing to put in its place. These are some of the great national values of our Bible.

A brief word in the second place, as to the responsibility of the Church of God in this matter. And my first remark under this second head is that the only responsibility of the Church of God, her peculiar responsibility, is that of the proclamation of the Bible to the nation. In the first letter of Paul to Timothy, a letter intended to prepare him for his work in Ephesus, the apostle makes this declaration concerning the Church, "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." That is a figure of speech, full of beauty, and full of suggestiveness, in which the apostle reminds us that the Church is a lamp-stand on which the light burns for the illumination of the spaces about her, she is "the pillar and ground of the truth." That is the responsibility of the Church with regard to the nation. The business of the Church is to establish the nation by the word of the living God. This she must do by an incarnation of the Bible. Dwight Lyman Moody once said, "The Christian is the world's Bible, and in many cases a revised version is needed." I believe the second half of the declaration, but that is not my subject now. The first part is a truth of which we need to be reminded. The business of the Church is to incarnate the Bible. The man in your office will only be persuaded to listen to the Word of God, as the Word of God is flaming in your life. It is the Bible masterng the life of the saint, and the saint interpreting the Bible to the age, that the age needs.

The great work of the Christian Church is that of being the pillar and ground of the truth. One dreams dreams about this matter; and the dreaming of the dream causes lamentation, not for the moment over the low level of Christian living, but over the divisions in the Christian Church. The dream one dreams is that of the great Catholic Church of Jesus Christ in the nation, the company of all the saints living by the Word of God, living the Word of God, revealing to the nation the meaning of the Word so that the nation walks in the light of Biblical revelation.

The work of the Christian teacher, the Christian minister within the Church, is that of interpreting the Word of God to the Church, so that the Church may understand its meaning, and obey its claim, and reveal its power in the world. The work of the Church is first I say that of incarnation.

The work of the Church is also that of proclamation, the publication of the Word to the nation; and the work of the preacher—and for the moment I draw a distinction between the teacher and the preacher, the work of the teacher in the Church is that of interpreting the Word to the Church—the work of the preacher in the city, in the nation, is that of being the mouthpiece of the Church's life, as he proclaims the Word of God. Our pre-eminent responsibility who name the name of Christ, and are constituted into Church life, of very many different patterns, is that we so proclaim the Word of God; that men may understand that they cannot live by bread alone, but that they also need this Word of God.

The Church without the Word of God is a lamp without a light. She may be well organized, ornate and beautiful in her ritual, influential in her worldly possessions, intellectual in her grasp upon certain truths; but save as she is proclaiming the Word of the Lord that endureth for ever in the midst of the age that passes and perishes, she is a lampstand without a light. Therefore the abiding need of the Church is a knowledge of the Word of God, and obedience to the Word of God.

What then is the immediate need of the Church of God? The restoration of the supreme matter to its proper place. Diligent and hard working discipleship in the matter of the Scriptures of truth. A disciple is one who is willing to learn, and determined to work.

And that definition brings me to the most practical thing I desire to say. What we need at this hour in the life of the nation is a new exposition of the Bible. What we need in order to that exposition, is a new fidelity to the Bible on the part of the Church. And we will not begin, we shall do entirely wrong if we begin, by attempting to define or to defend the method by which the Bible came, or to make any interpretation authoritative. Our first business is to know it, to obey

it, to live it. The immediate need, I repeat, is the restoration of the supreme matter to its proper place in the life of the Church. Other things, yea verily; the tithing of mint and anise and rue and cummin. Did Jesus criticise those things? By no means. What then was wrong, "Ye . . . have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith"; and hear the final word, "these ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone." The Church is busy about a thousand things today. She is not wrong in touching the manifold and complex life of the age, but her mistake is that she is in danger of forgetting the supreme matter for which she exists. If we neglect judgment and mercy and faith and the sacred things, our tithing of mint and rue and anise and cummin becomes presently a veritable blasphemy, a substitute for religion, instead of the expression of religion. And if the Church of God be busy over this and that, organizing here and there, and running here and there, touching the fringe of life; while she is neglecting the central matter of supreme importance, that of knowing the Word and proclaiming the Word, all these other things will be the very grave clothes in which she will be laid to rest, without hope of resurrection.

"The world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever; for he lives," not by bread alone, but by the Word of the Lord, and "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

BABEL,
THE SCATTERING THAT GATHERS

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Scripture Lesson: Genesis x. 8-11, 25-31; xi. 1-9, 31; Hebrews xi. 8-10.

"And they said . . .
Go to, let us make brick. . .
Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower. . .
And let us make us a name; lest we be scattered abroad. . .
And Jehovah said . . .
Go to, let us go down, and there counfound their language. . .
So Jehovah scattered them abroad."

—Genesis xi. 3, 4, 6, 7.

In order to an understanding of the teaching of this old-time story of Babel, it is very necessary that we should carefully observe the relation between chapters ten and eleven in the book of Genesis. Broadly speaking it may be said that these chapters stand related to each other in the nature of cause and effect. The effect is first described, and then the cause is revealed. In chapter ten we have an account of the scattering of the peoples, the directions in which they moved and the bounds of their habitations, as they were marked out for them in the Divine economy. In chapter eleven we have the account of the occasion of the scattering, and of the method which it was necessary for Jehovah to adopt in order to fulfil His purpose of their distribution. In this connection, in chapter ten as historic statement, and in chapter eleven as explanation, emerges Babylon. I need only in briefest words remind you of the perpetual antagonism discoverable through all the Scriptures of Truth between two opposing purposes, principles, practices; the whole of which may be crystallised into the naming of opposing words; Babylon and Jerusalem; fear and faith; godlessness and godliness. At this point in the Bible history Babylon comes into view. It passes out of sight finally in the book of Revelation, amid the anthem of the triumph of the forces against which Babylon has arrayed itself in all human history; "Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great."

The story of Babel is that of a great human movement, and of a definite Divine interference; the story of a people who said "Go to,

let us make brick. . . Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower. . . And let us make us a name; lest we be scattered abroad;" and the story of an overruling God Who said "Go to, let us go down, and there confuse their language," and Who "scattered them abroad." Let us endeavour to understand the human movement; the Divine interference; and the inter-relationship between them.

What then was this human movement? What did these people mean? Notice three things concerning the movement as revealed in this story; its purpose, its programme and its principles. The purpose was unity; this is seen in the last word 'lest we be scattered abroad." Its programme was united effort in order to the establishment of unity. Its underlying principle was that of human glory, "Let us make us a name."

Essentially, in all these things there was nothing wrong. It must immediately be recognized, however, that this was an attempt to consolidate as against the decree of God. We need very carefully to keep these two chapters together if we are to understand the story of Babel. In chapter ten, at verses eight to ten, we have the story of Nimrod, a person only familiar to our fathers by his presence upon the page of Bible history; but now quite familiar to all students of archæology, for his name and his story are found upon the tablets discovered during recent years. Here he is introduced to us. Mark this fact concerning him. He was third in descent from Ham. In that line of descent he is the one conspicuous figure, "a mighty hunter before the Lord" which means in the sight of the Lord, in the consciousness of the Lord, and finally under the government of the Lord, as every man is, be he despot or saint. This man emerges into view as the great outstanding figure in the line of Ham. In the twenty-fifth verse we have the sons of Shem, another of the sons of Noah. The descent runs thus: Shem, Arpachshad, Shelah, Eber. The fourth from Noah through Ham was Nimrod; the fifth from Noah through Shem was Eber. In all probability therefore these men were co-temporary. Now observe the two things said concerning them in the tenth chapter. Nimrod founded Babel and Nineveh, and became the head of two dynasties. Eber was the director of the separation of the people. In his time the people were scattered, divided, sent out to the different parts of the world. The name of his son Peleg, which signifies division, fastens upon Eber the separation of the people, the organization of the movement, which was in the purpose and economy of God. In these brief records we see early movements contracted into small space; but they give us all that is necessary for our study of the Divine government. On the one hand Nimrod, the master figure of the line of Ham, establishing Babel, Babylon; and Ninevah, Assyria; on the other Eber—from whom the name Hebrew was ulti-

mately derived, and from whom there came presently the father of the Hebrew people, Abraham, undertaking the arrangements under the Divine government for the separation of these people, and the sending of them forth. To quote the words of Paul in the sermon on Mars Hill, He "determined . . . the bounds of their habitation," and Eber was the instrument of the doing of the work. It was at that period, when man was multiplied and it was necessary in order to the replenishing of the earth and the carrying out of God's human programme, that man should be divided and scattered, that colonization should go forward, if I may use a modern word; it was then, that men said: "No, let us settle here upon this great plain of Shinar, "let us make brick . . . let us build a city, and a tower . . . let us make us a name lest we be scattered abroad." That was the human movement.

Its programme was that of unity; "Let us make brick . . . Let us build us a great city, and a tower." Let us bring to bear upon the problem of our consolidation human wisdom and work. They were great forces that were employed; God Himself made this declaration, "Behold, they are one people, and they have all one language; and this is what they begin to do: and now nothing will be withholden from them, which they purpose to do."

That is also a revelation of limitation; the trouble lay in the purpose. So far as man can purpose apart from God, man can do apart from God. Any vision that man can, out of his own personality, project upon the sky in front of him, he can translate into victory upon the earth under his feet.

The principle underlying it all is expressed in the words "Let us make us a name;" it was an effort after human glory, the realization of the possibilities of humanity in its relationships. What was this dream which came to Nimrod the mighty hunter, and all those men of the ancient time who were associated with him? It was the dream of the solidarity of humanity, the dream of a great social order, the dream of imperialism; all the dreams that men have today. It was the result of the breaking upon human consciousness of the fact that humanity is greater than a man, that individualism is not the last word, that humanity cannot be perfected while it remains a conglomerate of separated, dissociated individuals. It was a great vision, a great human movement, springing up, I pray you mark it well, out of the essential humanity which was God-created. The purpose, unity, the programme, united effort; the principle, human glory.

Let us turn now therefore to the second of these facts brought before us in the story. Observe the Divine interference as recorded here, taking the same three divisions; the purpose of the Divine interference; the programme of the Divine interference; and the prin-

ciple of the Divine interference. The purpose was that of scattering, in order to the replenishing of the whole earth, in order to the full realization of the meaning of humanity. The Divine scattering might have written over it a word which when uttered had no such application, "There is that scattereth and yet gathereth together." It was a scattering from selfish centrality, in order to larger realization.

The programme was that of confusion of speech. I pause, at least a moment here, to repeat something which I am constantly saying; Do interpret your Bible by what your Bible says, and not by what men say that it says, We have the most curious ideas as to what this confusing of tongues was. Some people have an idea that each man spoke some kind of jargon that no one else could understand. God confounded their speech, but He is not the God of confusion. In the confusion of their speech there was orderliness and method. In chapter ten notice verse thirty-one, " . . . After their families, after their tongues, in their lands, after their nations." The confusion was perfectly orderly. I do not know exactly what happened. It was a Divine intervention, a perfectly natural thing in the economy of God, for there is nothing supernatural to Him, for nothing can be above Him. That day by the touch of His power there was confusion created among the speech of these people, and they were driven into separation by the confusion which had fallen upon them. By students of language it is claimed that all the varieties with which we are familiar today may be traced back to three original sources; that may be true or it may not, but it is interesting to notice that when you see the dividing of these people after Babel they moved in three directions. It was God's method of scattering in order to gather.

If the principle of the human attempt at the realization of unity was that of human glory, the principle of the Divine movement was that of the Divine glory. To say that, however, and to leave it without saying more would be a most imperfect interpretation of the story. God is glorified in the realization of His purpose for humanity; and that purpose is always that of the realization of the highest possible in human nature. These are broad statements of principles a little difficult to follow. May I, therefore, tell you a story by way of illustration. My dear friend, now ascended and glorified, Margaret Bottome, the Founder of the Order of King's Daughters, told me this story and I shall never forget it. A friend of hers was talking to a little child one day, a child who had been brought up in a Scottish home on the Shorter Catechism, and thinking to test the child's knowledge she asked, What is the chief end of man? The child immediately answered accurately, To glorify God and enjoy Him for ever. Thinking to see how the child's mind would work for itself, she said, Now darling, tell me, what do you think is the chief end of God? The child

thought for a moment, then said, I know, To glorify man and enjoy him for ever. That is the whole truth. God is glorified in the glorification of humanity, and He will enjoy for ever the man made perfect according to His will. So that the principle of the scattering of humanity in the economy of Deity was not that of punishment but that of chastisement, and the two things are far apart. It was God's method of securing His glory, and His glory is the fulfilment of all human ideals, that He may enter into His greatest possession in the universe, that of humanity in His own image and likeness, realizing its power, fulfilling its destiny, glorifying His name.

Pass over the ground once again, looking now at this human movement and Divine interference in their inter-relationship. Look at this human movement in the light of the Divine. We have tried to look at it separately. In seeing the two in their inter-relation we find that the fundamental wrong was godlessness. "Let us make brick . . . let us build us a city, and tower . . . let us make us a name; lest we be scattered abroad." Let us secure the unity of the race by our own wit and work. God was not reckoned with. That was the fundamental wrong.

The consequent result was first a narrowed outlook; the idea that there could be perfected humanity on the plain of Shinar; the conception that the ultimate city could be built of brick and bitumen. It was all narrow! Men do not think so; they think they are broad men when they get rid of God! I take you back to that ancient picture. They said, A plain will do for us; and bricks! In the economy of God all the plains, and the mountains; all the continents of the world were needed for the perfecting of man and the building of the Eternal City. They said, Let us settle on a plain, and built of brick. It was a narrowed outlook.

A further result was that of weakened effort, of undeveloped powers, of unrealized resources. The full powers of a man, or of men can never be developed if they settle on plains and live in cities of brick. To consolidate at a centre is to paralyse inherent powers; and to fail to realize the resources that lie beyond the plain of Shinar and Babylon.

Babylon did wonderful things without God, but it was not the City of God. No city of God has ever yet been built. London with its slumdom and devilry is far from the City of God.

The final result when God is forgotten is that the idea of life is degraded. We discover the philosophy of the God-forgetting life in the proverbs of godless humanity; Let us eat, and drink, for tomorrow we die! God help us; that is human life with God shut out! Do you hear it men? Does the tragedy of it appal your soul? Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die! Men cannot escape from the nar-

rowed outlook, the weakened effort, the lowered ideal. Brick will be of dust, and the city will be degraded, if God be eliminated.

Now let us look at the Divine in the light of the human. If the fundamental human wrong was godlessness; godliness is the fundamental right in the Divine thought and economy. Godliness means that God is first; enthroned, reckoned with, obeyed, brought into business partnership with man, for man's realization of the possibilities of his own being.

The picture here is that of Jehovah scattering men for enlargement. Man without God says: Let us settle in this plain. God says: Take the whole world in, find the continents undiscovered, climb the mountains, search the deep and find the hidden treasure of darkness. God scattered men in order that humanity should be completed by all the processes of quest and conquest, of adventure, discovery, and appropriation. It was scattering in order to the perfecting of powers, in order to the full development which never comes to men who settle in one place. Full realization of resources never comes to people who forget the larger outlook nd neglect the larger whole. God was moving them out toward realization of the highest.

Once again and finally; let us take another method of comparison. In doing so we shall notice first the parity between the human and the divine, and then the disparity. What is there in the ideal of Nimrod, and the people gathered about him, which is identical with the thought of God? First of all, the goal of unity, "lest we be scattered abroad." Although God scattered them abroad, that is not the last word. If we would have the last word here, we must hear it, as we must always hear the last word in the economy of God, from the lips of Jesus. It is but an incidental reference, yet it is majestic and glorious, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth." What is the implication of that proclamation, what the inference of the searching word? That His mission was to gather together. The apostolic note carried the music on, when John declared that His mission was to "gather together into one the children of God that are scattered abroad."

The city in human history is the symbol of human unity. The charm of the city is that of its social life. Perhaps I should say it ought to be. Why do you young people crowd to London? Because the crowd is in London. I know there are individuals who would get away if they could; but they are those of us who feel that we are getting older. Nevertheless I know I never return from the seas, or from country places, and drive through the streets of London but that the fascination of it grips my heart. It is the lure of the crowd, the social instinct of humanity, the cry for comradeship, the sense that man cannot be alone. The Bible opens with a garden and closes in a city.

Nimrod will build Babel; God will build the city of God. That is the first note in the parity of the human movement, and the Divine interference. They have at the heart of them the same passion, the same goal, unity.

Then the two are one in recognition of the need of effort. These men knew that they could only build their city, and realize their unity by effort, let us make brick, let us build. If there is one thing God has been patiently endeavoring to teach humanity through all the millenniums, it is that ultimate victory cannot come by cataclysmic interference; but only by the slow process of human effort, toil, waiting, and pain.

Yet a little further the parity extends. The burning passion for realization was in the heart of Nimrod and the men about him. That selfsame passion is in the heart of God. He will never find His ultimate rest until all the meaning of humanity has come to its fulfilment in the realization of His great purpose.

Pass over the ground yet once more, and observe the disparity. The human movement was godless; humanity managing without God. Up to a certain point it can, and up to a certain point it does; and the amazing thing, the thing that often makes faith tremble, is how well humanity seems to do without God. Yet I pray you look again, look wherever you will, and you will find that humanity without God is degraded; the tarnish is on the gold, the light is beginning to wane, the glory is passing away. The Divine interference was in order to Godly humanity; humanity ennobled, high lifted with the glory of a spacious eternity resting upon its brow; humanity with eternity in its heart, answering the music of the spheres by the rhythmic march of its progress to the ultimate realization of the Divine purpose.

The human programme was the accomplishment of results by human wit and strength. That never rises above the level of its purpose, which is material, and it operates wholly and entirely within the dust. The Divine programme is that of accomplishment by Divine wisdom and Divine power, which are at the disposal of all who toil toward the ultimate; the wagon hitched—not to a star, but to the God of the stars; all endeavor under His direction, and all moving toward His goal.

The principle of the human movement was that of human well-being, on material and mental levels, and not one whit beyond. The principle of the Divine movement is spiritual well-being, and therefore all mental well-being, and ultimately all material well-being. Human activity takes into account two quantities of humanity, the material and mental; and misses the central, the spiritual. The Divine begins with the central, the spiritual; and brings into relationship the mental and the material. Therefore when humanity says

"Let us make brick . . . let us build . . . let us make a name" God goes down to scatter, in order to defeat man's unwitting march to suicide.

The pertinence of this theme to the present hour every thoughtful man and woman in this house has discovered. There are great words which are on all our lips today. We live in the midst of great movements of which we cannot help being conscious. Such words as imperialism, socialism, catholicism; these are great words, and it is interesting to notice that the ideals they stand for, are closely related, though we sometimes imagine they are in antagonism. This man says, I am an imperialist in politics, and this man, I am a socialist; and they mean exactly the same thing if they did but understand the deep things of life. One man is applying the ideal in one hemisphere and the other in another; because each is living in a hemisphere they are always fighting. In God's name why do we not understand that the sphere is everything, and not the hemisphere?

The great movements of the time are those of National Alliances, Commercial Consolidations, Trade Unions, Church Reunions. The passion is right; it is human and therefore it is Divine. When the preacher dares to take the words in the sanctuary, you all feel there is a blessing in them, but you will be rather afraid of some of them tomorrow. Yet you know they are great words. I am not dealing with the application of them to certain partial conditions; but with the passion that moves in them, and sings through them. Humanity is coming in the day in which we live; to a new vision of its union, its solidarity.

The passion is right, what of the principle? If it be godless, then Babylon. If it be godly, then at last "though a wide compass first be fetched" the city of God.

Is the principle godless? Are you going to try to realize your dream without God? Is God to be left out of account when the nations form their alliances? Then what will happen? The next alliance will be as the last, an instrument of suspicion and strife instead of confidence and peace. The godless alliance may be politic, diplomatic, very, very clever; but it lands us no nearer the ultimate peace, if God be forgotten.

If your commercial consolidations are godless, they will destroy life, until life in its majesty rises up and flings your consolidations to hell whence they came.

If your Trade Unionism is godless it will engender tyranny of the worst description.

If your Church Reunions are godless, and they can be, and will be if you sacrifice principle, then they will tend to worse confusion than has ever visited and blighted the Christian Church.

Is the principle upon which you are working that of godliness. then your outlook is becoming surely racial rather than national That is the test. Some of us have been charged with being unpatriotic, but I make the affirmation without any hesitation, the measure in which our passion for the solidarity of the race is godly, is the measure in which we shall care far less about national advantages, than the racial upward movement. That is Christianity. That is the missionary outlook. That will cancel all such heathenish use of words as we have in the phrase, inferior races. We shall hear them no more if the passion being for unity, the principle be a godly one.

Can there be godly consolidation commercially? Are there not godly men in business, in trade, in commercial life? There are; and remember this, that the federation of commerce according to godliness will mean that the supreme thing will be life and not property.

When there is godly federation of trades within trade unionism the federation will be ethical and true.

When there are godly reunions in the churches, Catholicism will be Christian in tone and temper.

I do not know how far away the consumation is. I hear the strife of Babel; but this I know, I shall share in the last rout and ruin of mistaken ideals, or in the final anthem of the Divine victory according to whether I am attempting to realize this high ideal by godlessness or by godliness.

When you get home take your Bible and look at the consumation as described in the book of Revelation. Babel; "Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great;" The city of God, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His peoples, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Take your Bible again—it is a wonderfully useful book when you are dealing with human things—and link together three things in the movement of God; the confusion of tongues at Babel, the grace of God in the unification of tongues at Pentecost, the glory of God in the harmony of tongues in Revelation. That is the whole movement from beginning to end.

This is my final word, when you have looked at the people who said, "Let us make brick . . . let us build," turn over to chapter twelve, and what will you see? One man leaving the city behind him, and going forth seeking a city whose Builder and Maker is God. What is the principle of his action? Faith in God and in the ultimate. So may we march toward the final city, and in proportion as we do, we shall be workers together with Him, for the destruction of Babel and the building of the city.

ABRAM,
CALLED OF GOD

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Scripture Lesson: Genesis xii. 1-5; Acts vii. 2-5; Hebrews xi. 8-10, xii. 3.

"Now Jehovah said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will shew thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse: and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed. So Abram went, as Jehovah had spoken unto him."—Genesis xii. 1-4.

In our ordinary consideration of the call of Abram we have been so interested in the experience of the man, that we have at least been in danger of failing to give sufficient attention to the place which that call occupied in the economy of God. It is to that aspect of the event that I propose to ask your attention now; concluding with some lessons from the experience of the man.

That this is the supreme matter I think there can be no doubt, after anything like mature and careful consideration. The man Abram, apart from his relationship to God, was of no moment; he had been an idolater, as he was an obscure man in every way, the younger son of his father, and childless; all the greatness of his name is due to his relations to the Divine purpose and the Divine activity. This man was not a builder of empire, he was not a writer of poetry. There was nothing magnificent or splendid about him, using these words in the purely worldly and material sense. No glamour attaches to him apart from his relationship to the Divine purpose, and His place in the Divine economy. That constitutes the glory of the man. The very fact that the only association of his name is that of his relation to Jehovah constitutes his supreme fame and his supreme glory upon the page of human history. He was always a wanderer, a pilgrim, always a dweller in tents. In that consists his greatness, his fame, his power; his influence even now, after centuries and millenniums have run their course. Therefore we turn our attention tonight, not so much to the man himself; but to the man as the instrument of God.

There are two lines of consideration which we shall follow; first

that of the purpose of God in the call of Abram; and secondly, that of the method of God as illustrated in that call.

In attempting to understand the purpose of God in the call of this man in olden days, there are two lights which will help us; one falling upon it, and the other a light within itself; and we need both if we are to understand that purpose.

The call of Abram may first be interpreted by Babel; and in the second place it must be interpreted in the terms of the call itself.

The relation of this story of the call of Abram to Babel is quite patent. About three hundred and thirty years had passed since the confusion of tongues, before Abram heard the final call and left Haran to go to the land of Canaan. At the time of the division of the people into nations, and their distribution over the earth, in the economy of God, Eber was living. He was in all likelihood, the instrument for the organization of that distribution. If we read the story of the descendants of Eber, we find that his son, Peleg—the name signifying "division," because he was born in that hour of division and distribution—lived for thirty-four years, and then there was born to him a son, and named Reu; who lived for thirty-two years and his son was born and named Serug; who lived for thirty years and his son was born, and named Nahor; who lived for twenty-nine years and his son was born, and named Terah; who lived one hundred and thirty years and Abram was born. He lived seventy-five years and then the final call came, and in obedience he went into Canaan. Thus there had passed three hundred and thirty years in all. The Divine action at Babel had been that of scattering toward solidarity; of confusion in order to communion.

During those three hundred and thirty years, the people had scattered and multiplied, had climbed the mountains and descended into the valleys; and during the whole of the process there had been the widespread growth of idolatries. On the banks of the Euphrates the great City of Ur had come into existence, and in Ur of the Chaldee this boy Abram had been born, and there he had lived through the earlier years of his life, until his father Terah, turned his back upon the place, and moved toward Canaan; but he never reached Canaan. Still on the same side of the great river he pitched his tent at Haran, and there abode until the day of his dying.

It is at that point that the story is now taken up. This was a new beginning on the part of Jehovah, a new beginning in human history as distinct as the beginning in the case of Adam, as distinct as the beginning in the case of Noah; but an entirely new method. First there was the creation of man; then that hour of destruction of the race due to its unutterable corruption, and another new beginning as man emerged upon the other side of the judgment, with a history be-

hind him with its perpetual warning and teaching, in addition to all that he knew by direct revelation; and again it is a story of failure and corruption that is written for us. Now, here is another new beginning, but the same goal is in view.

After reading the story of the flood turn on from chapter eleven to twelve, and as in Babel's story we have the picture of desire for, and attempt to build, a city and a tower; to confederate upon a godless basis; here we have the picture of the calling of one man, an individual, who saw what others did not see, the city of God, a new policy, a new social order, a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; one man who saw the vision of God—I do not mean that he had seen God, but that he had seen what God saw, the coming of humanity to the final consummation; not a godless federation, but a godly solidarity, not the association of men by the effort of their own work and wit, but the fellowship of men under the direct government of the wisdom of God and through the power of His might. It was a great vision. When Abram went out he was not seeking for the heaven that lies beyond, but for the order of heaven established in the world. Notice with what care the writer of the letter to the Hebrews declared concerning Abram and all the illustrious line of builders and warriors of faith, that none of them obtained the promise, and that not even yet, have they obtained the promise, "God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect." No one would dare to suggest that Abram and all the faithful men of the past have not reached the haven of rest and quiet and light that lies beyond. That surely have they reached; but the city they sought is not yet built; the goal they moved towards has not yet been reached. The ultimate goal is the accomplishment of the Divine purpose in human history, the establishment of the Kingdom of God in the world; that after which men falsely sought at Babel and because of their false seeking were scattered by God in order that presently they might be gathered together by God. Now, Jehovah was beginning His movement toward the goal at which they aimed, the realization of the true passion of the human heart, which they sought to realize by a wrong principle. The relation therefore of the call of the man to the Divine economy is the supreme matter, as we see when we interpret the story in the light of the context.

Look for a moment at the context itself, and see with what care—if I may use such a term about the speech of God—God told this man at the very beginning what His purpose was. I omit the command laid upon Abram, and listen to the promises only, "The land that I will shew thee; . . . I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing . . . I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse;

and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

Thus at the very beginning of the history of God's ancient people Israel, in the word in which God called this man and made him the father of the nation, the founder of the people, in explicit terms He declared to him the ultimate purpose He had in so doing. He did not call him in order to bless him merely. He called him in order to bless him that he might be a blessing. The call of Abram was not on the part of Jehovah the exclusion of those scattered peoples who in their wanderings had departed from Him, and set up idols and false worship. The call of Abram was in order that through him and those who should grow from his, all the families of the earth should be blessed.

The immediate word was that of immediate responsibility, "Be thou a blessing." The word blessing is a pictorial word; and it is used in its deepest, truest sense, not of what God gives man, but of what man gives to God. That is an amazing fact, yet it is true. The root of the word means to kneel in worship, tc kneel in adoration. When the word is used perpetually of God concerning His attitude toward man, there is involved—whether this was understood or not who shall tell, we have every right to deduce the deepest meaning in the light of the New Testament—there is involved this truth, that God's blessing of humanity is that of His kneeling to them, serving them. If this thought astonishes us, listen to this; He "being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be snatched at, to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the Cross." The root suggestion of the old Hebrew word blossoms into beauty, and bears fruit, in the fact that when God speaks of the blessing that He gives to man there is suggested the profound truth that He gives it by becoming the servant of man. Such was the significance of the simple symbolism when Jesus girded Himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet, the towel being for evermore the emblem of slavery. The word spoken to Abram "I will bless thee . . . and be thou a blessing," was this; My attitude toward thee is to be thy attitude toward men. In all the economy of My dealing with thee I shall bend, bow, stoop to serve thee; so the purpose for which I call thee is that in the midst of men thou shalt be a servant, bowing, bending, stooping to serve humanity.

Then follows the word of wider application; "in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." In chapters ten, and in verses 5, 18, 20, 31, 32, this word "families" repeatedly occurs. Chapter ten is the story of division, scattering, separating; and over and over again the word occurs "after their families, after their tongues, in their

lands, after their nations." In that chapter we see the first dividing of humanity, the first scattering of humanity; men were driven out in different directions for the purpose of encompassing the whole earth and discovering all its resources and so preparing for that ultimate mark back again to the glory of the name of God. The word "Families" occurs in the tenth chapter for the first time in the Bible; and immediately after that in the course of the history, the next event in the Divine economy, God called a man away from his people, away from his family, and said I will bless thee, and make thee great; be thou a blessing; I will bless them that bless thee, that is those who approximate to thy life; if they curse thee and refuse the principles for which thou art standing, I will curse them; and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

Do I labour my argument? It is only that I may insist upon it that the purpose of God in calling this man, was not the finding of a selected few upon whom He could lavish the love of His heart while abandoning the scattered peoples who had lost vision and virtue and victory. We must see this or we miss all the force of the story of Abram.

From the consideration of the purpose let us turn to that of the method. If it be granted that the purpose of God is the blessing of all the families of the earth, the first stage in the method is that of the calling of one man. This is not only historic, it is abiding; it is God's perpetual method. Let me first summarize what that means. An individual in order to a race. Faith in order to an individual. Revelation in order to faith. Or in the order of the Divine process; the method of God is that of the revelation of Himself to an individual in order to create in that individual faith; because it is only by faith that the individual can realize his own life or the larger purpose of God. Granted the faith, and the consequent realization of individual life, then that individual is God's vantage ground, His instrument for realizing the larger purpose.

I want to treat of these things in the order in which I first mentioned them. First then the individual in order to the race. God never deals with men in groups. Alexander Maclaren once said, "No man gets speech of God in a crowd." That is a superlative statement, and one is almost inclined to question it at first; yet there is a sense in which it is perfectly true. A man may hear God in a crowd; but he certainly will not until he forgets the crowd. It is possible for a man to be very lonely in a crowd, and that is the moment of his opportunity. God never begins to deal with men in masses; He always begins with an individual in order to larger purpose.

This call to Abram illustrates the great principle finding ultimate fulfilment in the incarnation, that the individual chosen must be of

the race which is to be blessed. No disembodied spirit can fulfil the purpose of God in human life. No angel can deliver the message of God to humanity. It must be a man. Moreover God must find one man—forgive the homeliness of this—all His own. Leave thy country and thy kindred. Side by side with the great victories of Abram there were failures which we have not recognized as failures. I think he was mistaken when he took Lot with him. God must have us alone. Are some of us facing a great crisis in which God is calling us to loneliness? He has some great purposes if He calls us to loneliness! Are we afraid, shrinking? See the larger vision? It is not merely for our sake He calls us to absolute separation. He wants us a vantage ground for Himself, the instruments of His will.

So far I have simply insisted upon the necessity for the calling of an individual. Let us enquire as to the reasons. There is a reason which we sometimes describe by the word heredity. In order that there may be a seed, an actual seed; in order that there may come into the stream of human life another element; in order that there may be transmission of godliness. That is a great theme, not now to be fully discussed. Do you challenge the preacher and say, But a man cannot transmit his godliness? I challenge your challenge, and pray you think again. Is it not a fact that in the proportion in which a man is utterly godly he does transmit his godliness? It may be that the seed will presently turn aside voluntarily from the pathway of the direction of birth; and for that the blame is not upon the father; but the more I study the history of God's dealings with men, and the more closely I observe the ways of men today, the more I believe there is value in godly parenthood, a value so profound that we can not over estimate.

But more; not only for the purpose of heredity, but also for the purpose of influence; that there may be in the midst of men those who shall exert an influence that is godly, and who shall communicate a force that is godly; an imponderable, intangible force, which never can be measured, but which nevertheless will act wherever life is lived.

The call of Abram was only the beginning of a process which culminated in Jesus of Nazareth. There was in Him perfect fulfilment of all the things of which I have tried to speak. He was of the race. He was made in all things like unto His brethren. If ever there was a human life—considering it on that level alone—utterly abandoned to God, lonely, separate, it was that of Jesus. Let a hush be upon us, while I say what I am going to say, for I am conscious that it seems for a moment as though it might be irreverent; yet it is not so. That name of Jesus on the page of human history has a lustre that no other name has, and apart from the transcendent wonders of His Person,

thinking only of the Man, of the human, as of our own nature which He took upon Him, I ask you, What has made His name illustrious? He resolutely did not the things that other men have done, and by the doing of which they have become illustrious! That was John's perplexity when he was in prison, causing him to ask "Art thou He that cometh, or look we for another?" That perplexity was caused by the fact that He was not gathering an army, that He was not formulating a policy, that He was not proclaiming a programme! There is only one splendour attached to the name of Jesus as Man; it is the splendour of His relationship to God, of His interpretation of God to men, of His fulfilment of the great ideal. The one Individual in order to the race. One man Adam, and the ruin of the race! One Man Jesus, and the ransom of the race.

The call of Abram was true to the principle moving toward the ultimate, a link in the chain of the Divine economy centering in Jesus. Every individual since truly set apart in purpose and life and effort, is a link in the chain from the one Man Jesus to the perfecting of the race.

God is able to realize within the individual the principles which enable Him to move toward the ultimate purpose in response to Faith. Why does God demand faith? First of all, because of the finite mind of the whole race. There must be faith, because the finite cannot comprehend the infinite; because there will always be things beyond the reach of our vision and our hearing and the possibility of our comprehension by sense. There must be faith or else we shall lose vast areas and expanses in the being and economy of God and which in His purpose are all at our disposal for our making. Let me quote a verse from the old Testament, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but the things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children." There will always be secret things, to the end—mark the contradiction of terms—to the end of the eternities which cannot end, there will be secret things. We shall never grasp the whole of Deity throughout the unending ages. I thank God that is so. That will create the eternal freshness of them for us. There will always be deep secrets which we cannot fathom. I know there are such today. Place your hand anywhere, and you touch mystery! I lay my hand on this desk, that is mystery. That is not mystery, you say, it is wood! Think, get behind the wood, and you find the tree! What is that? Immediately you are in the presence of infinite mystery. The finite mind cannot grasp the infinite; and therefore it is necessary there should be faith, confidence in another, rest upon the word that comes out of the infinite, and knows the infinite. Men speak of faith as though it were credulity. No, it is reason in its last and highest exercise!

There must be faith; not only because of the finite mind, but because of the spiritual value by which a man is surrounded. In the spiritual values which are the very essence of a man's life there are things that cannot be demonstrated by the senses; there are spiritual facts which can only be apprehended by faith. We know the fact of spiritual life, but we must be content to believe revelation concerning its nature, its powers, its processes, its issues. All the spiritual demands the exercise of faith. You cannot, my friend, physician and surgeon, with your forceps take hold of spirit, or with your scalpel dissect it; you can do almost everything else, but not that. Life which is essential, spiritual, evades you; and if a man is to be the instrument of God Who is Spirit in the realization of spiritual victories in and through material things, he must walk by faith and not merely by sight.

Finally, therefore, faith is necessary because the material is insufficient. It is wonderful how much men can do without God; but they never can find rest without God; it is wonderful how much men can accomplish without God; but they never can find satisfaction without Him. Take that life of yours, and give it wholly to material things, let it be bounded by the place where blue sky touches green earth, live as though you were of the dust and you will build wonderful castles, compose remarkable music, paint pictures, but you will know through all the process an aching heart where God is not. The material is not sufficient for a man. It is not sufficient for society. It is not sufficient for the nation. It is not sufficient for the race. If God move toward the ultimate fulfilment of His racial ideal, there must be faith in the men through whom He operates.

Again, in Abram there was only a beginning. Jesus was the File-leader and Finisher of faith; File-leader, the One Who takes precedure. Faith was exemplified and vindicated in Him far more than it was in Abram. We are not through the twelfth chapter of Genesis before Abram had gone down into Egypt! Abram who could follow God in the crisis, was a little afraid to trust Him in the commonplace of famine! But the man of Nazareth never turned aside; in His pilgrimage there was no deflection.

Notice finally that if faith be necessary in order to the perfecting of the individual in order to the blessing of the race; God can only create faith in the experience of an individual by the revelation of Himself to that individual. Revelation is communication, "Jehovah said . . ." Revelation is illumination by illustration, Jehovah said I will do this and that.

How did God reveal Himself to Abram? He spoke to him. Did Abram hear an audible voice? I do not know; but I know that he knew that God had spoken to him, and the proof that he knew is in

the fact that he went. Oh, but God does not speak to men that way today, you say. Who said so? Even we in this Christian age have grown so far away from Him in actual fellowship, that we talk about having an idea, or a conviction. The true language of faith is this, Jehovah said, and I obeyed. In the supreme moment of our spiritual life we know that God speaks; only let me add this, that He Who in times past spake in divers portions and in divers manners, and places, has spoken unto us ultimately, finally, fully, in His Son; and today we have every word of prophecy made more sure; and every partial speech of the old economy is merged in the ultimate revelation of Christ. So that today the revelation being no longer twilight but full noon-day, faith should be quicker and more responsive, and our lives should be more perfect, and God more able to co-operate with us than with Abram.

In conclusion, having tried to say something of the Divine purpose and the Divine method, consider the obedience of Abram. He had a vision of the ultimate. God gave it to him. As the writer of the letter to the Hebrews says, he "looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." He believed in God, and his belief was demonstrated in his obedience to the conviction. He operated with God, and the co-operation is manifest in the venture, and in all the issues of the venture through the long centuries and millenniums.

This is a picture of a man walking in the twilight, and how wondrously he walked; but the twilight is past, the day has come, and God has spoken to us in His Son. Of His ultimate purpose and His present power the revelation is full and final. Have we seen the vision? Have we heard the voice? Shall we obey?

If for the moment we are halting and are saying within our souls, we do not know whether we can pay the price of separation to God, then let the last appeal be that which is the supreme appeal. Not merely for our own sake does God call us to separation, but for larger issues and profounder purposes.

Then if we are tempted to say, What can God do with us? Let us remember that Abram was of no personal strength, but Abram was a man of God, a friend of God. As to natural ability, we may be nothing; and the more conscious we are of it, the better chance God will have in us to accomplish His purpose.

Listen! The noise of the city is about us, we shall be out again presently in the midst of its activities. Is the Lord calling us? Up, and after Him; let us leave our country, our kindred, everything; and move out with God upon the great adventure, the crowning glory of which shall be His city, His Kingdom.

CHRIST'S VISION OF JERUSALEM

By DR. G. CAMPELL MORGAN

"And it came to pass, when the days were well nigh come that He should be received up, He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."—Luke ix. 51.

Every contemplation of the last months, and weeks, and days in the life of our Lord fills the soul with a sense of solemn and almost overwhelming awe. Through all those movements which culminated in the Cross and resurrection, He stands out, awful in His loneliness, magnificent in His heroism, supreme in His revelation of the highest possible in human life, and of the greatest in God.

This determined setting of His face to Jerusalem is worthy of our closest attention. A superficial reading would leave the impression that the value of the statement is exhausted geographically. This is by no means so. Jesus had just left for the mount of glory and set His face toward the valley, and the multitudes, toward the sin, the sorrow, and the suffering. And "when the days were well nigh come that He should be received up, He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

This declaration, as a revelation of His outlook, and in the light of the teaching which immediately followed, is of supreme value to all such as bear His name, and share His toil.

I shall ask you to consider first this attitude of Christ; and then the things concerning discipleship, which are chronicled for us immediately after this declaration of Luke concerning the Lord.

In consideration of His attitude notice first His vision of Jerusalem, "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem;" secondly, the consciousness that created the stedfastness," "The days were well nigh come that He should be received up;" and finally His action, "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

What then was the vision which Jesus had of Jerusalem? First of all, it was that of a city utterly and absolutely hostile to Himself. He was drawing near the end of His ministry. He had walked the streets of Jerusalem, had taught in the courts of the temple, had held intercourse with the leaders of the people; and He knew right well that the whole city was hostile to Him. The religious leaders, the

political parties, the multitudes who were city folk, were against Him.

The religious leaders were against Him because His spiritual teaching had been directly contradictory to all for which they stood. There were two great religious parties at the time, which we may broadly describe as rationalistic and ritualistic. There were the Sadducees, and the Pharisees, diametrically opposed, and yet both of them against Jesus Christ.

The Sadducees did not believe in angel, or spirit, or resurrection. That is to say, they were the rationalists in religion, the men who were attempting still to retain the religious ideal, while yet denying all the supernatural element therein. These men were against Christ necessarily. He had ruthlessly swept aside their views by speaking of angels, by referring to the Spirit, by declaring that God was not the God of the dead but of the living.

The Pharisees stood for ritualistic practice, were eager and anxious about the tithing of mint, anise, cummin, and rue; while neglecting the weightier matters of the law. They would not eat with unwashen hands, but were content to stand before the altar of God with filthy hearts.

The political parties were against Him. None of them had been able to capture Him. He had dictated the terms of righteousness to all as they had come to Him with subtle questions, but He had stood aloof from them, not uninterested in the affairs of city and nation, but speaking to His time the things of God alone.

The Jerusalem multitudes were against Him, for I think there is a sharp line of distinction to be drawn between the simple folk of Galilee. and the city dwellers. It has been said that the people shouted "Hosanna," and within a week shouted "Crucify." I do not think so. I think that they were two quite different multitudes. The Galileans who had come with Him shouted "Hosanna." The people of the city were priest-ridden, and king-enslaved, and they were all against Him.

Jesus had had His day, His opportunity. He had delivered His message. He had unburdened His soul. He had flashed upon them the light of the Divine Kingdom. His message was refused, and they were against Him; and subtle and devilish intrigues were busy, waiting for the opportunity to lay hands on Him, and hand Him over to death. All this He knew, and yet "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

But then He had another vision of Jerusalem. Not only did He see it hostile, He saw it doomed. At last, with a sigh and a sob, He pronounced that doom. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together," and He saw Jerusalem doomed by the inevitable sequence of wrong. False shepherds and scattered sheep. False prophets, and deluded people. False priests, and de-

graded religion. He knew perfectly well that Jerusalem was doomed by the deliberate rejection of its own opportunity. "How often would I!" That was the desire of His heart. "And ye would not!" That was the choice of their sin. He knew perfectly well therefore that the sentence must be carried out. "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Nevertheless, "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem," the hostile city, and the doomed city.

He had another vision of Jerusalem, and I have only dwelt upon the first two that I might lead you to the third. He saw Jerusalem hostile. He saw Jerusalem doomed. But He saw Jerusalem rebuilt. He saw through all the mists and the darkness and the opposition and the doom, to something beyond.

The men of faith had ever been men of vision, looking "for the city which hath the foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God." When Abraham turned his back upon Ur of the Chaldees, and went out seeking a city, he did not go to seek a heaven beyond the earth. His passion, the passion of all the men of faith, and supremely the passion of Jesus, was not that men should pass through earth and win heaven; but that there should be established on the earth the city of God. The vision which had kept the Hebrews a people through all the processes of their failure, was the vision of the ultimate. Read the ancient prophecies carefully, and amid the thunder of denunciation you will constantly hear tones that tell of coming accomplishment in the world, of the day when the "knowledge of the glory of the Lord" shall fill the earth, "as the waters cover the sea;" of the day when "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain." All these men had looked toward the building of a city. Cities had been built, but the hopes and aspirations of seers and psalmists had never been realized.

Jerusalem as Jesus looked at it was the home of evil things, and yet it was "the city of the great King," and through it He saw the city of God established, "the holy city, new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God;" the ultimate accomplishment of that which is in the heart of God, not merely in individual life, but in civic life; the setting up of the Kingdom of God in the world; and seeing that "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem."

Let us gather up these thoughts. When the time was coming that He should be received up, He stedfastly set His face toward Jerusalem. What Jerusalem? The Jerusalem hostile to Himself, waiting to arrest and murder Him. What Jerusalem? That Jerusalem over which hung the sword of God, upon which the judgment of God must soon fall. What Jerusalem? The Jerusalem beyond all this, that which the hostile and doomed city must yet become in the economy of God, a city established, "the joy of the whole earth," because the

home of "the great King," and the center from which His government was to go forth to the ends of the world. Jesus saw the city, and deliberately set His face toward its hostility, its doom, and its ultimate triumph. He had a vision of the immediate, but He had that more wonderful vision which sees through the immediate to the ultimate. Beyond the gathering storm clouds settling over Himself and the city, He saw the morning without clouds, the ultimate and final victory, when the last stone will be brought on to the city of God, and all tribes of the earth will rejoice in the setting up of His government, and the accomplishment of His will. He saw through the process of pain to that ultimate for which He taught us to pray, for the day when God's name shall be hallowed. His Kingdom come, His will be done in earth as it is in heaven. And He set His face toward the Jerusalem of hostility, because He saw through it the Jerusalem of ultimate achievement.

Notice in the second place the consciousness which created the vision. "It came to pass, when the days were well nigh come that He should be received up." He was coming down. He had just turned His back upon the mountain, and had set His face to the valley, and had immediately cast the devil out of the boy, and was still moving down the valley of darkness. No, that is not the story. That is only part of it. He was moving toward the day in which "He should be received up." Here the declaration is an incidental one, but in the Gospel of John we find how perpetually our Lord looked upon His mission in its entirety. "I came out from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go unto the Father." He saw the Cross, but He saw the resurrection. He saw the travail, and shrank from it, but He saw the triumph, and hastened to it. He saw the hostility in Jerusalem, the cruel, brutal hostility. He knew exactly what was awaiting Him, but He saw beyond the hostility to the crowning and the victory, and the position He was to occupy when He was received up. He was going down, but the descent was the preliminary to ascent. The setting of His face toward the darkness was the lifting of His face toward the light; and although He set His face stedfastly toward Jerusalem, and the sorrow, and the shame, and the pain, and the dying, He set His face toward the victory, and the joy, and the triumph. To Him the Cross was the way of ascent to the throne. To Him all the travail that waited for Him was the very process that made possible the triumph upon which His heart was set. From the glorious height of the Transfiguration Mount He had seen the mists as they lay along the valleys through which He must pass —the strange and chilly mists of death; but He had seen them from the height of glory, and they had been purple as the light shone upon them. Men were going to nail Him to a Cross, and taunt Him as He

hung there; "If Thou art the Son of God, come down from the Cross." But He knew perfectly well by the way of the helplessness of that hour of His dying, help was to be laid upon Him for all who put their trust in Him, and by the way of that mystery of descent, He was moving out toward eternal ascent. He was to be received up.

What then was the effect of this consciousness upon Him? That hostility could neither hinder nor anger Him. I wish I knew how to say that so as to arrest you. Is there anything more wonderful in the story of His coming than the fact that hostility never hindered Him? We speak of Gethsemane, and the shrinking there, but we must remember that the shrinking was not from human hostility, but from something far more deep and mysterious, into the meaning of which you and I can never enter. But the hostility in Jerusalem never hindered Him, and never angered Him. Is there anything in human history and literature that begins to compare with the patient, unprovoked spirit in which this Christ of ours set His face toward Jerusalem, or in the majestic and exhaustive language of the ancient prophecy, "as a sheep that before her shearer is dumb; yea, He opened not His mouth." The vision of the glory beyond the hostility made Him such an One as could set His face toward the city, and be unhindered and unangered by its hostility.

Again, the doom which He Himself must pronounce upon the city could not thwart Him, could not dishearten Him. Could there be a greater triumph than the triumph of One Who saw through the ruined, doomed city, a greater city, and was not disheartened by the demon.

Yet there is another thing which must be said. He saw Jerusalem hostile, He saw Jerusalem doomed, He saw Jerusalem certainly to be built; but the vision of the ultimate, the assurance that God must win, did not make Him careless. He did not say because this victory of God must be won in the long run of the centuries, I may turn aside and leave it. He set His face toward the pain, and toward the suffering, and toward the strife. Jerusalem hostile, He was to be received up; but He would go through hostile Jerusalem. Its hostility could not hinder him. Jerusalem doomed, He was to be received up; but He was not disheartened about the doom of Jerusalem, for He knew through what He would do amid its darkness He would create a new day for it. Jerusalem was to be rebuilt, ah, yes, but He must go through the midst of its darkness to turn it into light; through the midst of its sin to take hold upon it and make possible that which He saw in the economy of God.

As I read this word about my Lord, I stand in His presence overawed. "He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem," because He was to be received up. That is suffering transfigured by the light of the victory which would result from it. The only thing I fear now is

that a multiplicity of my words may hide the vision. Behold the Man of Nazareth. There He stands at the foot of the hill where He has been transfigured. The multitudes are all about Him. In the city all the forces are against Him. Over the city hang the dark thunder clouds of the Divine judgment. But beyond is Jerusalem the golden, God's own perfect city! He stedfastly set His face toward the hostility, toward the doom, caring not for the one, gathering the other into His own soul, looking ultimately toward the glory and toward the victory.

Turn now to the things which immediately follow, for they are full of significance for us. What is the next thing that Luke tells us? As He set His face toward Jerusalem they came to a Samaritan village, and the Samaritans would not receive Him. Why not? Mark it carefully, because His face was toward Jerusalem. See how people may put a narrow and local interpretation upon a broad and infinite truth. They simply saw Him as a Jew traveling toward Jerusalem, and because Jerusalem was the objective of His journey, they would not entertain Him. The narrowness of the Samaritan was manifest there. That which was His purpose of blessing for them, was the reason of their anger with Him. As He set His face toward Jerusalem it was not for Jerusalem merely, but for Samaria. Presently, having been to Jerusalem, having been smitten to the death in Jerusalem, having been raised from the death, He stood among these disciples who wanted to call down fire upon the Samaritan village, and He said to them, "Ye shall be My witness both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." His vision had not been the vision of Jerusalem only. It had been the vision of Samaria won and redeemed, of the uttermost part of the earth brought into right relationship with the government of God. And that is why His face was set stedfastly toward Jerusalem, and these Samaritans were against Him because He was going to Jerusalem. All unknowingly and ignorantly they were angry with Him, because of the purpose which was in His heart to bring blessing to them.

Then notice the disciples' anger. They requested that they might call down fire to destroy this village. They respected His person, but they were quite ignorant of His purpose. They were standing outside the great circle in which He lived and moved. They had not the vision of the ultimate as He had; and consequently, while loyal to Him, and angry because He was not hospitably received, they rather hindered than helped Him.

Now look at the Lord. Mark the patience of His purpose. He rebuked the disciples, and quietly went to another village. The village that would not entertain Him He left not in anger, but in patience. Yet there is a touch of Divine impatience here in Christ. It is only a

great patience that ever can be purely impatient. What impatience is there? Impatience with His own disciples. There is no impatience with the Samaritan village that had not understood Him. There is a touch of impatience with His disciples because of their blindness. Ah, sometimes He must be impatient with some of us! He was moving toward the city, with all the glory filling His vision, and He rebuked the disciples, and yet was patient with Samaria.

Let us read on. Luke tells of three different men who came to Him. One of them said impulsively, "I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." I always love that man. I like the man who speaks out what is in His heart even though impulsively. Christ did not rebuke him, but He flashed before him the truth, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Jesus looked at another and said, "Follow Me," and the man answered, "Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father," which does not mean that his father was dead. Dr. George Adam Smith told me, talking about this very story, that when he was in Palestine he very particularly desired to get a certain man to act as guide in one of those wonderful journeys of his into the unknown regions, and was startled when the man said to him in actual words, with the Eastern salaam, 'Suffer me first to go and bury my father.' His father was alive and hale and hearty. What the man meant was, I have home ties and responsibilities, and I cannot break them. And that is what this man in the Gospel meant. The word of Jesus is more severe than it seems. "Leave the dead to bury their own dead; but go thou and publish abroad the Kingdom of God."

A little further on another man said, "I will follow Thee, Lord; but first suffer me to bid farewell to them that are at my house." To him Christ said, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."

Now reverently I bring the three men together, and I look at the Lord. His face is set toward Jerusalem. Mark the answers. "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests." What is that? Detachment from all that prevents progress to Jerusalem. And what next? "Leave the dead to bury their own dead." What is that? Abandonment of the nearest earthly tie in the interest of the heavenly purpose. And what next? "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God." "Looking back." Mark it! His face set toward Jerusalem. "No man looking back." The face set. The looking back.

Christ speaking to these men unveiled His own attitude. It was first that of detachment from everything that prevented progress to Jerusalem. I want to say this most reverently, and carefully. Do

not pity Him because He said, "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the heaven have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." Rather pity yourself if you have something left in your life that makes it hard to go with Him to Jerusalem. It was a declaration of the splendid detachment of Christ from all the things that prevented the progress. I have not where to lay my head. All personal property is abandoned that I may reach Jerusalem, the hostile and the doomed, and make it Jerusalem, the city of God.

Then mark the next word. "Leave the dead to bury their own dead." Abandonment of the nearest earthly tie in the interest of the heavenly purpose. And was not that true of Him? Did He not say upon one memorable occasion, when they said, "Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, seeking to speak with Thee," "Who is my mother? and who are My brethren?" When Jesus asked that question He was not speaking disrespectfully of His mother. In the last consummating agony of His life, when all the sins of the world were sweeping in anguish over His soul, He was able to think of His mother, and provide for the days remaining to her, "Woman, behold, thy son! . . . Behold, thy mother!" What then did He mean? He meant that even so dear a tie as the tie of relationship between son and mother must be swept aside in the interest of getting to Jerusalem the doomed, and turning it into Jerusalem the glorified!

And then again, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back." How they tried to persuade Him to look back! How the devil tried, how His own disciples tried! But He never looked back. He put His hand to the plough, and the furrow was lone and long, but blessed be God, it was straight; and He reached the ultimate goal, because He never looked back.

If this is the revelation of Christ's own heart, and I think it is, then if I am to go after Him, I must come this way. If I am to have anything to do in the building of God's city, it must be by detachment from all that prevents progress to Jerusalem. Oh, soul of mine, what hast thou of thine own that hinders thy progress toward Jerusalem with Him? I have come in hours of meditation almost to feel myself filled with envy for the men who can say, I have not where to lay my head, I have not a thing that stands between me and this one supreme purpose.

I must also abandon the nearest earthly tie that prevents. I must remember that to look back from this enterprise is to make myself unfit for the Kingdom.

But let me thus conclude. Every city is Jerusalem for the purpose of my application; hostile, doomed, and yet possible. Every city is as hostile to Jesus Christ as Jerusalem was. And therefore they are as surely doomed as Jerusalem was. Yet it is for Christ, men and wo-

men, in the cities to see through, to see the ultimate, to see the purpose of God. And if it be impossible for us to take in the larger whole, take the local, take the thing close to you. Take the hostility that abounds all about the place where you live and serve and work. How much there is of it! And take the fact that doom is writ upon everything that is hostile. It does seem to me sometimes we want to remind ourselves of that. Are we not tempted sometimes to think all these things are going to win? Never! God's verdict is found, and His sentence passed, and all hell cannot prevent the doom of the thing hostile to Jesus Christ. Yes, but brethren, you and I are to look through, and are to see the possible, and God's ultimate.

If it be true that every city is Jerusalem, in this sense of application, then I will say another thing, and it is this. His face is still toward Jerusalem, stedfastly set toward it, coming to it even when it is hostile to Him. Has it never occurred to you that it is an amazing wonder that He has not turned His back upon our cities long ago? He has not. His face is toward them. Tears are upon His cheeks even now. Call it figurative language if you will, but remember the fact is finer than the figure. His heart is still moved with compassion toward the city. He knows men will bruise Him, and are bruising Him, but He is coming toward it always. The Cross is not over. It is in His heart today, the infinite passion that was manifest on the green hill is there yet.

"The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see.
Be thou astonished, Oh my soul!
He shed those tears for thee."

That is His attitude toward us today.

Now this is the question. Who is with Him? How many see these things as He saw them? How many can see through to the light and the victory? It is the men and women whose eyes are illumined with His love to see through, who are prepared today to tread the pathway of shame and suffering. It would be so much easier to do something else.

"I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'
He said, 'No, walk in the town.'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

I said, 'But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din,'
And He wept as He sent me back:
'There is more,' He said, 'there is sin.'

I said, 'But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun.'

He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone.'

I said, 'I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say.'
He answered, 'Choose tonight
If I am to miss you, or they.'

I pleaded for time to be given.
He said, 'Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town,
He said, 'My child, do you yield?'
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?'

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see."

May God set our faces toward Jerusalem!

THE FRUIT-BEARING FRIENDS OF JESUS

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Scripture Lesson: Exodus xxi. 1-6; Isaiah v. 1-7; John xv. 1-7.

"No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from My Father I have made known unto you. Ye did not choose Me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."—John xv. 15, 16.

The words of the text are found among the records of those tender and intimate conversations of our Lord and His disciples on the eve of His passion, and we cannot better prepare our hearts for considering them than by reminding ourselves of the circumstances under which they were uttered. They were indeed dark days in the experience of these men. Behind them lay those brief but wonderful years of comradeship with this strangely commanding Person, those years of ever growing wonder, as they had travelled with Him and listened to Him and watched Him. Ahead there lay some dark and unfathomable mystery, which filled their hearts with foreboding. He gathered them into an upper room, and talked to them. The first part of the Lord's teaching was strangely disturbed by these men; the second part of it was undisturbed and quiet. He first girded Himself with a towel and bent for the washing of their feet, and He was disturbed by Peter's protest. Then, at the Passover feast, the atmosphere became electric, and the teaching was disturbed as He excluded Judas. He was further interrupted by Peter's question, "Whither goest Thou?"; by Thomas' affirmation, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; how know we the way?"; by Philip's outcry, "Lord shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us"; by Jude's inquiry, "Lord, what is come to pass that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us and not unto the world?" He proceeded to teach them, until hushed into silence, they followed Him as leaving the upper room He moved, perchance down the slopes of the mountain, or perchance to the temple in the darkness of the night, uttering as He went the great allegory of the

vine, and so completing His instructions. We shall be helped to an understanding of the words of the text if we remember the purpose of these discourses. The keynote of the whole of them is found in the opening declaration of chapter thirteen, "Now before the feast of the passover, Jesus knowing that His hour was come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." He was preparing them for the future; for the immediate future, dark and mysterious, the tragic hours of the Cross; and for the future that lay beyond, when the new light should shine and the new power be realized at the coming of the Spirit. The final discourse of Jesus upon this occasion was introduced, as I have said, by the allegory of the vine, and our text is contained within that discourse, and is immediately related to that allegory. When Jesus said to these men "No longer do I call you servants . . . . but I have called you friends . . . . and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and . . . . that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you," He was but carrying out by definite application in one particular regard the whole figure suggested by His magnificent claim, "I am the vine, the true."

Two matters demand our consideration. We are first arrested by the changed relationship and its reasons; and secondly, by the resulting responsibility, in itself and as to its possibility.

In the first place let us observe this change in relationship. That the relationship was changed is certain, for the form in which our Lord uttered the words indicates and emphasizes the thought of deeper relationship into which these men were now to pass; "No longer do I call you slaves." The change was not capricious; it was the result of previous training. He called them disciples at the beginning. There came a moment when He called them apostles. Now He called them friends. That is not to say that they had not already been in some sense His friends. That is not to say that they would cease to be disciples. That is not to say they would cease to be apostles. As a matter of fact their full apostolic work had not yet commenced. They were disciples when first they followed Him, apostles when after a period of training He first sent them forth; but now He said to them, "No longer do I call you servants . . . . I have called you friends."

A slave was the property of his master; unable to possess, and so having nothing of his own, unable to elect and so unable to do, on his own initiative; a slave was therefore at the disposal of his owner, all his putting forth of energy must be for the increase of the possessions of the one who possessed him; all his choosing must be in accord with the choosing of the one who owned him. The law of the

slave's life is that of unquestioning submission, of blind obedience. Is not all this a description of the relationship these disciples still bore to Christ? Does it not describe the relation that the Christian must ever bear to Christ? Yes, in some senses. We are still His bondslaves, and it is to be noted that ere this discourse was ended He called them so again; in the twentieth verse we read "Remember the word that I said unto you, a slave is not greater than his lord." That was a reference to what He had said in the past, but it indicated a maintained relationship. They were still His slaves in some sense of the word; yet He distinctly marked a change in relationship as He said, "No longer do I call you slaves." It is noticeable, moreover, that in the apostolic writings the apostles spoke of themselves as slaves; and the apostle who was added to their company, born out of due season, but not a whit behind the chiefest of them, delighted ever to call himself the bondslave of Jesus Christ. Christians are still the bondslaves of Jesus. His property, unable to possess or to have of their own, unable to elect save under the correction of His choice, or to do save as the doing is the putting forth of energy on His behalf. Christians are still called upon to increase His possessions, and to elect in accordance with His elections. But here we halt. The slave renders unquestioning submission, and blind obedience. That is not the last word about Christian discipleship.

It is at that very point that we discover the character of this change in relationship. "I have called you friends"; and in a moment we are introduced into another realm of thought which we shall see does not negative the essential values of the first, but rather transfigures them and makes them glorious and beautiful. What are friends? When we begin to think seriously, we realize how we constantly abuse the great word **friend**, how casually and carelessly we make use of it. Sit down some time, and write a list of your **friends.** None of us has very many; many acquaintances—and thank God for the whole of them—but few friends. What is the basis of friendship? Reciprocal and self-emptying love; and consequently mutual interest. Find me my friend, and I will say to you, This friend loves me to the forgetfulness of himself, and I love him to the forgetfulness of myself. He is for ever seeking my interests, and I am always seeking his, so far as our lives touch each other in this realm of human friendship. Jesus said "No longer do I call you servants . . . . but I have called you friends." The law of life in slavery is that of unquestioning submission and blind obedience. The law of life in friendship is that of informed submission and intelligent obedience. The friends of Jesus are submitted, but by no means unquestioningly. They are submitted, after they have asked questions, and He has satisfied them. The friends of Jesus are obedient, but no longer blindly. He has told them

all things. "The slave knoweth not what his Lord doeth" he has to imagine; the friend knows what the Lord is doing, He has told him. He is rendering obedience no longer blindly but intelligently.

In this exposition I am warranted by the whole movement of the story. Did I not remind you of the disturbances in the teaching of the Lord in the upper room "Lord, whither goest Thou?" Jesus answered, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now; but thou shalt follow afterwards." "Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?" Is that a slave speaking? Yes, a slave candidating for friendship. Never forget this, Christ was not angry with Peter, He answered him. "Whither I go ye know the way." Then Thomas said, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; how know we the way?" Is that a slave? Yes, a slave getting ready to be a friend, asking his questions. Then Philip cried out almost angrily, almost in protest, "Shew us the Father and it sufficeth us." Is that a slave? Yes, on the highway to friendship. These men did not become friends because they asked questions, but because He was willing to answer them. He made them His friends, they did not make Him their friend. "Ye did not choose Me, but I chose you." The central Personality, full of glory and light, full of surprise and amazement, is neither Peter, nor Thomas, nor Philip, nor Jude, but Jesus. He is seen taking hold of the weaknesses of men and making them the foundations of strength. When He had answered all their questions and removed their blindness, He said "No longer do I call you servants . . . . I have called you friends," for I have admitted you to the secrets, I have told you all things.

Consequently, in friendship we have the fellowship of love as the inspiration and the atmosphere of fellowship in effort. That is an infinitely higher plane on which to live than that of slavery. This is what His heart is ever seeking; not that we should render Him blind obedience, but intelligent obedience; not that we should give to Him unquestioning submission, but satisfied submission; not that we should drag ourselves after Him as though it were hard work, and imagine that in the dragging there is virtue; but that we should go gaily, gladly to suffer for His name, for very love of Him; not slaves, but friends, and therefore slaves as never before.

What was the reason of this change? I have already answered this question incidentally. He distinctly told them why He made the change, and His declaration has profounder meanings than we have suggested. "No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends for all things that I heard from My Father, I have made known unto you." The basis upon which our Lord made the change of relationship was first, that of His action in revealing God to them; and secondly, that of their new capacity for service resulting from the revelation.

His revelation of God to them we may consider generally and particularly. To this group of men He had made God known. They had found God in Him. Perhaps at the moment they hardly knew it. I do not believe at this time they could have formulated a creed which would have contained within it a declaration of His Deity, but they had found God in Him, and bye and bye they would find out that they had found God in Him. They had learned two things to the full realization of which they came progressively, to the ultimate realization of which the Church of God has not yet come, so vast are they. They had found in Him the revelation of the Divine holiness. They had found in Him the revelation of the Divine love. The proportion in which they were conscious of the Divine holiness and the Divine love through His revelation was the proportion in which they understood Him, and understanding Him were prepared to be not slaves alone, but friends.

The holiness of God was revealed not so much in the teaching of Jesus—though there surely it is revealed—as in Himself. Let me speak of Him for a moment, as man alone, let me think of Him in His human life only. In Him I see a man who, by all His affirmations, those which were definite and specific, and those which were occasional and incidental, revealed the fact that all His life was conditioned within the will of God. Then let me watch His life in order that I may understand the will of God, and so know the God in whose will He lived. As I watch Him in the selflessness of His selfhood, in the awful purity of His familiarity with all human emotions, I begin to understand what His God must be. Whereas that does not exhaust the meaning of the great word spoken to Philip, that word has that value also, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." He that has seen any man, has seen his God. Every man reveals his god in what he is himself. Ultimately the soul responsive to his god, if the god be lust, greed, passion, will reveal in his own face lust, greed, passion. In that sense, Jesus challenged men as He said, He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Those who have seen Him have seen God in what He is; in His sinlessness they have seen the holiness of God.

In Him, moreover, they had seen the Divine compassion, the Divine love; and this, not so much in what He was in Himself, but in what He was toward sinning men. Here again I pause to lay emphasis on something I have already said incidentally, the Church itself has not yet grasped the fulness of this revelation of the love of God in Jesus, as seen in His attitude towards sinning men. Never were His lips disfigured by the curve of contempt. Never did His face convey to sinning men the assumption of superiority. Never did He say a hard thing to a sinning soul. That is what created difficulty in the mind of the rulers of His time. This Man loved sinners, made friends

with them, did not patronize them, did not denounce them. O God, that the Church might begin to see this compassion of God as revealed in Jesus. That compassion is not pity that excuses wrong, it is love that dies for it. The measure in which we have seen God as Jesus revealed Him, is the measure in which we are prepared to be His friends, and therefore the friends of God.

Now said He to them, I have made known these things concerning God to you, and upon the basis of this revelation I call you friends. The revelation of love produced love. There came a day when John wrote a letter in which he said, "We love Him because He first loved us." John knew the fact of the love of God through his Lord. So John became His friend. The revelation of the Divine love in all its glory created love within the souls of these men. Jesus Himself in the prayer that followed said, "This is life eternal, that they should know Thee the only true God." Upon the basis of that unveiling of God through Christ, these men became slaves no longer, but friends. Therefore they were ever after slaves volitionally, not of compulsion; no longer dragging themselves after Him reluctantly, but rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name.

So we pass to glance at the resulting responsibility both in itself and as to its possibility. Our Lord here declared that these men were appointed by Himself to two things; to bear fruit, and to ask whatsoever they would of the Father. These two things must never be separated from each other. The purpose is that of fruit-bearing; the asking is in order to the fulfilment of that purpose. He had appointed them to bear fruit as branches in the vine; and He had appointed them to ask whatsoever was necessary to enable them to bear that fruit. The idea is that of the branch doing two things which a branch always does in a fruitful vine; it bears fruit, and it does so by demanding from the vine the life that enables it to bear fruit. In any vine upon which our eyes may look, we may observe the fruit-bearing branch and know that it is asking of the vine, demanding of the vine its life, and expressing the answers it receives in the clusters of fruit it bears.

Nothing can be more important in our interpretation of this particular passage than that we should be hormonious with the whole allegory. When our Lord made use of it, He was not using a new figure, He was borrowing an old one. That is the meaning of His claim, the smoothness of our translation of which, robs it a little of its impact. What Jesus literally said was "I am the Vine, the true." That little phrase, **the true,** interjected after the declaration, emphasized the fact that He was borrowing from the past economy. That figure of the vine runs all through the old economy. It is found in Psalm

and Prophecy. Jesus stood at last among these Jewish disciples, and He said, "I am the Vine, the true!" Glancing back to the ancient prophecy in which it is declared that the vine which should have brought forth grapes had brought forth wild grapes, we have an expression of fruit-bearing. What is the fruit the vine ought to have brought forth? He looked for **righteousness** and for **judgment.** Instead of judgment He found oppression; instead of righteousness. He found a cry! The fruit for which God was looking was that of judgment and righteousness. Judgment is not punishment; punishment may be an aspect of it; but judgment is government, true, righteous, just. He looked for judgment, and behold oppression. He looked for righteousness and behold a cry. Now said Jesus, 'I am the true vine." By that He meant that through Him judgment and righteousness are coming to the world.

With that general statement in mind, let us observe the fruit-bearing of Jesus. I shall content myself now with the most general statement concerning it. Will you call to mind the first words that Jesus is recorded to have uttered on the verge of public ministry? I am not now referring to his boyhood's words, but to those He uttered on the day when He came to John's baptism. John said, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" Then Jesus said, "Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all **righteousness.**" At the end of that public ministry the Greeks came asking to see Him; and He said, "Now is the **judgment** of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself." The first word of the public ministry declared that **righteousness** was to be fulflled. At the close He said, "Now is the **judgment** of this world." The Lord looketh down from heaven for righteousness and for judgment, and in the long history of the race He had found oppression and a cry; but at last, in this Man He found righteousness and judgment; not in Himself alone, but in Him for humanity.

"Suffer it now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." What was this that He said must be done? It was the baptism of repentance. But He had nothing to repent of! He repented for humanity as He bent to the baptism, and completed His repentance in the passion baptism whereby He made possible the fulfilment of righteousness in the case of men who had failed. When did He declare that judgment, the true government of the world was coming? When He said, "Now is My soul troubled." By the way of the Cross, that for which God and man had looked, and looked in vain, shall come, the judgment of the world, its true government; for the prince of the world is cast out, and He being lifted by the Cross fulfils the purpose of God. In all the ministry of Jesus between that initial word, and that

final word, deeds and teaching, tarryings and journeyings, were true to that passion and purpose. He was bearing fruit.

Now to His friends, He said, I have appointed you to bear fruit. We can leave once more all the ampler outlooks and become immediate, practical, simple. How are we to bear this fruit of righteousness and judgment in the world? Not for ourselves is this fruit to be borne. The figure of fruit denies that spiritual selfishness which simply seeks spiritual blessing to consume it upon our own desires. The prevailing sin of the Church is that. The fruit we bear is for others, for the world. How are we to bear that fruit? Only as we are brought into such relation with Him that we share His self-emptying. The **kenosis** must be repeated in His disciples if they are to bear fruit. That is fundamental, initial. How shall we express it? By becoming obedient unto death. If we interpret that by the facts of His life, we shall see how we are to bear fruit. By our being ready to go into the company of sinners; by our ability to repent on behalf of sinners; by our belief in sinning men; by our justification of them through our belief in them; by infinite patience with them; by the pouring out of our lives for them and into them; we bear fruit. We see immediately that we can never be fruit-bearers in this sense unless we actually begin at the beginning, and put ourselves into definite, living, personal, immediate contact with sinning men. There has been a teaching of separation from the world, that in some of its aspects has been utterly pernicious. We are not to withdraw from the society in which we are living; but stay there and bear fruit there. In proportion as we know what it is to have true fellowship with the Son of God, we shall seek out the depraved, the lost, the sunken, the bruised and the unclean, and sitting down by them we shall bear the fruit of righteousness and judgment for them as we pour out our lives in sacrificial service.

We need a Church reformed to the pattern of her Lord, the self-emptying One, Who bears the fruit of righteousness and judgment in a world dying for lack of righteousness and judgment. He came into contact with polluted and spoiled humanity, and while the Pharisees looked on and were amazed and hostile, He received them and made Himself their friend. We have not begun to learn the meaning of true friendship for Jesus Christ until we have sacrificed our sensibilities and our refinements and our preferences, as we gather to our heart and life and actual fellowship, sinning men and women in order that we may lift and change them by that holy contact.

It is a hard word and who is sufficient for it? Then let us remember that Jesus said, not only have I appointed you to bear fruit, but I have appointed you to ask the Father whatsoever you need in order to its bearing. If the condition of fellowship be the **kenosis** or self-emptying

and the Cross; the resource for that fruit-bearing is the pleroma, that fulness which there is in Christ, for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in Him ye are made full." If the task be a great one, and if from it flesh and sense shrink, let us ask that we may receive that enduement and equipment of the very compassionate cleansing life of Christ, that will enable us to bear this fruit in the world to His glory.

We all began our Christian discipleship as slaves. It is a solemn beginning, characterized by a great silence and a great submission, but if we have come no further than that, fruit is rare. That is why there are so many degenerate vines in the vineyard of the Lord. Maintained fellowship with Christ brings us into friendship. We come to that in hours when we are oppressed, frightened, perplexed, and we dare ask Him questions, and have such confidence in Him that we dare express our doubts to Him. In response to such questions and such doubts He is able to tell us His secrets and so to lead us, as presently to say, "No longer do I call you slaves . . . . but I have called you friends."

Let us gladden His heart by such intimate friendship that through us He may be able to do what He desires to do for this sad and needy world.

HARDENED

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

"But exhort one another day by day, so long as it is called Today, lest anyone of you be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin."—Hebrew iii. 13.

"Hardened by the deceitfulness of sin."

The warning of the text is addressed to people familiar with the letter of God's word. Hence its applicability to such an audience as this. Most of us heard the first music of that motherhood which soothed our childhood, expressing itself in the songs of the sanctuary. The vast majority of us were first fascinated by Bible stories told us by those best of all theologians for children—our mothers. We know the things of God, and therefore there is for every one of us here a message of warning: "Lest any one of you be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin."

No more solemn warning was ever uttered by any of the apostolic writers. No words to which we ought to pay closer attention, and to which we ought to give more earnest heed, are to be found in the whole of the Divine Library. Yet is it not the fact that we listen to a text like this with something of curiosity, something of wonder, as to what can possibly be said concerning it?

Or if the text does indeed speak to the conscience, is it not because the old word "sin" is to be found in it, which some men are dropping out of their vocabulary today? Yet the word that should startle us is the word "hardened." We are not afraid, I fear, of being hardened. There are people today who are terribly afraid lest they or their loved ones should become drunkards. Better be a drunkard than hardened! There is more chance for the man that is in the grip of some one specific sin, who still retains a heart and conscience, than for the man who is hardened, and yet commits no vulgar sin condemned by the age in which he lives. The peril is of the subtlest, and it is the peculiar peril of those who know the terms of the law and the Gospel. I very much question whether you could find a person hardened in the sense of my text who is unfamiliar with the Christian evangel. There are many men in this city who are quite unfamiliar with its terms, and they are so vicious that you thank God you are not as they; but they

are not "hardened." If we are not startled by the word, if it produce no blush of shame, no blanch of fear, the danger is that we are already becoming hardened.

Let us consider, then, first the peril, "hardened"; secondly, the cause, "sin"; and, finally, the method, "deceitfulness."

First, then, the peril: "Lest any one of you be hardened." The word suggests a change, indicates a process, and reveals a condition.

When I say that the word suggests a change, I mean that no human being starts life hard. No little child is hard. Human nature is essentially impressionable. If you take a child in its earliest years out of any set of circumstances, and put it into new surroundings, you can mould its life. There is no greater illustration of this truth than Dr. Barnardo's great work in England. For fifty years the doors of that institution have stood open to any child, the only qualification for admission being destitution. Though the children dealt with for the most part were born with heredity taint of evil, with an environment that gave them no chance morally, the percentage who have answered the touch of Christ through Christly influence, and have become pure, and noble, and beautiful, is amazing. Every child is impressionable; every child has its windows open toward the morning; every child indulges in romance, dreams dreams, sees visions, hopes, is capable of tears and laughter; every child is plastic. The man who is hard, and who boasts in his hardness, was not always hard.

If I could put my hand upon your shoulders, and by some mysterious process drive you back through the years, I should bring you to a period of tenderness, to a moment when you were also soft, and plastic, and emotional. You tell me you are glad the day has gone? If you knew what it really means, you would begin to weep again tonight, because you have lost the power to weep.

"Lest any one of you be hardened." Because the word suggests a change, it also indicates a process.

What is this process? Let us look at it in its symptoms. What are the symptoms of this hardening? We began to fight against tenderness as being childish, and then we silenced conscience as being inconvenient to success, and finally we questioned the verity of the things unseen. This is the process of hardening.

There was a time when some of you men would have wept over a dead canary. Tonight you do not weep over lost souls! The fountain of tears has been dried up. There was a time when you blushed awkwardly when you told a lie. Today there is no blush and no inward shame. There was a time when you believed in God. Today you are hardly sure of your own wife.

The hardening process has gone forward until at last the condition of hardness is reached. It is the inevitable result of the stifling of

tears, and the refusal to listen to conscience, and to believe. No tears, no conscience, no faith! Hard! Equal to dealing with business problems, but not equal to the commerce of Eternity. Quite equal to touching and handling forces which are merely the affairs of this life, but not equal to laying hold on eternal life. Quite equal, in a word, to dust and the things of dust, but not equal to Deity and fellowship with God. Yet let me put this even more practically and personally. The moment comes when a man, who as a boy wept as he heard the story of Jesus, hears it without one thrill of emotion. The day comes when a man still listens to the terms of the law of God, but never trembles. The most difficult men and women to reach with the evangel are those who know it best, and are yet unmoved by it to tears, or high endeavor. "Lest any one of you be hardened."

But now, how does a man become hardened? I take you to the final word of my text, "sin." What is sin? It would be unfair to interpret the word sin in this letter in any other way than by the use of the writer. In every case, from first chapter to last, he uses it of unbelief. The whole argument of the letter is intended to strengthen faith, and the whole force of the writer's appeal against sin is an appeal against unbelief, and the sin that hardens is the sin of unbelief.

In order to explain that, let me first deal with what is meant by unbelief, for I can quite imagine that someone finds reason in rebellion against such a statement. It may be affirmed that a man cannot help unbelief, because a man cannot compel his belief. Such an objection reveals the fact that the meaning of unbelief is not understood because the meaning of belief is not understood.

What is belief? Belief is that which brings a man into personal relationship with Jesus Christ so as to save that man. But what is the belief that saves a man? It is not an intellectual assent to a certain number of formulated truths. It is possible for a man to believe intellectually all the truths of the evangelical faith, and yet be lost for time and eternity. The fact that I am convinced of the truth of the Deity of Jesus, and of the atoning nature of His death, will not save me. These truths do not become dynamic simply by intellectual apprehension and consent. No man is saved by intellectual comprehension and conviction. All that may be a part of the process, but it does not save a man. What, then, is the belief that saves?

Now let me go to a slightly different standpoint. What is the thing you really do believe? A man in church on Sunday recites a creed. I have great respect for his doing so. He says, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth." Does he? The fact that he recites the creed on Sunday does not prove that in the deepest of him he believes. I shall want to watch him on Monday to know whether he really believes in God. I shall want to live with him, and observe

his business method, and his habits of speech, and the tone and temper of his disposition before I know whether, in the deepest of him, he believes in God. You say, "I do believe in God," and that is true intellectually, but that is not the belief that saves. The faith that saves is the answer of the will to the truth of which the reason is convinced, the handing over of the life to the claim of truth. If I believe in God the Father Almighty, not merely with my mind and heart, but also with my will, then I shall walk from Monday morning until Saturday evening, as well as upon the Sabbath day, as a man recognizing His throne, seeking His law, endeavoring to find the way of His commandments, measuring all the aactivities of my life by His claim upon me. That belief saves, which compels the surrender of the whole life to the conviction of truth. The following of light is the faith that saves a man. I am always thankful to remember—and I pause to say this, though it is not part of my main argument—that the New Testament never asks me to believe in the atonement in order to be saved. I am not saying a man can be saved without the atonement. But the Scripture asks that I shall believe **into** the Lord Jesus Christ. The belief which saves is the belief in Christ, which expresses itself in surrender to Christ, even though I may have to postpone the explanation of the mystery of His being and the marvel of His atonement, and the miracle of His resurrection.

Therefore it becomes evident that unbelief is refusal to obey that truth of which I am convinced intellectually. To know the truth, and then refuse to obey it; to hear the message, assent to its accuracy, bow in the presence of its great demand intellectually, and yet not answer its claim, that is the sin which hardens a man. When a man so disobeys, he becomes hardened by the very truth that might have softened him; he becomes enslaved and debased by the very message that ought to have made him free indeed. In that sense the Gospel is a saviour of life unto life, or of death unto death. The unbelief that hardens a man is not his refusal to accept intellectually a statement of truth, but his refusal to obey the truth when it lays claim to his allegiance, and calls upon him to tread some definite pathway. "Hardened by the deceitfulness of sin."

That brings us to the central thought of the text. How is it that men commit this sin of unbelief? Brethren, is not that the mystery, the perpetual mystery? Is not every preacher confronted by it, every Christian worker conscious of it? Why is it men hear the truth and do not obey? Why is it that men, conscious that the Spirit of God is striving with them, even though they may not express the fact in these words, yet will not yield? Why are men guilty of unbelief? Here in my text is the word that shows that the writer of this letter understood perfectly the reason: "the **deceitfulness** of sin." The sin

of unbelief is always the result of a false argument. When truth breaks upon a human soul and makes its claim, if the man does not obey, it is because he is deceived either intellectually, emotionally, or volitionally.

It will be easier now, I think, to illustrate than to attempt to state the case theoretically. Supposing that I should resolve this service into one of another kind, and some of you in honesty should tell us why you are not Christian people in the full sense of the word, what would be the result? You are familiar with the terms of the evangel, you have been nursed upon the songs of the Church, and yet you yourself are not Christian. It may be that once you made a profession, and once you companied with the saints, and once rejoiced in the vision of God, and once knew all the blessedness of fellowship; but things have changed, and you have become hard. Why? Because of your unbelief, your refusal to obey truth. But why did you refuse? Now I say if we could have definite testimony, I think we should hear some things such as these. I will not imagine a single case, but will tell you actual things that have been said to me. One man tells me that he is not a Christian because he desires his liberty. There are thousands of young men tonight who in their deepest heart revere the Christian standard; but they are not Christians, simply because they want to be free. Now listen. "The **deceitfulness** of sin." Was ever unbelief more subtle than when it promises a man that if he will refuse to believe, in this evangelical sense of the word, he will be a free man. Do you not know, have you not yet discovered in your experience, and if not there, can you not see it in the experience of others, that the only freeman is the man bound to the throne of God, that no man is free who is simply attempting to follow the lusts and desires of his own heart and life? Your freedom to do the things that you yourself desire to do, unchecked by law, is at this very moment weaving a chain. It may seem to be of silk, and you toy with it in its silken loveliness, and imagine you will presently snap it. But you will find that the chain about you is adamant. If you and I were talking together as man to man, you would confess that already you have discovered that habit has so fastened upon you that you cannot break it. What is the story of corruption of sin that abounds in our cities? It is the story of men who have sought for freedom and have found slavery. It is the story of men who declined to have a master, and they have become the slaves of the worst taskmasters that ever held human being in bondage.

Lust is not evil. Jesus said to His disciples, "With **lust** have I **lusted** to eat this passover with you." I find it is written in my Bible, "which things angels **lust** to look into." At the back of every sin that curses humanity is a true desire. Sin is always the prostitution of right, the

taking of a true capacity, and using it in an untrue method. If a man answer his desire without constraint, without instruction, without guidance, without mastership, he cannot fulfil it, and at last the desire becomes a burning, flaming thirst, a passion that nothing can slake; and he becomes the slave of the desire he answered when he refused to obey the light that came to instruct him how to answer the true desire within his own life. You want to be free, my brother. Come tonight to your Master Jesus. Hand in to Him your whole-hearted surrender and allegiance. Say to Him as you stand before Him, "Here and now, O living Christ of God, spirit, soul and body, now and for ever, in every fibre of my personality, and every power of my being, take me!" Then you will be free. Then you will find liberty. The Son alone can make you free. If you have refused to obey the voice of truth, and so have been guilty of the sin of unbelief, it is because you have allowed yourself to be deceived by sin's promise of freedom, while all the time it has been forging your chain.

Take another illustration. A man will say to me, "Yes, I know all that is true. I know that the pure is the beautiful. With my mind I admire its great ideal, but I want to see life." Oh, I sometimes wish I could give all my life to speak on that one theme to the young men and women of our cities. You want to see life? Yes, you say, I should have to give up so much if I become a Christian. What would you have to give up? I would be quite willing to stop preaching for a moment if you would tell me. Will you tell me what you would have to give up if you became a Christian, which I cannot keep being a Christian? Or, rather, what can you have of life by not being a Christian which is denied to me because I am a Christian? If you will name anything that you can do, not being a Christian, which I cannot do as a Christian man, you will know immediately that the thing that you are clinging to, that you call seeing life, is the thing that passes sentence of death upon you.

What does a man lose that is essential to his manhood when he becomes a Christian? Freedom for intellectual pursuits? Nay, verily, Christianity has set the world's intellect free. When you want to know what Christianity has done for the world, take a broad outlook over the centuries and over the world as it is, and know this, that the crucifixion and stoning of a man for scientific investigation has been made impossible by the presence of Jesus Christ in the world. Jesus Christ has set man's intellect free, has said to men in effect, You may knock at every door and demand admission, and you may enter as far as you can. The only limit set to your investigation is your power of investigation. But then Jesus Christ also says, When you have come as far as you can along the line of investigation, never forget the

revealed things are yours, and the secret things belong to God. Christ has set the intellect free.

What is it that you have to abandon? Music? I will not insult the intelligence of this audience by arguing it. You have heard the "Messiah," and after that there is nothing to hear. Art? Certainly not, save as art may be debased in order to suggest evil thoughts. Some pictures you are hiding, or showing clandestinely, you had better burn, and you know it! Amusement? What form of amusement must you give up if you become a Christian? No amusement that is recreation. That must be your philosophy of amusement, Recreation. Anything that destroys you, spirit, mind, or body, of course you must give up because Jesus is set upon making you perfect and beautiful, and He will not tolerate a retention of anything that stultifies you physically, or dulls you mentally, or blights you spiritually. In the name of God, I charge you do not hear me as a theorist, but tell me what you have to give up that I cannot keep. You dare not do it, my brothers, because you know that I should say to you, 'What about it; do you not think you had better give it up?" And you would have to say, "Yes." And yet you are being deceived by sin. You want to see life, and in the pursuit of life you are tracking the desert of death. Oh, the deceitfulness of sin!

Or, again, another man says to me, "Well I am not a Christian because I am not fully persuaded of all the truths of the Christian religion." If you adopted that method in any other department of life, where would you land yourself within the next seven days? The perpetual law of life is that a man accepts the known fact and acts upon it, afterwards investigating the mystery that lies before it. And yet there are men—I know them, I hear from them; they come to see me, and tell me they are not Christians because they do not understand the mystery of incarnation, or the mystery of atonement, because they cannot quite follow all the statements of the Bible concerning the methods of God. My brethren, Jesus Christ presents Himself to you, attested by tens of thousands of witnesses in the passing centuries, as the One Who gives you at once the highest ideal of life, and is able to communicate to you a sufficient dynamic to enable you to realize your ideal. Obey that, and postpone the rest! I know there are men who tell me they understand all the mystery of Christian truth. I thank God with all my heart that Christian truth is so large that I do not perfectly comprehend it. I thank God for its vastness, for the infinite reaches of it. This heart of mine, poor little restless thing as it is, is yet so big that it would rebel against a religion formulated and tabulated, in which the last thing could be recited in a creed in half an hour. It is the vastness of the reach; it is the sense that this thing is greater than I, that there are infinite mysteries stretching out on

every hand, that makes me thank God in the midst of the mystery. I have found foothold, and I have found it upon the rock of Christ, and from that vantage ground I may enquire.

Because of the mystery, in God's name do not refuse to obey what is no longer mystery, the plain fact of what Christ is, and what He can do for you.

Compare your present position with the past. Take your childhood, and put it into comparison with your present position. I do not say possession, material possession. I said your present position, the position of your own inner life.

You have done wonderfully well, so the world will tell you. You have made a great deal of money, and lost yourself. When you lost your ears, you lost God's finest gift to you. When you lost your conscience you lost the balance-wheel of your life. When you lost your faith in God and man, you lost everything that makes life high, and noble and beautiful.

Ah me, there is a song that comes back to a man's heart tonight, a song which I wonder people can sing without catching its pathos and tragedy:—

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
  Make me a child again, just for tonight.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
  Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
  Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
  Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

That is not the cry of a baby for toys. It is the wail of a soul after God. Listen!

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
  Mother, O mother, my heart yearns for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
  Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
  Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence, so long and so deep,
  Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

My brethren, do not check that emotion. If those lines have touched a chord that has not vibrated for years, thank God for it. If there is a sob in your heart tonight, it is a sign of hope. Follow it; it is a gleam, and it is because long ago you refused to follow some gleam like it, that you have become hard as the nether millstone.

But there is another word, and it is a word that the King James's translators and the Revisers have written with a capital letter. What

is it? "Today." "Exhort one another day by day, so long as it is called Today." That means to say that if you have become hard, you are still in the place where you can be remade.

"Today! O blessed word of hope,
And laden still with heaven's own breath,
The night is passed, and has not come,
Between the shades life conquers death.
Light falls around the ruined soul,
The wind of God blows with new lust!
Fling back the shutters! swing the door!
Answer God's breath upon thy dust.
Then day shall never end in night,
But night be merged in perfect day;
And all the forces of God's life
Control thy life with mighty sway.
But if thou harden still thy heart
Today will vanish into night;
The wind of God no longer blow;
Life close in dark eclipse of light.
O blessed Master of today,
To Thee I yield my stubborn will;
Thou Son of health renew my life,
And with Thyself my being fill."

It is Today, and you may know all the fallow ground ploughed up, and the promise of harvest, and the blossoming of the rose, where the desert has been. But, my brethren, in order to that you must obey the truth you know. So believe with all the mind, and all the heart, and all the life, and you shall find the remaking of your life by the grace of God.

JESUS AND THE PHARISEES

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Scripture Lesson: Luke vii. 36-50; xiv. 33—xv. 2; xix. 1-10.

"This man, if He were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is which toucheth Him, that she is a sinner."—Luke vii. 39.

"This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."—Luke xv. 2.

"He is gone in to lodge with a man that is a sinner."—Luke xix. 7.

When in May, 1907, I stood for the first time in my life in Rome, as many of you are familiar with the ancient city will well imagine, it was with wonder and delight that I looked upon some of the paintings. Those I think which impressed me most were on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. That which impressed me supremely was the wonderful way in which the artist had made the figures stand out in clear relief. He was not only a master in the art of painting human figures, but he also knew how to paint his background; it was so painted as to make the foreground the matter of principal importance.

I want this evening to use the Pharisees as background, in order that there may stand out, as God shall help us to see it, in clearer and brighter relief the one supreme and lonely Person of these Gospel stories, the Lord Jesus Christ. I am increasingly thankful for the Pharisees, because they create so remarkable a background. During the ministry of Jesus the attitude of the Pharisees underwent a remarkable change. In the commencement of His ministry their attitude was that of profound interest and patronage. As the days went on, and they listened to His teaching, and watched His habits, that attitude of patronage changed into one of criticism. At last it became an attitude of unswerving hostility. I do not think I misrepresent the story when I say that we may express the changing attitude of the Pharisees in these three words, patronage, criticism, hostility. With the first and last of these I am not proposing to deal. Patronage in their case, as in every case, was worthless. The hostility was utterly unwarranted and evil. The criticism, on the other hand, was perfectly fair and justified. That attitude of criticism is revealed in these three stories.

The first picture is one of the house of a Pharisee, just at the period when patronage was merging into criticism. Simon asked Jesus to his house to eat bread with him. Therein lay evidence of his patronage. When He came Simon neglected the common courtesies of the East. Therein was proof that there was growing up in the mind of Simon and his class a questioning attitude toward Jesus. When presently Simon said, "This Man, if He were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is which toucheth Him, that she is a sinner," we hear the opinion of a disappointed man.

In the second picture we have the same change manifest. Here again Jesus had been sitting at meat in the house of one of the Pharisees, and across his own table He had uttered the most remarkable and searching truths. Turning away from that table, there immediately followed Him multitudes of sinning men and women, hanging upon His lips, eager to hear the next thing He would say. They came so close to Him, and in such familiar fashion, that the Pharisees watching, were astonished once again, and we hear the same language of criticism, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

In the third picture we see Jesus passing along the road and the multitudes following Him. Zaccheus, short of stature, succeeded in climbing the sycamore tree in order to see the Stranger as He passed. Christ astonished Zaccheus and the multitude by bidding him come down and be His host. I see the two pass into the dwelling of Zaccheus, and then catch the tone of complaint in the voice of His critics as they say, "He is gone to lodge with a man that is a sinner."

So far all are not in agreement with me when I say that the criticism was justified. The reason is that we know Christ better than the Pharisees knew Him.

What did these men see Jesus doing? We must be quite fair to each of these stories if we are to understand them. Simon saw Jesus come into his house, and sit at his board; and then he saw a woman follow Him, who certainly never before had crossed his threshhold. Notice the emphasis in Luke's story; "When she knew that He was sitting at meat in the Pharisee's house." No one else would have persuaded her to cross that threshold. A woman of the city who was a sinner came in and touched the person of the Prophet with caressing hands; rained tears upon His feet, which in themselves were eloquent of passionate love; broke over those same feet the cruse of valuable ointment, until the fragrance of it filled the house. The Pharisee saw a woman of sin fondling his guest; and he said, "This Man, if he were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is which touched Him."

I pass to the next picture. When Jesus turned from the table of His host upon the second occasion, and the people crowded after Him,

the watching Pharisees saw that between Him and these people there was evident familiarity. "This Man receiveth sinners." That word "receiveth" is one of the strongest that could possibly be used in this particular sense. We have discrowned the word by which we translate. We speak today of a person holding a reception, and there is nothing on this earth more empty than that. I do no violence to the New Testament though if I say, This man receiveth sinners to Himself, that is into profound and familiar friendship, comradeship. This Man to Whose teaching they had listened, and in Whose teaching they had caught the note of a high ethical principle, was making Himself the Friend of sinning men and women; He positively would sit down to eat with them. In Christ's attitude toward the sinning mob there was nothing of patronage, nothing of contempt, nothing of superiority. He received them.

When we come to the third picture, again I must ask you to be true to its simplicity, and to the facts of the case. Zaccheus was a publican and he was rich. That is quite enough to prove that he was a rogue. The taxes in those times were farmed out. Men serving under Rome were able, by simply gathering the taxes according to the official assessment, to live and live comfortably; but many of them oppressed the people and became rich. The people knew Zaccheus. When Jesus called him from the tree, and passed into his house, He gave the Pharisees the last evidence of the thing they had feared. Not only did He allow the fallen woman to fondle Him; not only was His attitude toward sinning men and women perpetually that of comradeship and close, intimate friendship; at last He positively went into the house of a man who was a sinner, to lodge with him. He accepted the hospitality of a rogue.

What did their criticism then really mean? Let me quote it to you in words uttered to me over and over again by my father when I was a boy; doubtless you also have heard them, and have used them to your own children; You cannot touch pitch without being defiled. The Pharisees said, If this Man allows this fallen woman to touch Him, He is at least in peril of losing the bloom from His purity. If this Man makes Himself the familiar Friend of sinning men and women He will be contaminated. If this Man dares to lodge with a man who is a sinner He is in danger of Himself becoming a rogue.

These men meant exactly what we mean when in these days we say the selfsame thing about a man. A young man comes up to London, we get a letter about him from his father or from friends in the country asking us to admit him to our friendship and love, and we gladly do it. After a time one of my workers comes to me and says, I am a little anxious about so-and-so. Why? I do not like his companions. "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." I am afraid that

man is in danger, says another worker. What makes you think so? I do not like the people he has gone to lodge with. Such criticism is perfectly human, perfectly natural, perfectly justified. There for the present let us leave it.

Now let us inquire, What did happen? Was the bloom brushed from the glory of His purity? Did He by contact with sinning men contract their defilement? Did He connive with Zaccheus and share his unholy gains? I ask His tender and gracious pardon for even asking such questions! I only ask them that we may see that we are face to face with a deeper and more wonderful problem still. Let us attempt to answer these questions.

Said the Pharisee, "This Man, if He were a prophet, would have perceived"—mark his word—"perceived who and what manner of woman this is which toucheth Him, that she is a sinner." With infinite art, and matchless tenderness, and surprising illumination, Jesus took the woman and Simon and put them into contrast with each other; and when this woman whom Simon despised was put into contrast with Simon on the lowest level, that of common human courtesy, she was seen to be infinitely finer than Simon himself. "Simon, seest thou this woman." Simon had said, if He were a prophet He would have perceived; Jesus said, Have you perceived? Simon you are judging this woman by past history, by past sin. Judge her by her present attitudes. When I came to thy house thou didst neglect the common courtesy of water for My feet. She has rectified your uncouth blunder by bathing My feet in tears. You did not give Me oil, the coarser, for My head, the supreme. She has pured ointment, the finer, upon My feet. Simon, you are as coarse as sackcloth beside this woman. Her love is the outcome of sin forgiven. I know this woman better than you know her. Observe her as she really is.

If the Pharisees had only faced that deeper problem! They said, How can this Man touch sinners without becoming sinful. Yet here is the fact, instead of His becoming sinful, they became saints. The other illustrations I need not stay to elaborate. He received sinful men, took them into His heart, was the friend of publicans and sinners in all the full, rich, spacious, glorious meaning of that grand word. As I watch Him in His friendship for these men, instead of seeing the dimming of the fine glory of His character, I see that all the dross and alloy in theirs is destroyed, and the gold refined. Instead of His being contaminated by their impurity, they are lifted, changed by His purity. Here is something that the world had never seen before, and has never seen since, a Man so pure that He goes into the company of sinning men and their impurity does not demoralize or spoil Him, but His purity lifts and remakes them.

He went into the house of Zaccheus, and what happened? I will

tell you what happened in a word, or in a phrase of which I have heard a great deal in recent years. There was an ethical revival. Jesus had not been there very long when this man had to disgorge. When Zaccheus said these things to Christ he was not telling Him of things he was in the habit of doing. He was declaring his new promise, describing his new attitude of life. Looking at Jesus he said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wrongfully exacted aught of any man, I restore fourfold." That was a new beginning. Christ said, "Today is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." The ethical revival had its beginning in spiritual regeneration. When Jesus left the house Zaccheus was a much poorer and a much richer man. Christ did not share his ill-gotten gains. He turned them back to the sources whence they had come, to the people Zaccheus had robbed. Here is the marvel of the ministry of Jesus Christ. If Jesus had been such an one as I am, the criticism of the Pharisees would have been perfectly fair. I dare not do any of these things He did, save in the measure in which Christ lives in me.

What then is the problem with which we are confronted when we take these Pharisees as background and look at this lonely figure in the foreground? It is the problem of Himself. You cannot place Him with other men. You cannot account for Him as you can account for other men. All human philosophy breaks down when we try to place Jesus of Nazareth. When we look at Him we are first of all impressed with certain facts which make us conscious that He is our kinsman. Then when we look at Him yet more carefully we are impressed with facts which reveal to us that He is other than we are, removed an infinite distance from us. Hear the paradox patiently. When we look again, we discover that the things in which He is nearest to us are the things in which we find ourselves farthest away from Him; and the things in which He seems farthest away from us are the very things in which He comes nearest to us. He is the Paradox of the ages, the infinite, lonely, splendid Son of God.

Think of the things in which He is near to us. In His physical life He is quite near to me. In his mental attitudes He is my kinsman. In the spiritual essential of His being He is of my very nature. Or in comprehensive words, in the actuality of His humanity He is Man of my manhood. In His physical life, He worked for His living. He grew weary. He slept. He knew what it was to be hungry and thirsty. I cannot read these stories without seeming as though it were possible for me to put my hand upon the hand of the Man of Nazareth and say, This is my Brother. In all His mental attitudes, He grew in wisdom as well as in stature; He was amazed at the unbelief of men; the element of surprise is manifest more than once. His thinking was

my thinking, it dealt with flowers and children, and men and women, and angels. In spirituality He is my kinsman, for His life was one of trust and dependence upon God. He said, "I do nothing of Myself, but as the Father taught Me, I speak these things. . . . I do always the things that are pleasing to Him." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." He was a dependent Man.

These are the things of nearness, yet there is no man or woman, who has been following me who has not been saying while I have been speaking of the things of nearness, Ah, yes, but in these things He is very far away. My physical life, but oh, how different. My mental habits, but how profoundly separate. My spiritual nature, but how vastly superior. In all these departments I have blundered, and fallen, and failed, and spoiled the record. He quietly, calmly passed through hunger and through fulness, through weariness and through strength, through sorrow and through joy, never deviating by a hair's breadth from the path of simple, sinless rectitude.

Or, if I think of His toil, it is so different. I look back over my work and how ashamed I am of it. His work in the carpenter's shop was so perfect that He could borrow it for similes—yokes and ploughs, and house building. His work was so perfect that when the days of toil were over, as to the carpenter's shop, heaven broke silence and said, "Thou art My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased."

If I think of His trust in God, how different. Twenty years ago in a Salvation Army meeting in Birmingham I heard an old man give his testimony. It was very simple, but I have never forgotten it. Said the old man, For forty years my feet have been on the Rock. I have been on the Rock. I have trembled on the Rock, but the Rock has never trembled underneath my feet. Jesus would have said something different. He might have said the Rock has never trembled, and I have never trembled on the Rock. His trust never wavered.

Just as I think He is near He eludes me. He is away from me. I said a moment ago I felt as though I could put my hand on His and say Brother. Yet I dare not! He is too far away, too unlike me in all the perfection of His humanity, in its absolute loyalty to the Divine will and realization of the Divine ideal. He is other than I am. Numbered with transgressors, but when you say that, say this also, Separate from sinners. When I thought Him nearest in His nature, I know Him furthest away because of my own sin, and my own failure.

Then there are the things of distance. They are all manifest when you listen to Him. His moral standards as revealed in His Manifesto and in His constant teaching. His spiritual conceptions, revealed more particularly in the discourses delivered to the inner circle of His own. I cannot listen to Him without being conscious that I am in the presence of One Who in all His outlook is away from me. How do you

feel when you read the Sermon on the Mount? As God is my witness I am tired at heart of all the loose talk there is about this Sermon on the Mount; of men who tell me that what the Church needs is to preach and to practice the Sermon on the Mount. To whom shall I preach it? I dare not preach it to myself unless there be something infinitely more than it. It searches me, blames me. Its ethical ideal is infinitely higher than it is possible for me to arrive at, until I have been to the Green Hill. The man who tells me that all I need to do is to preach the Sermon on the Mount has never read the Sermon on the Mount. He has made selections from it, and has tried to construct a social order out of it. Has he ever heard Jesus say this, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect?" When I come to that Mount and listen to Him I know His is not the common speech of humanity. He is other than man, lonely, awful in his ideals and standards.

Then when I listen to Him speaking of spiritual things, He seems to put His hand back somewhere into the infinite spaces and bring out flowers and fruits; or He whispers in human words, so simple that every child can learn them, and yet I hear the reverberating thunder of eternity, and I know One is speaking Who is incarnate wisdom. What a battle there has been around this New Testament, pedantic, academic, foolish, much of it. Let us have done with it. Listen to the words of Christ Himself; the wooing note in which He calls weary men to Himself; the fierce and awful denunciation of whited sepulchers and hypocrites. We cannot do so honestly without realizing that One is speaking Whose conception of God and eternity and purity and holiness are such that the world had never known. He is infinitely away from me. Yet it is when I find Him on the Mount of Beatitudes, and follow Him to the Green Hill, and listen to this infinite speech in which He utters the truth of eternity, that I know I have found One for Whom I have been looking. I am tired of your speculations, your peradventures, your 'It may be so,' your 'It is reasonable to hope.' I am weary to death. Give me the voice of a Master. Give me a King. Find me Someone Who lays His hand upon my spirit and makes me say, This is truth and this is God. I have found Him! When I find Him He is bruised and broken, and when I ask the meaning of His bruising there sings in my heart this one sweet song, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

Oh, no, you cannot place Him, until you place Him where God has placed Him, at His own right hand in the heavenly places, above all principality and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named. That is why the Pharisees were at a loss. He was other

than they were. There were quantities and qualities and facts and forces that they did not detect. The Man to Whom the sinning woman came, and touched Him caressingly because He had dealt with her sin and put it away; the Man Who gathered into the close, familiar, tender comradeship of His heart all sinning men and women and remade them; the Man Who went in to lodge with a man who was a sinner, and so dealt with him that he repented and made restitution, and entered upon the life of faith, it is more than man.

What is it after all that this Man stands for as these three stories reveal. There are two things, and I cannot better express them than by borrowing the words of John. "And we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth." Do not put your emphasis upon grace if you forget truth. Do not imagine that you have accurately quoted that Scripture "the law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," when you recite it as though Moses stood for a severe moral code, and Jesus Christ stands for tenderness. Law is but the expression of that part of Truth which is necessary for the government of life at any given moment, or in any given hour. Truth is the whole of purity, the whole of holiness, the whole of righteousness. This man stands for that. Truth in the fallen woman, her remarking. Truth in the sinning men. Truth in Zaccheus, holiness, purity, righteousness.

Passing from the study of the schoolmen into the speech of the man in the street, thirty years ago there was coined a phrase that you all know, the survival of the fittest. I am not dealing with that now on any lower level than the moral. It suggests a great truth. The higher the plane of life to which you apply it, the more accurate will you find it to be. Every business man believes in it. It is the fit man who survives morally. Jesus Christ stands for that pre-eminently. I want so to say that that you will remember it if you forget everything else. If you have in your mind an idea that Jesus Christ came to give a forgiveness which excuses from morality now or at any time, you do not know Jesus Christ. If you have an idea that Jesus Christ came into the world in order to lead into the dwellings of light a company of men imperfect, moral wrecks, spiritual cripples, you do not understand His ministry. If you would know what kind of people He will present to the Father turn again to the New Testament and read this, He shall "set you before the presence of His glory without blemish in exceeding joy."

I quite think that emphasis is needed today. I am very much afraid there are very many men and women in our churches who think that the work of Christ is to save them from punishment. Yes, but how? By saving them from the sin which issues in punishment, and in no other way. The woman must become fine in character. The sinners

must become saints in the fullest acceptation of that word. Zaccheus must become honest.

But there is the other word, Grace. Thank God, Christ means not only the survival of the fittest, but the salvation of the unfittest. Just where the grind of law flings men out upon the rubbish heap of the world, this Man comes and touches and finds and remakes them. That is the supreme message, He will make it again the second time. He will take hold of this wreck, the wreck of my life, the spoiled life, the image of God defaced, ideals never realized, potentialities paralyzed, and He will make it all again. "This man receiveth sinners." The condemnation has become commendation. The criticism has become the Gospel. I pray that to all of us there may come such a vision of Him that we may dare to trust Him with all we have and with all we lack, that He may fulfil in us the purposes of His heart.

FROM DESERT TO GARDEN

By DR. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Scripture Lesson: Isaiah lv.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." —Isaiah lv. 7.

By a coincidence of arrangement this verse is central to this chapter. There are six preceding it, and six following it. By a coincidence of arrangement, I say, for in this verse we also find the true center of this great appeal of the prophet. The chapter is an argument and an appeal. It occurs in that section of the great prophecy in which the main theme is that of the Prince of Peace Who at last is to establish peace according to the Divine purpose. In the midst of the prophetic forecast of His Person and of His method we have this great outcry of prophetic appeal commencing with the words, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." It is quite evident as this message is read in connection with the context, that this was one of those supreme moments when the prophet, to borrow the most suggestive description of the New Testament, was borne aloft and carried on into the future; and saw the people in conditions resulting from their own forgetfulness of God and rebellion against Him; and in view of that he uttered this appeal, and called them into all the breadth, beneficence, and blessedness, of the Divine thought and intention for them.

I do not propose now to deal with my text in its application to bygone times. I take it as having a message living and abiding; present and immediate in its value and in its application.

First of all let us observe that this simple call stands between two descriptions of conditions of life which are entirely and absolutely different. The most casual reader of the chapter could not fail to be impressed, I think, by the difference between the conditions described in the earlier part of it, and those described in its closing sentences. The appeal is addressed to men who are described as men that thirst

and men that have no money; which does not seem that they are without money, for immediately afterwards they are challenged that they spend their money for that which is not bread; but which does mean that they have no money which is current in the realm of that for which they are thirsty, no money that will procure the living water for which they are thirsting; thirsty men without money; hungry men without bread; hard working men finding no satisfaction in their toil. It is a picture of men in the desert, thirsting for water and finding none, hungry for bread and unable to purchase it; striving, toiling, working, laboring, and never finding satisfaction. It is a picture of life hot, restless, feverish, without water, without bread, without peace.

I turn to the end of the chapter and I read "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree."

There is no straining after effect here. The prophet did not set over against the thirst of the desert the picture of the fountains of living water. This he might have done. He did not set over against the hunger of Babylon, the fulness of bread. This might he have done. He did not set over against the toil which brings no satisfaction, the service that fills the heart with rest. All these things he might have done. He arrests us more by the absolute change in his figures of speech, which so strikingly reveal the tremendous contrast. That was the desert; this is the garden. The mountains and hills are singing, the trees of the field are clapping hands. All the things that trouble in the garden, the thorns and briers are withering, vanishing; and the things that make the garden beautiful, fir trees and myrtle trees are springing into bloom.

In the first place, men in the desert of the city toiling for bread and finding none that satisfies their hunger; thirsting for water and having no money wherewith to buy water. In the second place, men in the garden listening to the anthem of the mountains and the chanting of the hills, the varied applause of the trees as they clap their hands together; working beneath the shade of the trees, in the strength of the everlasting hills, in peace and in joy. The contrast is vivid, striking, graphic, arresting.

You say to me, All this is figurative. Of what then, are these figures of speech intended to speak? In the first place we have a picture of the godless life. In the second, we have a picture of the godly life. In the first we have a picture of people whose birthright is among the hills and the everlasting waters that issue from the throne of God and satisfy all human life, but they are away from the mountains, they have lost the rivers of God, they have given themselves to all the oc-

cupations of the life in the midst of which they are; they are men and women attempting to satisfy the hunger of the soul with the dust of today, attempting to satisfy the passion for God with the passing things of an hour. The prophet says to them, You are thirsty, hot, restless, feverish, disturbed.

In the second place we have the picture of people living in right relationship with God, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

All that is very old; it comes out of an ancient writing; what application has it to us? An application that is immediate and pertinent. Surely there can be no escape if the heart is honest. I will begin with the garden that I may remind some of you how far away from it you live. How long is it since some of you men heard the mountains sing? How long is it since some of you listened to the anthem of the hills? How long is it since you heard the trees of the field clap their hands? Oh yes, once you heard all these things! There was a time in your childhood when you had strange, weird, romantic thoughts about nature; you thought the stars were windows through which the glory was shining; you got away into the country and you heard the singing of the hills, you listened as the breeze swept the forest and your childish imagination heard the applause of the myriad leaves as the trees of the field clapped hands.

You have heard nothing of that kind recently! In your life is the tragedy of which Tom Hood sang.

"I remember, I remember,
  The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
  Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
  Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
  The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
  Than when I was a boy."

What is the matter with you? You have turned your face to the dust and have forgotten the mountains, and the God of the mountains. Mountains, what are they to you? Simply uplifted masses in which you mine for the making of wealth! Trees clapping hands; nay veri-

ly, timber! In other words, You have lost your sense of God. There is no whisper of Him in the breeze that sweeps the forest, no gleam of His glory in the shining of the sun, no tone of His music in the anthem of the mountains. What have you gained? Thirst, for the springs you cannot find, for the water you cannot buy; hunger, for the bread which can never be purchased with the coin of your materialism; hard labor, from the dawn of the morning of Monday to the last hour of Saturday, resting on the Sabbath only to be ready again on Monday; yet the heart is hot and restless.

That is not merely the picture of the men of a bygone age, it is the picture of the restless, troubled life of our own day; amid the dust, with no communion with Deity; thirsty, hungry, feverish; yet all the while the mountains are singing and the hills and the trees of the field are clapping their hands. But there are men, and women here, God's own children, who know the music, who return at eventide from the dust of the city wherein they must toil and may abide with Him, to hear in their own garden the song of the seraphim and to find all nature filled with the melody of eternity. Such is the contrast.

From this moment I shall address myself, as God shall help me, to those only who are saying; This is true; is there any way back to the garden, back from the feverishness to peace, back from heartache to hearts-ease? There is. The text tells the story of the way home. Listen to it; if it could but be heard with ears anointed then no exposition would be needed. In all the Divine library there is no statement more complete, setting forth more clearly the way back from the desert to the garden, than the words of my text.

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

That is the wicket gate between the desert and the garden, and the man living in the desert, hot, restless, dissatisfied, thirsty, hungry; can pass now into the garden and hear again the singing of the hills and see the transformation of all life in the light of fellowship with God.

As I look at this text, so old and so familiar that this entire congregation could recite it without one mistake I make no doubt, I discover first of all a revelation of God's way of salvation for men. In analysis of it I discover that, and in the very structure of it, I discover the programme of human salvation.

Let us first of all attempt to see the philosophy of salvation which this text reveals. God's way of salvation for the man who is away from Himself, the way by which He would lead him back into the place of fellowship, where life is transfigured and transformed. There are three things. "Let the wicked forsake his way—and the unrighteous

man his thoughts—and let him return to the Lord." Three things yet finally, as we shall see, only one; but the prophet has a method in his statement of the one thing. He begins in the external. He moves then to that which lies behind it, to the inspirational. Finally, he deals with the very center of human life. First the external; "Let the wicked forsake his way." The Hebrew word "way" there means a beaten track; the outward, evident, set habit of the life. "And the unrighteous man his thoughts." The Hebrew word there means, in the old figurative sense, a weaving, a plan, a conception. He begins with the external; not that any man can begin there, but to show the ultimate necessity; if a man is to get back from the desert to the garden, he must abandon the way of his wickedness. How shall he do it? By forsaking his thought of unrighteousness. How shall he do that? By returning unto the Lord.

So that in the order of procedure a man is to get back to God, and that will issue in the giving up of his own thought, and consequently the abandoning of his own way of wickedness. The outward way of unrighteousness is to be abandoned by the forsaking of the inward inspiration of unrighteousness. The inward inspiration of unrighteousness is to be abandoned by getting back to God.

"Let the wicked forsake his way." That is not a call to a man to give up any specific sin. We gain nothing by describing and denouncing sins. The way, the habitual direction of the life, that is what a man is to give up. The manifestations of it may be according to popular conception, vulgar; or they may be, according to popular conception, cultured and refined. Wherein then is the wrong suggested, and what is the root fact of sin? A man's way is wrong because it is his way, and not God's way. In many editions of the Authorized Bible, there is a great mistake. At verse eight there is a paragraph mark, and that says in effect; This is a new paragraph, a new theme, the prophet now turns to something else. Yet it is not so. The next words are, "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways." This is the prophet's exposition of what he has already said. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." Why? Because your ways are not My ways, saith the Lord! And in the next verse he tells the difference between our way and God's way, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways."

That is sin. A man sins when he takes his own way, instead of God's way, when the direction of his life is along the line of self-pleasing instead of God-pleasing. Go back two chapters to the fifty-third, "We have turned every one to his own way"; that is sin! Turned to his own way. Your way, judged by all the canons of society may be refined, may be cultured, but if it is your way to the forgetfulness of

God's way, it is the way of sin. Here is a man vulgar in the expression of his life, brutalized, contemptible; here is a man cultured and refined, but who never worships, never prays, has no commerce with heaven, no traffic with eternity, no fellowship with God. In the awful light of the throne of God those men are alike sinners. They have turned to their own way to the forgetfulness of God. Follow the thought out, dealing with the inner life of these two men who are described, the one as vulgar, the other as refined; in each there is dissatisfaction, in neither is there peace. The refined and cultured man who is godless has lost the sound of the music of the hills as surely as the man you count vulgarized, debased, degraded. Do not misunderstand me; we must recognize these distinctions for purposes of human inter-relationship, but when we come to the central facts, to place the measurement of eternity upon human life we discover what sin is. It is going our own way, living according to our own thinking. If a man would find his way back to peace, then the attitudes and habits of godlessness, the thinking and inspiration of godlessness must be abandoned, and he must return to the Lord to find His thought of human life and to set the soul in the direction of His way for human life. The way of return to the garden is the way of return to the Lord.

That is the meaning of the final argument of the prophet here. Some man may be in rebellion and say, Why should I give up my thinking and my way, simply to take the thought of God and the way of God? While the word is a word of law, severe, definite, positive, that law is an expression of love, tender, spacious, infinite, and through the mouth of the prophet God tells man why he should take His way instead of his own, His thought, instead of his own; "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." This does not mean that God is declaring His distance from man. It means that God is saying to man, My thought for you is high as heaven; your thought for yourself is mean and paltry as the earth. My way for you lies infinitely beyond the limitations of time and dust, and includes the infinite spaciousness of eternity and of Deity.

From these generalities pass to a particular examination. What is God's thought for me in contrast to my thought for myself apart from Him? My thought for myself would be: Let me eat and drink for tomorrow I die. Men do not like their philosophy stated so bluntly as that, but that is the truth. God bends over me, and over thee, and says to me, and to thee: My thought for thee cannot be so expressed. This is God's thought for me, "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Therein is revealed an infinite scorn for the article we call death, born of the spacious conception that I am offspring of eternity, child of the infinite, made not

merely for a few fleeting years of the dust of the city or the earth of today, but made for the far-flung splendors of the never dying ages. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." As the heaven is higher than the earth so is the thought of God for a man higher than the thought of man for himself. Because in the heart God has set eternity, which is forever crying out after the infinite, no man can find the living water who has turned his back upon God; no man can find the bread that feeds who has wandered from home. The appeal is the result of a great conception of the possibility of humanity, God's conception of the greatness of human life. Do not be alarmed if I put it bluntly, thus: God thinks a great deal more of you than you do of yourself if you think you can do without Him. "Let the wicked forsake his way"; his way is not My way. The difference is the difference between the height of the heaven and the meanness of the earth. Let the unrighteous man give up his thought, the inspirational center of all his activity, and let him take My thought. My thought for him includes the vastness of eternity, while his thought for himself is expressed wthin the meanness of time.

The way back to the garden is by forsaking the self-centered attitude of life, the self-centered inspiration of life; and the way to forsake these is to get back to God. Oh that the illumination of His Spirit may rest upon the restless heart tonight and show this thing. You have no journey to take to find Him. God is where you are, unseen by the material eye, unheard by these ears that are of sense, untouched by this hand of flesh; but He is where you are, in the sacred silence of this moment in the midst of the sermon. Right there, where you are, get back to Him saying, Thy way henceforth, O God, not mine; Thy thoughts henceforth, O God, not mine.

That is not enough. If I have brought some of you thus far along this line of consideration; you have now come to the point where you say, This will not do, for it is not merely that my attitude has been wrong, it is not merely that the inspiration of my life has been wrong; answering that wrong inspiration, following that wrong attitude, I have sinned. What am I to do with the past? I cannot recall the wasted day; I cannot undo the evil deed. There, just beyond the light of this hour of worship, are shadows people by the phantoms of actual sins committed. What am I to do with them? Thou canst do nothing with them. But let me finish my text, for while on the side of human responsibility the prophet knew right well that there was nothing other that man could do than return to the Lord, he knew also that the returning man would become keen and sensitive to the fact of sin, that the man who had laughed at the idea of sin would cower beneath the consciousness of sin in the moment when he returned to God. It

is always so. Find me the man who denies his own sin, and I will show you the man who has never remitted his life to the light of the Divine.

The prophet knows the evangel, "Let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." That is the evangel. Do not be afraid to follow the simplicity of it. Should this man return, should he obey the word of the Lord and come to the very margin of definite decision to return to God, and then become conscious of the sense of his sin, let that man listen to the whole of the text. To the man who will so come, God will extend His mercy; for the man who will so come, God has provided—I wish I knew how to say some things as they should be said, I wish I could get all the music into this that is in my own soul as I read it—**abundant pardon!**

Herein is created a new difficulty of an honest man. Can this thing be so simple as that? Can it be that after I have followed the desires and inclinations of my own heart, beaten out the track of my own selfish habit, can it be that all the wrongs of that wrong life can be immediately put away? Is not this thing too simple, too easy? I recognize your difficulty, but I recognize also that you do not quite understand what this means. Be patient if I use a very simple illustration. Some years ago that particular difficulty, I think, was stated to me most bluntly, almost brutally, by a collier in Yorkshire. He was a great, big, magnificent man, perfectly honest in the hour of conviction. I was talking to him about his return to the Lord, and the way of our God's forgiveness; and he folded his arms and looked at me, and said: I can't believe it! You can't believe what? I said. That forgiveness can come as cheaply as that. I saw his difficulty, and I see yours. I think I was helped to help him. I said to him, a little to his amazement at my sudden change of subject, Have you been to work today? Yes, I have. How did you get home? I asked. Wondering why I was wandering from the great theme of his spiritual need, he said: I walked. Yes, but how did you get on to the earth, how did you get out of the pit to walk home? Why, I got into the cage and came up with the rest of the men. How much did you pay to come up? Pay? Nothing! Weren't you afraid to risk it, wasn't it too cheap? Oh, it didn't cost me anything, but it cost the company a heap of money to sink that shaft and put the machinery in! Then he looked at me, and the tears came into his eyes, and he said, I see it; it costs me nothing, but it cost God much.

That is the solution of the difficulty. "He will have mercy." Do you know what is in it? This is in it: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life." Too easy? My brother, had

it not been easy for you and for me, we had never found forgiveness; but it was not easy for God. The passion of His own heart is in it. The mystery of His own pain is behind the overflowing mercy of God; and can only be symbolized by the terrible blood of the Cross. "He will have mercy . . . . He will abundantly pardon." You say, This is a text in the Old Testament, and Christ is in the New. Christ is in Genesis, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. So far as our calendars are concerned the thing was wrought out into actual history nineteen hundred years ago; but so far as the dateless, timeless heart of God is concerned this thing was accomplished directly man in his folly chose his own thought as inspiration and his own way as activity. In this hour we are gathered under the shelter of that great Cross of Christ. Turn back to Him knowing this, that at the very touch of the weak hand the gate will swing open and thou shalt pass into the garden of God; but know this also, that the very heart of God, for God was in Christ, was bruised and broken to make thy welcome home.

The last word is this, the structure of my text reveals the program of human salvation. In my old Bibles, which I have used in dealing with anxious men and women, I have this verse marked out in two colors, not to make them symbolic, but to show that there are two parts to the verse. There is the human responsibility: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord." There is the Divine undertaking: "He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." What then is to be my relationship to these two parts of the text if I am to find my way into the garden? I am to do the first, and to believe the second. Repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. So that the infinite music of the New fulfills the suggestive prophecy of the Old.

If tonight you will come back to God, obeying His call, and resting upon His promise, His oath, His covenant; then will you have done with Babylon and all the dust and the fever, and have found the garden of the Lord and the singing of the hills, and the clapping of hands of the trees of the field; and tomorrow life in the city, in your office, in your store, in your school, in your home, will be suffused with the golden glory of the uplifted face of God. May it be so for all of us for Jesus Christ's sake.

THE ORIENTALISM OF THE WORD

By FRANK N. PALMER, D. D.

The human race is divided geographically into two great classes; the Occidental and the Oriental. These two classes differ very essentially from each other. They differ in their physical make-up. The Oriental works slowly, the Occidental works rapidly. The word "arise" in the Scriptures seems to call upon the Oriental to move—"Arise, Jonah, go to Nineveh," "Arise, Joshua, go over this Jordan" —They differ in their dress. The Occidental dresses in close fitting garments, the Oriental in loose fitting garments. They differ in their houses. The Occidental dwells in a house with sloping roofs, the Oriental lives in flat roofed houses. The Occidental has his yard outside of his house; the Oriental, "among the wealthy," has his yard or court within the house. They differ in their methods of travel and work. The Occidental, as a rule, works singly; the Oriental works by twos. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill." "Two men shall be in the field." They differ in their devotion to places and people. The Occidental removes his residence easily; the Oriental is born, lives, dies and is buried in the same place. That is doubtless the meaning of the Biblical verse, "He was gathered unto his fathers." "Until within thirty-five years," says an Oriental Missionary, "no Oriental was ever known to remove from the place of his birth." They differ in their devotion to Religion. The Occidental is not essentially religious, the Oriental is extremely religious. A cab-driver in a mosque at Cairo said to me at three o'clock in the afternoon, "Please excuse me, for I desire to go and pray." Did ever an American cab-driver make a like request?

Our topic will be considered along two lines.

I. The Reasons for the Orientalism of the Word. Four reasons will be mentioned.

1. A Natural Reason—Phillips Brooks said, "All literature that is worth while comes out of life." Every writer, as a rule, writes out of his environment, out of his experience, out of his contact with living people. Gypsy Smith, reared in a Gypsy camp, can not help taking his illustrations from nature—comparisons like these, "Like a lost bird in a wood," "Like a caged bird." Robert Burdette in his lecture

on the Philosophy of Fun, makes this statement, "Every Funnigram that I have written, I have seen, I do not grind out humor of my own." The poem of Sam Walter Foss, entitled, "The House by the Side of the Road," was not born in the author's brain. He saw the house located almost in the road at the top of a long hill in England. So the thirty-seven authors of the sixty-six books that form the library of the Bible wrote in terms of the country in which they lived, in terms of the people among whom they dwelt, in terms of their habits, of their dress, of their weapons, of their utensils, of their olive yards, etc They could not do otherwise. It was quite natural that they should dress the truth in the Oriental garb.

2. The Geographical Reason—The Holy land in which the thirty seven authors lived was peculiarly shut in on all sides; on the North with the mountains of Lebanon; on the East, an impassable desert, likewise on the South; on the West, the Mediteranean Sea. If any of these authors traveled outside the Holy land (their number was few) they were still in the Orient. They had little connection with the outside world. The Caravans or armies that traversed their land were Oriental. Our authors of today can travel around the globe. Great libraries are at their disposal. They can speak in terms of the Aurora-borealis or at the Swiss Alps or the Cannibals of the Pacific Isles. But the thirty-seven authors of Holy writ were confined to this wee bit of Oriental Palestine.

3. An Historical Reason—God said to Abraham at Bethel, "To thee and thy seed will I give this land." The Holy land was given by God to the Jew, hence the Jew treasures his land as a God-given gift in a way that no other people can treasure their land. God mentions in Deut. 11:12 his peculiar interest in this land in these words, "The land which Jehovah careth for; the eyes of Jehovah are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year," Hence, the authors of the Holy Scriptures through loyalty to their land, will write in terms of the Mountain of Carmel, of the plain of Shoran, of the trench of the Jordan, etc.

4. Temperamental Reason—While the Occidental is largely logical, the Oriental is largely imaginative. He speaks in terms of the riddle, of the parable, of the proverb, of the story. He is very rich in the use of the simile and he draws his comparisons from the things about him. As an exaggerated example, take these words of Hezekiah in Isaiah 38:12-13-14. "My dwelling is removed and is carried away from me as a shepherd's tent. I have rolled up like a weaver my life. He will cut me off from the loom . . . . As a lion, so he breaketh all my bones; like a swallow or a crane, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove." Seven similes are packed by the speaker in the brief compass

of three verses, and the comparisons are taken from the life and labor and customs of the Orient.

II. The Prevalence of Orientalism in the Word.

The following Scripture texts are selected to illustrate the Orientalism of the Word. They cover the five forms of Biblical Literature—Narrative, Law, Poetry, Prophecy, Epistle. They also illustrate the variety of sources from whence the Orientalisms are drawn. They likewise show what great spiritual truths are imbedded in them.

1. O. T. NARRATIVE.

Genesis 18:2, 16—"And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground. . . . And the men rose up from thence and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way."—**Social Customs.**

Exodus 25:5—"Rams' skins, dyed red, and seal skins, and acacia wood."—**Animal.**

Judges 5:28—"Through the window she looked forth and cried, the mother of Sisera cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming?' . . ."—**House.**

Ruth 2:3, 4—"And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on the portion of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the family of Elimelech. And, behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, 'Jehovah be with you.' And they answered him, 'Jehovah bless thee'."—**Agriculture. Social.**

I. Samuel 26:13, 14, 20—"Then David went over to the other side, and stood on the top of the mountain afar off; a great space being between them; and David cried to the people, and to Abner, the son of Ner, saying, 'Answerest thou not, Abner?' Then Abner answered and said, 'Who art thou that criest to the king' . . . Now therefore let not my blood fall to the earth away from Jehovah: for the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains."—**Climate. Hunting.**

II. Kings 3:11—"Elisha the son of Shaphat is here, who poured water on the hands of Elijah."—**House customs.**

Esther 1:7—"And they gave them drink in vessels of gold (the vessels being diverse one from another)."—House Customs.

2. LAW.

Deuteronomy 24:12, 13—"And if he be a poor man, thou shalt not sleep with his pledge; thou shalt surely restore to him the pledge

when the sun goeth down, that he may sleep in his garments and bless thee. . . ."—**Clothing.**

Deuteronomy 22:8—"When thou buildest a new house, then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence."—**House.**

3. POETRY.

Job 6:15—"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, as the channel of brooks that pass away."—**Geography.**

Psalm 18:17, 18, 19—"He delivereth me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me. They came upon me in the day of my calamity; but the Lord was my stay. He brought me forth also unto a large place: He delivered me because He delighted in me."—**Geography.**

Psalm 18:42—"Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind: I did cast them out as the mire of the streets."—**City.**

Psalm 128:3—"Thy children like olive plants around about thy table."—**Orchard.**

Proverbs 19:6—"Many will entreat the favor of the liberal man; and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts."—**Buying and Selling.**

Proverbs 23:6—"Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his daintiness."—**Superstition.**

Proverbs 25:26—'As a troubled fountain, and a corrupted spring, so is a righteous man that giveth away before the wicked."—**Habits.**

Proverbs 27:15—"A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."—**House and Household.**

Song of Solomon 1:5—"I am black, but comely. O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."—**Tent Life.**

4. PROPHECY.

Isaiah 40:3, 4—"The voice of one that crieth, 'Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of Jehovah; make level in the desert a highway for our God.' Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the uneven shall be made level, and the rough places a plain."—**Royal Travel.**

Hosea 14:4-6—"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon."—**Pastoral Life.**

Hosea 4:16—"For Israel slideth back as a backsliding heifer: now the Lord will feed them as a lamb in a large place."

Amos 3:3—"Shall two walk together except they have agreed?"—**Travel.**

5. N. T. NARRATIVE.

Matt. 5:41—"And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two."—**Customs.**

Matt. 6:2—"When therefore thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men."—**Religion.**

Matt. 6:19—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."—**Mixed.**

Matt. 13:1, 2—"On that day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side. And there were gathered unto him great multitudes, so that he entered into a boat, and sat; and all the multitude stood on the beach."—**Custom.**

Mark 5:5—"And always, night and day, in the tombs and in the mountains, he was crying out and cutting himself with stones."—**Burial.**

John 21:25—"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." —**Methods of Speech.**

Acts 12:8—"And the angel said unto him, 'Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals.' And he did so. And he saith unto him, 'Cast thy garment about thee and follow me."—**Dress.**

Acts 12:13—"And when he knocked at the door of the gate, a maid came to answer, named Rhoda."—**House.**

6. EPISTLES.

Phillipians 3:2—"Beware of the dogs, beware of the evil workers, beware of the concision."—Isaiah 56:10.)—**Animal.**

I. Corinthians 1:22—"Seeing that Jews ask for signs."—**Custom.**

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Search out the Orientalisms in Judges 5, I. Samuel 17, Psalm 18, Isaiah 40 and Matt. 7. Record and number.

2. Cultivate the "Oriental eye" in all Bible study, as a very essential key in the interpretation of the Word.

3. Possess and use a good hand book on Palestinian Customs.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE BY BOOKS

THE BOOK OF GENESIS

By FRANK N. PALMER, D. D.

The outline used is adapted only to the historical books of the Old Testament. These facts may be stated about the outline plan of study: First it affords a larger book. Every teacher should know more than he teaches. The larger look is necessary before the shorter passage can be satisfactorily enjoyed or taught. The outline furnishes this birds-eye view. Second, the outline is flexible. It can be added to or subtracted from to meet the age of the pupil or to meet the pupil's knowledge of the Word. The outline herein given contains twelve parts. If the teacher, however, has scholars of a younger age, possibly the first parts would prove sufficient for a birdseye view. Let the teacher adapt the outline to the ability of the pupil. The outline is as follows:

I. Kind of Literature—History.

II. Meaning—Beginning.

III. Author—Moses.

IV. Dates—4004 B. C. to 1689 B. C., making 2315 years. (The Ussher Chronology is used). The dates are those of the beginning and of the ending events in all the books. The number of years contained in each book affords splendid time perspective. Note that these fifty chapters of Genesis contain the record of more than one-third of human history. Note also that a part of the record in Genesis is found nowhere else. Then the time element raises interesting facts and questions. For example, while each of these fifty chapters should contain an average of forty years each, the twenty-third chapter contains the record of an event covering one day. Must there not be the emphasis of God upon that event and the truth connected therewith?

V. The Outline of Contents.

1. Chapters one to eleven, God's Dealings with the Human Race.
2. Chapters twelve to fifty, God's dealing with the Chosen Race.

VI. Key Verse, 1:1, in part, "In the beginning, God." These four words form the key that opens the truth of the Book. Before matter,

God; before vegetation, God; before the animal kingdom, God; before man, God; before the home, God; before the flood, God. That is, God at the beginning of every event. God at the beginning of every life. God directing every choice; God counseling every act. Nothing begun, nothing undertaken, nothing done, except God's overruling, except God's hand in it all.

VII. The Names of the Chapters—We remember that the division of the books of the Bible into chapters is man made. This division was made during the Middle Ages. When we read a modern book, its chapters, as a rule, possess headings. These chapter headings describe the contents. Now, the chapters of the Bible are not named. To give to each of these chapters a name is one of the best forms of mental and spiritual discipline. We must read and re-read. We must analyze and enumerate the contents. We must weigh the several events and distinguish the most important. Some give chapters names consisting of single words; some, names of single phrases; some, names still longer. Chapters named by a single word, can not, as a rule, be distinguished from other chapters. For example, Genesis 4 might be called the "Murder" chapter but this name would not distinguish it from other chapters that contain records of murder. The following names are given as samples:

Chapter One—The Six Days of Creation.
Chapter Two—The First Home and First Sabbath.
Chapter Three—The Temptation, the Fall and the Promise.
Chapter Four—Cain and Abel.
Chapter Five—The Genealogy of Adam.
Chapter Six—Noah and the Ark.
Chapter Seven—Noah and the Flood.
Chapter Eight—Noah Leaving the Ark and Building the Altar.
Chapter Nine—The Law, the Covenant and the Prophecy.
Chapter Ten—The Genealogy of the Sons of Noah.
Let the student work out the names for the remaining chapters.

VIII. Leading Characters—Adam, Eve, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph.

IX. Quotable Words, Phrases and Sentences—In teaching the Bible to boys of High School age, the speaker found this idea prevalent in their minds, namely, "The Bible is not up-to-date." In order to meet this objection, the speaker began to scan the newspapers, the magazines, the modern fiction, to read and to listen to the speeches of the politicians and the statesmen and he found that in all these, words, phrases and sentences were being quoted from the Scriptures. They were found in titles of cartoons, as, "The handwriting on the wall;" in the heading of editorials as, "Let the words be few;" in the

sporting column as when a certain ballgame was called a "Jonah;" in advertisements as when a house was described as, "beautiful for situation." So it is a splendid task to cull from each Bible book, its words, phrases and sentences that are quotable. The following ones of each, as from amongst many, are herewith given from the book of Genesis:

Word—Chapter ten—"Nimrod."
Phrase—Chapter twenty-five—"A Mess of Pottage."
Sentence—Chapter four—"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"'
Let the student note others.

X. Questions—One splendid method of studying a book is to prepare two large questions on each chapter. Notice: "large" questions, questions that require some careful study of the contents. The following are given for chapter one as samples:

First—Name the number of times that the word "God" is mentioned.

Second—Name the seven purposes of the lights.

XI. The Leading Lessons—It is somewhat difficult to select lessons that permeate the entire book. Let the following suffice:

First—God's Rulership over all.
Second—God's Intimate Acquaintanceship with the Creature.
Third—The Fearful Effects of Sin.
Fourth—God's Plans for Saving.
Fifth—God's Test of the Creature.
Sixth—The Wide Influence of Each Individual.

XII. What of CHRIST?—Christ is manifest in the Old Testment in at least four ways. First, by symbols. The symbol is the thing that looks to Christ. Second, by type. Type is the person that looks forward to Christ. Third, by analogy:—the deed that resembles the deed of Christ. By prophecy—words that foretell Christ. Three prophecies are herein given regarding the Christ to come.

First, Genesis 3:15—"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

Second, Genesis 12:3—"In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

Third, 49:10—"Unto him shall the obedience of the peoples be."

Note how these three prophecies have largely pictured the complete work of Christ—His victory over Sin and Satan; His blessing upon the nations of the earth; the final subjection of all people to his rule.

THE COMMITTAL OF THE SCRIPTURES

By FRANK N. PALMER, D. D.

We desire to utter a clear and clarion call to the Christian people of today to revive amongst themselves that splendid, old time religious habit of laying up the Word of God in the mind and in the heart. Our fathers and mothers and our grandparents more largely were trained in the committal of the Scriptures. Our Sabbath School teaching in its early history consisted largely of the repeating of the Scriptures, in the Sabbath session, which had been committed in the home during the week days. Their testimony to us who have not continued the practice is that it has prevented a most valuable asset in religious knowledge and in religious experience. Let the topic of the hour be unfolded along four lines.

I. THE WHY.

Many strong reasons for committing the Scriptures may be given. Let five suffice.

1. God wills it—Deut. 6:6. "These words which I command thee, this day, shall be in thy heart." Note that the command is not a thought nor a teaching, nor the truth contained in these words. This was an express command of God regarding the Ten Commandments. These Commandments formed at the time the Bible. Jewish parents train their children to commit the Word of God. If God will that men should pray, if God wills that men should give, if God wills that men should keep the Sabbath Holy—God also wills that his children should lay up His Words in their hearts.

2. As an Aid in Personal Work—If the personal worker has stored up in his mind the Scripture texts which mark the plan of salvation, which contain the invitations of the Gospel, which remove the clouds in the way of becoming a Christian, then he is greatly aided in repeating these verses to those who are interested in salvation.

3. As a Means of Spiritual Growth—A certain writer has compared the believer to a ruminant. This animal devours its food quickly and then sits down and chews it over. If the believer stores his heart with the word of God, choice food of his soul, then in his leisure moments, he may mediate upon it. "Desire the sincere of the Word that ye may grow thereby."

4. As a weapon in Overcoming Temptation—When Jesus was tempted by the devil during forty days in the wilderness, he overcame by quoting the Word of God. Three times when the tempter tempted, Jesus said, "It is written," and quotes his answer from the Word of God, and three times Jesus overcame. If selfishness manifests itself, keep repeating, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," or keep repeating, "Love seeketh not her own." If worry possesses you, keep repeating, "In nothing be anxious," or keep repeating, "Let the peace of God rule your hearts."

5. As a Comfort in Times of Physical Weakness and Infirmity—To many of us there may come seasons when we are laid by through illness. The eye may become dim, the ear may loose its keenness of hearing. We may lack friends to read to us. It is then that the stored words of God prove a rich benediction; it is then that the "exceeding great and precious promises" bring rich consolation. In my student days I was ministering unto a country parish on the Illinois prairies and in making a call one day, I met an aged mother in Israel who was bed-ridden, nearly blind, and who possessed no friends to minister friendship. But she told me with a great deal of zeal and enthusiasm that every morning when she awoke there came to her memory a new verse of Scripture which gave her comfort and cheer throughout the day.

II. THE WHO.

1. Every Christian—Every believer in God irrespective of age or sex or Christian task should cultivate and form this habit of Scripture committal.

2. Parents and Children—The home is the place where God expects religious instruction to be given and to be received. The parent is the God-ordained teacher of his children. "Thou shalt teach them unto thy children," are the words of Deut. 6:7. The writer spent a week in a Christian home in Kentucky as a guest. The breakfast season was certainly ideal. When the material meal was finished, without rising from their seats, the spiritual meal began. Quite frequently there was a repetition of Scripture verses or of a brief chapter. Some times they repeated the Scripture texts singly and sometimes they repeated them in concert. It did not require much time, and they all entered heartily into the second meal. This plan is commended to the home.

3. Teachers and Sabbath School Scholars—We recognize how many demands must be met in the thirty minutes spent by the Sabbath school class in their weekly recitation. But here is a splendid opportunity to cultivate this habit of scripture committal. Three minutes spent at the opening would within a year's time accomplish much.

4. Pastors and Congregations—It is lamentable after nineteen centuries of church life that the only portion of the Scripture which the average minister will call upon his congregation to repeat is the twenty-third Psalm. Could not the minister devote five minutes at the prayer meeting service for the repetition of Scripture? The minister could make public announcement of the passage that was being committed or the passage could be printed in the weekly bulletin or calendar. The fact that the entire congregation was committing some portion of the Word would itself prove an incentive. Possibly also in this way the minister might be enabled to secure the daily family altar at the breakfast hour.

III. THE WHAT.

First of all one must needs commit scattered verses of the Scripture. For example the rich promises of the Book of Isaiah, the "I ams" of Christ in the Gospel according to John, the great salvation truths in the Romans, the assurances in First John, and the promises "to him that overcometh" in the Revelation.

But we desire to emphasize the committing of the great chapters of the Bible. As certain peaks in a great mountain range tower above others, so certain chapters of the Word of God are more precious than others. Select what you regard as the five or the ten or the fifteen greatest chapters of the Scriptures. In making this selection be sure to choose those which differ from each other. Some for their literary make-up, some for their teaching contents, some rich in practical duty, some full of exhortation. For example, Eccl. 12 is rich in its literary make-up. Romans 12, because of its practicality. Hebrews 11, because of its teaching. Psalm 103, because of its praise.

IV. THE HOW.

Let no one be discouraged because the memory is poor. Those of us who have passed the early age when things are easily memorized will doubtless find our memories less tenacious, but most of us are spoiling our memories because we give them so little to do. Memories are like muscles—exercise makes them strong. But there are certain means which will make the memorizing of the word easier. The following may be mentioned:

1. Write the Word—Did you ever write even one of the short books of the Bible? If not, try it. Read the word out loud, then copy it. In doing this you use the mind, you use the eye twice, the ear once, and the hand once. Many of the words will thus take lodgement in the memory.

2. Commit the Word Orally—The Chinese are considered the best committers. They commit out loud. In some schools of oratory where

extended portions of literature are committed, the teachers require that they be committed orally.

3. Use Every Mechanical Contrivance Possible—We have committed the names of the Minor Prophets by joining them mechanically into these groups: H. J.—A. O.—J. M. N.—H. Z.—H. Z.—M. Do you see how these letters are held together mechanically? The nine Beatitudes are remembered in their order by the following letters: "P.—M. M. H. T.—M. P. P. P. Ye." Do you see the mechanical device by which these are held together?

4. Use where possible the Logical or Chronological Connection—Note the logical connection between certain of the Plagues. Note the chronological order of the characters mentioned in Hebrew 11.

5. Make Picture Charts of Scripture Passages—The eye is a great aid to the memory. The writer was laid aside from active work for several weeks recently by a stubborn case of rheumatism. As a splendid compensation for this necessitated idleness, there came to him the thought of reducing portions of Scripture to a picture chart. The time was profitably spent in thus trying to picture several of the Psalms. I commend it to you as a very helpful method of fastening consecutive verses of Scripture in the memory. The first picture you draw will not satisfy. The second will be an improvement upon the first. Possibly the fourth or fifth will be quite satisfactory. Practice thus on the First Psalm and on the Nineteenth. The writer always found it difficult to hold in their right order the twenty-two verses of the 103 Psalm. But since reducing these verses to the picture chart, they are easily held in their rightful places.

In closing let me make these brief suggestions: First, do not say "I can't." Remember that this expression God has removed from the language of religion. "I can do all things," is the inspired expression. Second, Do not make a mountain of it. If you have been a climber of mountains, you remember that the hill which seems steep at the distance, looses its steepness as you approach it. Third, Use odd moments. When walking, when riding, when doing some mechanical task, you may be repeating the Scripture. A certain business man in the West committed the eleventh chapter of Hebrews while walking from his business place to his home for his meals. Fourth, Keep reviewing. We commit, we forget, but the words return more easily the second time. By constant perserverance some of these chapters will become as familiar to us as the multiplication tables. Fifth, Commit with absolute accuracy. Remember that we are dealing with the inspired Word of God. Sixth, Worship in all your committal. With the heart repeat these confessions, these teachings, and in them all worship the God of our Salvation.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN SCIENCE

By WILLIAM SOUPER, D. D.

Much has been said and written about the relation of the Bible to modern science; much dust has been thrown into the air, and the dust has occassionally blinded the eyes and gotten into the throats of the disputants. But now the air is cleared, and we can see and tell where we are. It is my endeavor then, and my hope, as one without prejudice, as a sincere seeker after truth, to present things clearly to you.

It is remarkable that in the Babylonian period of some five thousand years ago there was one branch of science, at least, that appears to have been studied on the true scientific method, and that was astronomy. Those early astronomers watching the nightly procession of the stars across the sky reached, it would seem, the true conception of the movement of the stars and the planetary systems; in modern terms, the results of their observations led them to the Copernican, not the Ptolemaic system. This knowledge was lost through milleniums, and regained at the dawn of the period of modern science. After this early Babylonian period, men ceased to study the processes of nature, and became absorbed in war and politics; the Greeks speculated on the nature and origin of things; but they simply speculated; they did not watch how nature did her work. It is not till the sixteenth century of our era that what can be called the true conception and method of science began. From Lord Bacon's time onward there has been continuous progress in the knowledge of nature, and of application of that knowledge: so that in the last sixty years there has been brought to us a flood of knowledge and of application of that knowledge to the daily affairs of life.

Now I find it very difficult to get men to understand what we mean by science today, what the nature and scope of science is. The first difficulty that faces one is to get men to see that science like religion, like Christianity, has to begin with the exercise of faith. They think that science has no need of, and never exercises faith. They think that, as science deals with matter that can be seen, weighed and measured, solid matter as they regard and call it, therefore the Scientist has no need of faith. Well, the fact is that the scientist can make no beginning at all in dealing with matter, unless

he begins with faith. All the first Scientists today realize this, and willingly allow that they begin, and must begin with an act of faith.

And first the Scientist has to begin with faith in his own mind, faith in his own and the intellectual faculties of the other men; he must take it on faith that his own and the faculties of other men are valid for the search after and attainment of facts and truth in all spheres. No man can prove this about his own or other men's minds; he must take it on faith that his own and other men's mental faculties are valid. If he does not begin with this faith, he can never begin at all. This is the simple, the obvious fact; yet many kick against the pricks.

Next the man of science must have faith that, when he comes to study nature, he will find her rational, answering to reason; that her ways of working will reveal reason; reason answering to his own. If nature is not rational, then man, as Scientist, can make nothing of her ways, can in no wise interpret them. If man's mind is not rational; if his faculties are not valid, and if nature is not rational, then no science is possible; without faith in the rationality of man and of nature, no science is possible. Beginning with faith, the Scientist finds himself justified in and by his faith; for exercising faith in mind and nature he finds accordance, harmony between the principles of his own mind and the phenomena of nature, which he seeks to know and interpret.

Our next question is, what is Science doing, what is she seeking. Scientists today in every department, in Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, are striving to learn how nature does her work. The beginning, middle and end of Science is to know the mode, the method, of nature's working; to know the how of her ways. Thus:—'The law of gravitation is a brief description of how every particle of matter in the universe is altering its motion with reference to every other particle. It does not tell us why particles thus move; it does not tell us why the earth describes a certain course round the sun. It simply resumes, in a few brief words, the relationships observed between a vast range of phenomena. It economizes thought by stating in conceptual shorthand that routine of our perceptions, which forms for us the universe of gravitating matter." (Prof. Karl Pearson. "Grammar of Science. ed 1900, p. 99). This formula of explanation has been most unfortunately and erroneously called a law of nature. This is now recognized by Scientists as entirely misleading. Thus Prof. J. M. Paynting (Address British Association 1889, p. 616) writes: "We must confess that physical laws have greatly fallen off in dignity. No long time ago they were quite commonly described as the Fixed Laws of Nature, and were supposed sufficient in themselves to govern the uni-

verse. Now we can only assign them the humble rank of mere descriptions, often erroneous, of similarities which we believe we have observed." "A law of nature explains nothing—it has no governing power, it is but a descriptive formula which the careless have sometimes personified. There may be psychological and social generalizations which really tell us why this or that occurs, but chemical and physical generalizations are wholly concerned with the how."

But this habit of speaking of a law or laws of nature has led us into trouble and misunderstanding of a serious nature. It has led to the popular misconception that the principle which the Scientist discovered by watching nature at work is something that is really binding upon nature; that she must inevitably and invariably work so. Of course, this is an entire misconception; the Scientist has discovered only how nature works; he sees how orderly and harmoniously she works; but he finds no laws compelling her so to work; all that he can say is that she works so.

If the Scientist begins to ask more than how nature works, he has become more than a Scientist; he has become a philosopher; or it may be even a theologian, and then in the sphere of philosophy or theology he may be no authority, as he is in science. This is how many have been led astray; they have regarded the authority in science as an authority in philosophy, or in theology, when he is often a very poor philosopher, and a still poorer theologian. This is probably the chief reason why we have had so many perplexities and difficulties in relation to the Bible and modern science. Scientists, who were not competent in philosophy or theology, were regarded as authorities in these spheres; the authority they had as Scientists was transferred by the popular mind to the sphere of philosophy and theology, and no such authority was theirs in these spheres. "Haeckel" with his "Riddle of the Universe," now a back number, is a very pertinent illustration of this fact.

Lastly in relation to science it is remarkable indeed how the conception of matter approximates towards the spiritual in the broader sense of the term. Thus we find a Scientist writing: "Matter at any rate in its relation to other matter at a distance is a state of intrinsic strain in a universal medium. That medium is prior to matter, and therefore not necessarily expressible in terms of matter: it is sub-natural, if not super-natural." (W. C. D. Whetham—"Recent Developments of Physical Science.") Thus matter has ceased to be matter as the man of the ultimate used to regard it, solid stuff.

And now we ask what relation the Bible has, if any, towards modern science?

The Bible is not scientific in the sense in which Scientists define

science. The Bible records facts and truths, truths far more precious than those of science; fascinating and valuable though these are. The Bible goes behind and beyond science; it supplements science. The Bible does not deal in the scientific sense with the how of things; it deals with the who; it tells us who is behind and in all nature and human history. The Bible does not deal with secondary things, but with final things; it answers the ultimate question about nature; the Bible does not deal scientifically with the question as to how nature works; it tells us who is behind and in nature. Nature is God's for He made it; He directs and guides the whole; the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Nature viewed thus is a second Bible, another revelation of God; we see God in nature and in human history. The Bible does not deal with secondary things, but with her, nature is not red in tooth and claw; nor does man simply prey upon man. I can see sympathy and beneficence both in the natural and the human order.

Let us see then what the Bible tells us about the natural order. The first verse of Genesis reads thus: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth": thus begins one of the noblest efforts of inspired genius. Other early accounts of creation are materialistic, sensuous, often sensual even; but the Hebrew narrative is perfectly pure and yet personal in the most intimate sense. This profoundly spiritual narrative implicitly attests that it was written under the inspiration of God Himself. Genesis I. is the supreme song of Creation, as Psalm 104 is the supreme song of Providence; in both I hear the morning stars singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy, because of the birth of such a universe and for its continued existence by the mighty power of God. What we have in these two poems is not a scientific, and still less a detailed account of how nature works; but the who, who called the universe into existence, and who sustains it from first to last. Here we at once go behind or beyond science; not processes but personality is the key-note of this narrative. Creation is immediately and directly related to the Creator, at each stage of the Creative and Cosmic process He is present and all powerful. We see, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews expresses it, "that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." This appeals to me as at once admirably satisfying and sufficient. At first we have chaos, over which God's Spirit brooded, dove-like, and then came Cosmos, light, order, beauty; just as to this hour in the realm of the moral and spiritual, God's Spirit brings forth out of the dark and disordered nature of man, out of the Chaos, Cosmos, moral and spiritual light, order and beauty.

God said, "Light be, and light is," and so the whole process goes forward under the immediate, direct, personal guidance of God. And everywhere and at all times He is creatively present with and directive of all His works: "O Lord how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches." Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth." Thus the Bible brings us face to face with God, creatively and directively present in nature and in human life. Thus the Bible supplements and enriches science, and no facts of science can ever adversely affect the Bible; there is no fact of science, but will find its true and noblest explanation in God, as the Supreme Creative and regnant Personality. Scientific facts are illumined, when thus placed in direct relation to God and to His Creative power and immanent presence in the Universe. As man has personal initiative and power in his own and other lives, so God has initiative and power in every part and in every detail of His Universe. The Universe is not a machine; it works with the regularity and precision of a machine; but the Universe is no mere piece of mechanism; it is breathed into; it is directed everywhere and at all times by the sovereign and loving will and power of God.

When we come to human life, we are told in the Bible the facts of man's nature, of his efforts and experience; but everywhere the Bible leads us to see and to meet God in the life of the individual and in the entire course of history. We see that neither the life of the individual, nor the course of history is aimless; we see God in and through all, and we see that the individual and the people are blessed, who seek to realize the divine aim and ideal, who seek to be fellow-workers with God in His purpose of grace towards mankind. It is not again so much the how of history that we see, it is the who; God in and through all. Thus the Bible, though it gives us the facts of history, is concerned supremely with their meaning, their tone interpretation: in a word the Bible is religious history, not scientific in the modern sense.

And now I shall endeavor to show you briefly where modern science and the Bible find their unity. Modern science and the truths of Holy Scripture find their unity and their explanation in Jesus Christ.

According to the teaching of St. John and St. Paul, Christ is the Creative Wisdom and Word of God, the Logos. In the Old Testament; in Heraclitus of Ephesus (600 B. C.); in the Stoic philosophers, and in the writings of Philo (90 A. D.) we may find the seeds of the Logos doctrine, and whatever of truth there was in their teaching we find taken up into the Apostolic teaching. What St. John in particular did was to show that the Logos became Man in Jesus Christ. In St. Paul

and St. John "we find that Christ is the mediate agent in Creation; that apart from and independent of Him there was no creative process; that all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that has been made. Thus the whole Universe from the remotest star to the minutest particle of matter on our globe; from Behemoth in his might to the Iufusorial, invisible to the eye; from the highest personality and power in heavenly places to man; all alike were created by Christ, the Creative Word and Wisdom of God." (Souper, "Constructive Christianity," pp 108-9). (J. Clarke & Co. 13 and 14 Fleet street, London).

Thus it appears to me that matter, whatever may be its modes of manifestation, or whatever may be necessary for its manifestation, is ultimately the direct expression of Christ, as the Creative Wisdom and Word of God. "The biblical conception of Creation, consisting in the Divine Word calling into existence the seen from the unseen, is one exceedingly difficult to grasp concretely. Some light, however, may be thrown on this conception, I think, by an illustration which I now venture to offer. We, ourselves, possess a faculty of creating the seen from the unseen. We all have, in greater or less degree, the faculty of imagination, as for example, in dreams. Now we can, by the creative power of the imagination, bring before us, e. g. a whole landscape which we have never actually seen. The analogy then, lies in this, that what to us are imaginings can, by creative power become actualities; what we can imagine, and imagine only, that God can, not merely imagine, but create, and things greater than these. What to us must forever remain imaginary, ideal, uncreate, God can, by His word, make actual, real, objective. (Constructive Christianity. p. 110 and 111).

And further matter is directed and controlled by Christ; "in Him" as St. Paul says, "all things cohere," are held together (Coloss. 1:17). All matter and all its movements are directly under the personal control of Christ. "Christ is the Master Organist, and the Universe is the organ, which He has created, and in which He is everywhere present and powerful, and the stately march and music of the sphere is the melody that flows from the touch of His fingers on the all but infinite keyboard of the Universe." (Constructive Christianity p. 112).

Hence nothing that can be discovered and proved by science, but ultimately it comes from Christ, as Creator and Mediator. Thus Christ is the Mediator of God in the physical realm, as He is in the realm of grace; all discoveries of science are discoveries of Christ's working in the sphere of nature. Whatever new facts or methods science has discovered or may discover, all are discoveries of Christ's mode of working in and through nature. And finally, as Christ is

the Mediator of God in the physical order; so above all He is the Mediator of God in the Spiritual order, in the sphere of grace; there is one Mediator between God and the physical order, and there is one Mediator between God and Man, the Man Christ Jesus.

Science and Salvation find their unity in Christ.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever, Amen.

THE BIBLE IN RELATION TO THE PROGRESS OF MAN

By WILLIAM SOUPER, D. D.

By progress I mean not mere movement, but the carrying forward by each generation of some added good either material, mental, moral or spiritual; or all these together, which is the ideal. Now when we come to study man in the Bible, what we have presented to us first is not his progress, but his possibilities. We find man on his physical side to be dust of the ground, Adam, red soil, like the red, luminous soil of Tennessee or Kentucky. His body is of the earth, earthy; yet how wonderful is man's body in its complexity and fineness, in its unity and strength. No device of man's approaches in complexity, delicacy and strength, man's body. Into this marvellous physical frame God breathed the breath of life and man became a living soul, a spiritual being, made in the likeness, in the image of God, his Creator: made supremely with power to love God and his fellow men; capable of an all but infinite range of emotion; with a mind and imagination capable of all but infinite flight, and with a will, which it is his blessedness to incline unto God's most gracious and blessed will.

These were man's possibilities; but immediately he failed to realize them; he missed the mark; he failed to reach the goal set before him; and positively he sinned; he set his will against God's will; he disobeyed God. And thus man's future came to be the long, painful and climbing path of seeking after God, if haply, he might feel after and find Him, and when he had failed, God in infinite pity and love revealed Himself in Jesus Christ.

Now for myself the most vivid and realistic starting point in the Bible for realizing man's material and mental progress I find in Abraham, who was originally of Ur of the Chaldees, that is, he was a man either of North or South Babylonia. In the British Museum, which I often visit, we have a wonderful collection of materials illustrative of the history of Babylonia in Abraham's time and long before it. We have e. g. limestone tablets, and baked clay cones of Khammurabi, king of Babylon, who is identified today with Amraphel, king of Shinar, in the narrative of the 14th Chapter of Genesis. What then do we learn of ancient Babylonia from the materials preserved for us

in the British Museum and elsewhere, as in Philadelphia with you? We shall summarise thus: We learn that a 1000 years before the time of Abraham, before 3000 B. C., Babylonia was the home of mathematics and astronomy. The principal constellations, and especially those that are traversed by the sun and moon and planets were already known to them, and by nearly the same names, as they bear today. They were careful observers and recorders of their observations, and it is even affirmed that they knew the true movements and relations of the heavenly bodies; that is in modern terms that they held the Copernican, not Ptolemaic theory.

In mathematics they were strong, especially in the accuracy of their system of measurements. Thus they had multiplication and division tables; tables of squares and square roots, and of geometrical progressions. These may not have been quite so early, yet they were very early. We learn the multiplication table up to 12x12—and not a few tears that same table has cost some of us—but the Babylonian boy had to learn the multiplication table up to 67x67; just think!

Then we have their architecture. "At Nipper before 4000 B. C. architects already used the arch of burned brick." Again the Babylonian temples, built of brick, were in stage form, and had either three or seven stories, ancient 'sky-scrapers," of which the Tower of Babel may be an example.

And yet again long before the time of Abraham the magnificent Babylonian carpets and mantels were in high repute. (Joshua 7:21). A people who make and use fine carpets and mantels, are far from being rude and uncultured!

Lastly we note the Babylonian literature and religion. Their literature was varied in character, and of great interest. Indeed, it seems highly probable that theirs was the earliest writing and literature. Like all early literature it was poetic in form, hymns of praise to the Gods, and Epic poems. This literature so far as we have it, is written on clay tablets, which have been preserved in the ancient libraries; just as we preserve books in our libraries today.

As to their religion Professor Johns of Cambridge, one of the highest authorities on this subject, assures us that it was at first relatively very pure and lofty; but very quickly became degraded; surely a very significant fact with a people of such rich and varied culture! And still more significant, when we remember that out of this environment Abraham was called to become the father of the faithful and the friend of God!

The next figure that arrests me and makes the distant past live for me is Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. When I gaze on Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames embankment, I hear the footfall of Moses and his words of wisdom; for that stone

stood in Heliopolis—the great university city of Egypt—in Moses' time, and there he was probably educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Again when I walk surrounded by the statues of Egyptian kings before and about the time of Moses, I feel that mysterious thrill of the Past living in the Present; certainly I find "sermons in stones." I think of the statues, as having silently stored within them, as regarding phonographs all that fascinating life of the Past.

Now the wisdom of the Egyptian was, I think, largely derived from Babylonia; hence I do not dwell in any detail upon it. Like the Babylonians, the Egyptians were great builders. As to their power as builders we point simply to that extraordinary structure, Cheop's Pyramid. It stands vast and impressive today, as no other work of man, and when Abraham passed that way with his flocks and herds, it was already a thousand years old! Under the sun and facing the sand it has stood and stands to this hour a silent witness to the ambition of one man, and the painful labours of a multitude.

To the Egyptian the world owes the art of land measuring and of highly skilled agriculture. The Delta of the Nile and their teaming population led the Egyptians very early to the solution of these practical problems, which are still with us and urgent today.

Again their textile fabrics; their pottery, their ornaments, their furniture—one can see it by visiting the British Museum—were as fine as we produce today. They were also a literary and religious people, as the many tablets, and the copies of "The Book of the Dead" in the Museum prove.

Thus we may well draw special attention to the fact that both Abraham and Moses were men born and brought up in a high and complex civilization and culture, and hence there can be no difficulty about the recording and preserving in literary form of the early records of the race, and of Israel in particular. In Abraham and Moses we have men intellectually and spiritually of the noblest order, and born and trained in an environment most conducive to such literary production.

Next we take a long step and come to the age of the Kings and Prophets, to the age of Hezekiah and Isaiah. In the British Museum we have preserved for us the remains of the palaces of three Assyrian kings, viz Sennacherib, (705-768 B. C.); Esarhaddon (681-668 B. C.); and of Ashur-banipal (668-626 B. C.)

The sculptures from the palace of Sennacherib, which I have examined often and admiringly are marked by vivid and dramatic power; portraying scenes of war; scenes of labour, hunting scenes, domestic scenes. We see the river fringed with trees, with boats on it; fishes swimming in its waters; we see the forest glades, and the deer, and the wild boar of the wood with her young ones following her;

and again we see scenes of labour, slaves toiling and striving at long ropes or chains, pulling great stones up a steep hill, while the master stands over them with threatening rod; or yet again fierce scares of war and siege and carnage; the battle of the warrior, full of confused noise and with garments rolled in blood. I venture to think that the Assyrian excels the Greek in low relief; excels him in vivacity and realism. In these wonderful pictures in stone the times of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel live and breathe and burn before us; assuredly the stone out of the wall cries to us, and teaches us the historic reality and accuracy of the Prophets in their writings, and reveals to us also how advanced was the material and mental progress of these times.

And now taking one other long step in time we come to the age of Christ, the Augustan age; for Christ was eighteen years old when Augustus died, and He was crucified under Tiberius. The highest point of Greek culture was reached some 400 B. C.; but the Graeco-Roman world into which Christ and Christianity came was a world over-cultured, over-refined, an age in which men were wearied and disappointed, even disgusted with life, and all the luxurious, sensuous and sensual pleasures, which were at their command. Let us read the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and we shall have a dramatic and appalling vision of that age, when men had become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened, so that professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever."

The conclusion then that I draw from these facts relative to the progress of man is that materially and in the range of his knowledge, that is mentally, man had made progress; but morally and spiritually, I do not see proofs of progress; indeed, I would affirm on consideration of the facts that on the whole we see retrogression rather than progress in the moral and spiritual spheres. This may not be pleasing to our self esteem; but truth is first with us; we would speak the truth first, and always in love.

The one exception in the sphere of the moral and spiritual, is Israel. Whereas among the rest of mankind one sees moral and spiritual decay rather than progress, one sees in Israel an increasing vision and apprehension of the supreme moral and spiritual truths in relation to God and man. God is more clearly seen, and His nature and purpose of grace towards Israel and mankind more clearly apprehended; till at length with Christ came the splendour of the sun of righteousness, who arose and shone upon mankind with healing in His wings. And now with Christ came a new order morally and spiritually. Christ brought to mankind a new ethic and a new life.

In the sermon on the Mount He brought a new ethic. Sayings like some of Christ's may be found in Rabbinical lore; or even in Confucius; but that which makes Christ's ethic wholly new is two things. It is new because it places the emphasis first on the inward, the spiritual, the state of man's heart, which is central and centrifugal in man's life. Christ begins by saying: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The ethic is now in its inwardness; new in its emphasis on character, as supreme and regulative of conduct. And further it is new in the standard, the ideal that it sets before and asks of men; that ideal was never given before in its absoluteness: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven is perfect." Here is set up an ideal and goal to be reached, which finally is impossible for man, viz, the perfectness of God; yet in its impossibility lies its power, its attractiveness and fascination. The perfection of the Heavenly Father as ours is at once an inspiration and a power to lead us up the sunny hills of God. Here is an ideal that eternally goes before us, and eternally leads us on; for we, as finite, can never attain to the infinite fullness of the Heavenly Father.

Thus the ethic is now and infinitely attractive; persuasive and powerful.

But more, Christ brings to men a new life, spiritual life, eternal life, that is new and true and more abundant, the life of fellowship with God the Father in Christ, the Son. By the indwelling of His Holy Spirit Christ gives men the power to realize this life inwardly and outwardly. The life of the reborn; the life of those, who are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God, is the new and supreme spiritual energy in the individual and among mankind. With all the failures of Christians to realize the more abundant life, I fearlessly affirm that the life of true Christians is a nobler order of life in its practical outworking, both as a whole and in details, than any other life that men have known. We are not boastful; we are not self-glorifying—that is the antithesis of the Christian spirit—but it is necessary for the glory of Christ to see facts, and to have courage to openly state these facts.

Thus it comes to be that all moral and spiritual progress among mankind since Christ came, is owing neither directly or indirectly to Christ and Christianity. Wherever Christianity has gone we see progress in moral and spiritual ideals, and in the realization of these ideals in life. Christianity is, as Christ describes it, a leaven, and it is assuredly leavening mankind, and the moral and spiritual ideals of Christianity are bearing fruit among men.

We thus see in the Christian era progress in the whole order; material, mental, moral and spiritual progress. The progress may be slow; very gradual; but it is there, and it is assured. Christ and Christianity wax; they wane not. We have not received the spirit of fear, but of power and of love, and of a sound mind. "Say not the former days were better than these; in this thou considerest not wisely" Courage, my brothers and sisters, we are on the heavenly, the upward way; we are leavening and uplifting mankind; Christ is seeing of the travail of His soul, and He shall be satisfied.

And finally our progress ends with this little day of life. When we have passed through this school of life, we enter unceasingly and increasingly on the infinite treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God in Christ Jesus, the unsearchable riches.

One morning very early I stood among the Swiss Alps. Below me lay a dark lake, and stair on stair arose in solemn grandeur the mountains, till at length my eye reached the loftiest summit robed in snow, but so suffused with the rose of dawn and the tender blue of heaven that I could not discern where the mountain ceased, and the heavens began. So shall it be with us; we shall forever ascend the heavenly heights, robed in light that comes from neither sun nor moon, but radiates from God Himself and the Lamb in the midst of the Throne: then shall we see the King in His beauty and the land of far vistas; we shall see and be satisfied; and the Vision will wax, not wane.

THE BIBLE IN RELATION TO THE PRESENT CONDITIONS OF LIFE

By WILLIAM SOUPER, D. D.

We live in an age of absorbing interest and fascination, an age full of hope and ideals. One could wish to have been born two hundred years later in order to see the harvest, which will be realized from the hopes and ideals of the present. Surely this is the age described in the Book of Daniel in the words: "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased."

Now a really interesting and suggestive parallel to our time is found in the latter part of the fifteenth century and the early part of the sixteenth century. When the Turks took Constantinople the Greek scholars fled first to Venice, carrying with them their mss. and their knowledge of the past. In Venice they found no permanent home; so they passed on to Florence, and there under the patronage of the Medici they found liberal encouragement in the pursuit and communication of knowledge, of literature and art. They gladly communicated their knowledge to eager disciples, and so came the knowledge of the philosophy, poetry and art of the Greek world, which had been a sealed book to Europe. The discovery of the past and its treasures quickened the pulse of Europe, and led to fresh feelings of admiration and delight, of passion for knowledge, and for the treasures of art and literature.

In our own time, in the latter part of the nineteenth century and during these years of the twentieth century, we have entered on the new and fascinating field of scientific research and discovery, and this has led to a like wonder and delight in the pursuit and attainment of the knowledge of nature, and the applications of that knowledge to the affairs of daily life.

Again the bounds of the physical world were suddenly enlarged. Columbus crossed the untraversed ocean, and added a new world to the old; while Copernicus revealed to man the secret of true movement of the worlds in space. All this quickened the interest, and stirred the curiosity of Europe, and opened up paths for fresh development.

In our own day, by the discovery of the North and South poles, we have completed our knowledge of the boundaries of the earth; we have re-discovered China and Japan, as great peoples and powerful factors in the world's history in the future, and they have discovered themselves and their possibilities in the light of modern civilization and progress.

And lastly the Renaissance passed into the Reformation, the greatest of modern movements politically and religiously; and the Reformation found its centre, its beating heart, in the Bible. Luther and the Reformers drew their inspiration, their ideas and ideals from the Bible. The knowledge of the Renaissance was brought to the study and services of the Scriptures. Thus Renchlin, Erasmus, Luther, brought the fruits of their knowledge to the study of the Scriptures, and the Bible became the living possession of the people of Europe, and the source of new life and light; inspiration and power to men.

Surely, with such a precedent before us, we shall bring all our knowledge today to the service of the Bible; surely we shall use all our knowledge, so that fresh life and light shall again break forth from God's Holy Word.

Now the distinctive feature of our time is the discoveries of science, and especially the discoveries relative to the nature of matter, and the consequent adaptation of these discoveries to the material resources of man's life and activities. Indeed we may say with truth that we have almost been intoxicated with the pursuit and the gains of scientific knowledge, and the many adaptations of these to the material spheres of life. Thus we are brought face to face with the outstanding difficulty of our work as spiritual teachers and fellow-workers in the Church of Christ; namely the theoretical and practical materialism of our time. The discoveries and adaptations of science have led men instinctively to a belief in the greater reality of the material, and a passion for the possession of the material. "And not only have the increased knowledge of nature and the practical application of that Knowledge been an active cause in producing this condition of life and thought; but markedly "Darwinism" has been creative of a naturalistic outlook upon the whole phenomena of life. In illustration of this we have simply to quote the names of such writers as Haeckel in Germany and Herbert Spencer in England, with many lesser names of the same school. It may be held that evolution in its different forms does not necessarily involve a naturalistic conception of the universe and of human life; but, as a matter of fact, "Darwinism" has been largely productive of naturalistic conceptions in the spheres of philosophy, ethics and religion. It has exercised an undue fascination over the minds of thinkers and writers during the last fifty years; so that instead of remembering that it is simply a theory as to the how

—the mode of the unfolding of things—they have gone astray and regarded it as a final explanation of the origin and nature of all things. And let us remember that today the two great doctrines of the schools —"Darwinism on the one hand, the mechanical interpretation of life on the other—are both tottering, not because of the criticism of outsiders, but of specialists within the schools themselves." (Souper Constructive Christianity pp. 11-12).

Of course I know very well that to say that "Darwinism" is disproved is to expose oneself to the ridicule of the larger number at present of English Scientists, who still cling to this theory, this scientific fetish, as desperately as ever did primitive man to his fetish, or theologian to his pet position; but none the less, facts are facts, and the researches of French and German biologists, as rehearsed by Professor Rudolph Otto in his "Naturalism and Religion," are the firm ground on which I stand, when I say that "Darwinism" is disproved. I do not say that "Evolution" is disproved; some form of Evolution seems likely to be the explanation of God's working in and through nature.

I gladly note that during the last ten years there have arisen many teachers who are setting forth what—in the broad sense of the term—are spiritual conceptions of the origin and nature of matter and of man; but their teaching has not yet become the possession of the man of the multitude, of the man of the market place. He is still largely under the thrall of the material practically and theoretically. It takes many years to displace mistakes and errors, and to replace them by the truth. His theoretical and practical materialism is our chief difficulty today, as spiritual teachers and Christians; the spirit and atmosphere and activities of the age are against the spiritual. Certainly the world is always opposed to God, to the spiritual; and the particular form of opposition today is this absorbing interest in, and occupation with, the material. Even to the spiritual atmosphere of the Church it is hurtful; it is a cold atmosphere, which reduces the spiritual temperature of the Church, of Christians. It is an atmosphere larger in volume than the atmosphere of the Church; it envelopes and cools the spiritual temperature.

Again there is another aspect of our times closely associated with this which is a marked difficulty. Science in its application has led to an extension of the range of our form of pleasures. Science has a two-fold relation to our pleasures today. First the extension of machinery has made vast numbers of our people practically machines themselves; they are the servants, often almost the slaves of the machine. For the sake of rapidity of production the man or woman has to become the servant of the machine; his labor is mechanical, monotonous; he has no personal initiative in his work; he shares with the

machine only a small share in the production of any article. Hence he has no personal interest in the development of his work; it becomes a mechanical, dreary drudgery. Thus when the hours of labor are past, there is a keen passion for change, for relaxation, for pleasure. Labor is so monotonous today that the young especially revolt against it, and crave for pleasures exciting and stimulating to the senses. Thus we have the passion for sport, for football, for baseball, for boxing, abnormally present with us. Again there is the rush for the music hall, for the picture palace. Now with the people in this matter one feels deep sympathy. Their toil is so hard; so wearisome, that one feels strongly that they need change and recreations. But would that we took our recreation wisely, with moderation, and that these recreations were always clean and wholesome. What we have to face is an absolute absorption in and passion for pleasures, which are unhealthy, which preoccupy the mind to the exclusion of the spiritual. Life is so full, so varied today in its range that men are almost satisfied with the material and sensuous possibilities of life. We are so busy here and there; so occupied with this and that, that the supreme reality, the spiritual is forgotten, the need of it hardly felt. To use Christ's figure, the pleasures of the world choke the good seed.

And, finally, on this aspect of life, there is the absorption in, and passion for, social reform, for economic betterment. This in and by itself is a good thing, and there lies its difficulty and subtlety; it is good in itself; but with many the passion for economic and social justice and betterment renders them largely insensible, or opposed even to the still higher, the supreme and regulative need of man, spiritual renewal and betterment. We are experiencing what Dr. Dale prophesied a generation ago, an ethical revival; but that ethical revival is not in the line at present of a spiritual revival. The reason of this is that social and economic justice is ethical; yet absolute devotion to it shuts out from men's thoughts and hearts the deeper, spiritual and eternal need of a man, the need of inward change; so that betterment may be absolute, may be free from within, outward. All Christians necessarily believe in and seek for social and economic justice and betterment; but we seek this not as the first thing; but as the effect, the result of our having reached the center, the very heart of reality; of our having reached Christ Himself; or rather of Christ having reached us, having laid hold of, and inspired us with His ideals. We Christians are as passionate for human and humane conditions of life for men, women and children of all races, as any social reformer can possibly be; but we place things in the true order, Christ's order; we seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness inwardly; knowing full well that the outward order will follow. We labor for the highest good of mankind, because we are not alone

brothers by blood; but a far greater thing than that, brothers and sisters redeemed by the precious blood of Christ.

What, then, is the relation of the Bible to those complex conditions of life? First, then, we emphasize the fact that truth is a timeless and climeless, an eternal possession. Whether truth came to men on the plains of Babylon four thousand years ago, or to the prophets three thousand years ago; or was proclaimed by Christ and His Apostles, nineteen hundred years ago, by the Sea of Galilee, and in the streets of Jerusalem, time and tide in no wise affect the reality and power of that truth; truth is timeless and climeless.

So we claim that in Christ and Christianity we have eternal truth; truth more than sufficient for the needs and difficulties of our time. Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and in Him man has in every generation the source and the power of an endless, an eternal life. Professon Euchen in his "Hauptprobleme der Religious Philosophie der Gegenwart," Engl. Edn. "Christianity and the New Idealism" (pp. 148-9), gives expression to a similar conception. "Now our whole inquiry," he writes, "stands for the conviction that in Christianity as a religion of moral redemption, such a revelation of spiritual reality has actually been given, and with it, from the deepest fount of being, an inspiration that stirs us to the pursuit of ends that can never be superceded. It is not our duty today to fight for a new religion; we have but to kindle into freshness of life the fathomless depths of Christianity. In so far as we succeed in doing this, we can completely satisfy the requirements of the new situation; we can seek to realize a Christianity that shall be at once more universal and more active." We can without fear or hesitation proclaim Christ, as the Way, the Truth and the Life to all men; to all sorts and conditions of men, East and West, North and South. The spirit of Christ and His ideals are universal, and have the quality of proving supreme and regulative of all the complex conditions of modern thought and life. Emotionally, intellectually, spiritually, practically, Christ and Christianity in the power of His Holy Spirit are more than sufficient for the needs and aspirations of men. The ideals of Christ are at once so searching and so searing that men have always shrunk back from a fearless attempt to realize them. We admire them as counsel of perfection; but we do not practice fully the precepts of the sermon on the Mount. Let us remember that in Christ we have the three all potent energies, life, light, love. These are the constitutive and dynamic elements in the individual and in society, whatever form society may take to itself. Life more abundant, light intellectual, moral and spiritual, and most excellent of all love, which is eternal and regnant. Ever since the Socratic-Platonic age I feel that the Western World has misplaced the account by placing it on the intellect rather than on the heart of man.

The heart is central and centrifugal in life and, we hear, the intellect is regulative of the outflow of energy from the heart; but if energy is absent, of what avail is regulative power? Hence, I lay the accent on the heart, not on the head; on love, not on knowledge. I am Pauline not Platonic in this, "knowledge puffeth up; but love buildeth up."

Now, the relation of the Bible to all this is that in it we have a historic source of all these spiritual nobilities and realities. In every day and generation the Holy Scriptures have been the living, historic source from which men have drawn afresh from the deepest fountains the inspirations and ideals, and of the guidance and inspiring power of the Holy Spirit, who first gave the Scriptures, every generation has received a fresh baptism of power from on high. At no time has this been so apparent as at the Reformation, when men drank anew of this fountain of living water; received fresh knowledge, fresh inspiration, fresh hope and the church became once again a living source of energy in human hearts and in society.

The figure that appeals to me as most appropriate and even enacts the Bible in this relation, is the figure of mother earth, as possessed of, and manifesting the power of recurrent life every Spring time.

After the cold of winter comes by the inbreathing of God into nature, the miracle of the spring time, the resurrection of nature from the dead by the power of God. The spring time has come and the cold, black earth bursts forth into life; life full of freshness and beauty, and the promise of fruitfulness. Mother earth is a perfect picture of the Bible. The Bible has perennial power to revive and to renew human life; when it is studied under the light and warmth of the Holy Spirit, and every generation that betakes itself to the study of the Bible, experiences a spiritual resurrection, a resurrection to power and activity in the service of Christ and of man. Christ said, "My words are spirit and life," and the Bible is the living organism that enshrines the Word of God from first to last.

The Bible is the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing, the reviving and strengthening of the nation.

Let America, rooted and grounded historically in the Bible, betake herself again to God's Word, and life and light and beauty shall spring forth in her midst, and she shall go from strength to strength. Let America and all the nations delight themselves in the Lord and in His Holy Word, and they shall be the heritage of them that fear the Lord and that think on His name: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT

By CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D.

Last winter I was at Abydos in Egypt under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Fund—the oldest society which is working this wonderful land and one which has made so many discoveries that I think many who hear me today ought to give me their names for membership, thus supporting the work which has, more than any other in our generation, cast new light upon the Sacred Oracles. No sceptic can ever hereafter talk about the "barbarous and illiterate eras" out of which the Bible originated. It is now known that there have been seven epochs of creative art since historic time and three of these were past and gone before Moses was born. The era of Moses and even that of Abraham were eras of civilization and invention during which time great educational institutions were in exstence and literary men of world-wide reputation were writing histories and biographies, proverbs and wise practical maxims, works of romance, resembling some of the best we have now; poems so noble that Gladstone in his great work on Homer acknowledges that the father of Greek poetry imitated them; fables like those of Aesop and LaFontaine, and books of law and theology which were extensive and important. God pity the preachers who still talk about the Bible being the "oldest book in the world"! They need to get a little nearer up to date for the sake of the young people who, when they go to college, will find out that what their ministers taught them about the Bible was untrue, and who will therefore discount his statements in regard to theology and ethics. Sunday school teachers and pastors ought to be willing to sell their coats and live on mush and milk rather than fail to know the surprising truths about the Scriptures which God Almighty has brought out of the dust of the centuries during our lifetime. Last year we found at Abydos an amethyst necklace 48 inches long, the amethysts beautiful as a dream and as well cut as any modern jeweler could do it, this necklace coming from the grave of a lady who lived about a century before Moses was born. There has recently been discovered in Babylon a "seed plow" pictured on a monument, in which with each "share" of the plow is a seeder, which sows the grain at the same time the ground is plowed. In a very ancient Hebrew document it is stated that Abraham was the inventor of the seed plow in Babylonia. Prof.

Reisner has just discovered the monument of the architect who constructed the Great Pyramid 2,000 years before the Mosaic era—a master craftsman so colossal in his ideas that even Michael Angelo did not surpass him. Theo. L. Davis has found treasures in the "Gold Tomb" and elsewhere in the tombs of the kings which could hardly be surpassed in the world today. At Karnak, last winter, I looked again at the vast temple and university which was so celebrated in Moses' day, and with special interest at a newly uncovered temple, where the statue of the deity was still in place and where, through a curious and to me inexplicable refraction of light the offerings placed before the statue were made to rise up towards the face of the god. I came away with an ever increasing respect for the leader of the Hebrews, after once more examining this most magnificent temple ever built, remembering that notwithstanding this temple had been a dominating factor in Egyptian religious thought for over 1,000 years, Moses and Aaron were not overawed by its antiquity or splendor, but succeeded in carrying away their relatives from the land of Goshen, without their nation having been even touched by the Egyptian idolatry or this peculiar cult. Only recently thirteen forts have been discovered between Suez and El-Arish, which in the days of the Exodus protected the Egyptian frontier. The Israelites were driven back by fear of war, according to the Bible, from attempting to cross from Egypt to Palestine by the two or three short and quick routes and were thus forced to the south, where they were finally shut up between the mountains and the sea, where only a special dispensation of providence could save them. We examined all of these possible crossing places and then followed the footsteps of the Israelites through the Mt. Sinai peninsula to Palestine. In the next lecture we will tell something of what we found on that trip.

THE "LOST" OASIS OF THE SINAITIC PENINSULA

By CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D.

Conan Doyle has told the story of a lost world in South America, where modern zoologists found living specimens of hitherto supposed extinct species of birds, some of which were as large as automobiles, and of turtles big as battleships. But such a discovery is a small thing compared with the finding of a lost human world, where the civilization of the men who were contemporaries of Abraham and Moses has been uncovered and a vast literature coming from the very era which saw the composition of the various books of the Bible, has been dug up.

Even more wonderful than this was our visit last year to Kadesh-barnea, the most famous oasis of the planet, and the most sacred site mentioned in the Old Testament, next to Mount Sinai itself. Here it was that the Israelites spent thirty-eight years. Here it was that Miriam died, and we can see in the distance the peaks of a mountain white as marble, which bore a strange resemblance to the early tombs of Egypt, a mountain which perhaps marks the burial place of this princess. Here it was that Korah and 120 nobles rebelled against the autocratic superiority accorded to Moses and Aaron. Here it was that the law of Moses was first tried out practically and here can yet be seen the very rock which Moses struck, and out of which a stream flowed into the desert, one which is flowing yet, and large enough to supply drinking water for an army. Our party was the sixth which had ever been able to reach this spot, in over six hundred years, so far as report has been made. The only white man with me was my photographer and student, the Rev. James Lane. And it well paid us for the danger to be the only Americans, probably, now in this country, who ever looked upon this lost human world, out of which came the strange collection of narratives and laws contained in the Pentateuch, and the new power of religious life, which was marked a little later in the conquest of Palestine. The modern world is different because of Kadesh barnea, and the marvelous past which it represents.

There are three reasons why this little Garden of Allah could be hidden for 600 years. In the first place, it is so sunken in the sands

that it cannot be seen five minutes away. In the second place, the desert, because of its heat and destitution of water, is as dangerous as the Sahara. The man who reached this point just previous to us found two caravans dead on the sands, having perished of thirst. Finally, these "Sacred Springs" are protected by the Azazmeh, the most savage of all the Arab tribes, each one of whom would consider himself an apostate and candidate for the infernal regions if he should act as guide to any American infidel or permit him to visit these springs. This is not altogether an inexplicable idea, for this water supply is worth more to the tribe than a dozen gold mines would be, and they believe that an infidel can cast a spell on the water, and dry up its source. Because we took, on this trip, horses instead of camels, we succeeded in reaching the oasis and escaping alive, although the Arabs were gathering at its mouth as we left. A little later 300 Arabs surrounded our tent one night, and the sight of those half-naked creatures, dancing their war dances and singing their war songs in the moonlight, will remain with us forever. But through a little strategy we succeeded in getting away. We had to go suddenly and fast, but we went. Somebody asked why we ran, and I replied, honestly, "We ran simply because we could not fly."

We discovered one or two important things at Kadesh-barnea. One was that the great plain surrounding the oasis had been anciently used for agricultural purposes. We actually found the old boundary lines. The other most important observation was concerning the old caravan route between Palestine and Egypt, which we found ran within three hours of the oasis, going straight through these fields, which had then been planted with grain. This permits us for the first time to explain consistently the Egyptian text found some time ago, which mentions the Israelites. The text was written by Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, some dozen years, it is supposed, after the Israelites left Egypt. It tells of a campaign in Palestine, and closes with the statement: "Israel is lost; its crops are destroyed." This has always seemed mysterious to scholars, because Israel, according to the Bible, had not yet reached Palestine. And this statement comes at the close of the Palestinian campaign. This is now made perfectly plain, since the Egyptian raiding party, in getting back to Egypt, would naturally go by this old caravan route, would pass through these crops, as we discovered, and would, of course, destroy them, though the Israelites might easily hide in the mountain. Of course, the Israelites could not have been as large a body as our text of the Bible represents. Instead of 600,000 fighting men, the modern translation, in light of the new discoveries, would read 600 tents of fighting men.

NEW INTERPRETATIONS OF SCRIPTURE

By CAMDEN M. COBERN, D. D.

An Oriental book must be interpreted Orientally. Almost all of the mistakes which sceptics have charged against the Bible have been because these men misunderstood these Orientalisms. It is only within the last few decades that any one ever was able to read the contemporaneous literature which was being put out at the time when the early narratives of Genesis were being written or when the prophets were putting their prophecies into form. It has been less than a quarter of a century since any scholar could compare the Gospel figures of speech and New Testament language, generally, with the current literature of that era. But now tens of thousands of papyri in the very language of the New Testament have been suddenly brought to light and we, unlike our fathers, study the vernacular of the first century. It is now known, not guessed at, how at these various eras certain figures of speech and certain metaphors, often found in the Bible, were being used—and the exact meaning of these expressions can often be determined by the contemporaneous texts. One thing that has been absolutely proved is that at those eras many of the phrases which we have thought to be "literal" were poetical and pictorial. To take any Oriental book "just as it reads" is usually to take it as it does not mean. No Oriental talks or writes "literally." We must be prepared, then, to find that these men who were writing at the same time as the Bible writers often use the same expressions, meaning something different from what we formerly supposed they meant. For example, the stories of creation are full of expressions often found in the contemporary texts and we can now be sure that no ancient Hebrew ever thought of the serpent as being a literal snake or of the creation of Eve as being "due to a surgical operation," or of Adam's searching for a wife as a literal matrimonial enterprise. This beautiful story in picture was written in the usual rhetorical form of that early era and represents, so that any Egyptian or Babylonian could have understood it, certain great principles of religious faith—several of which were fundamentally opposed to all heathen concepts. It represents man as having been created by Deity and supremely endowed above all other aanimals—woman being equally endowed, of equally noble birth and enjoying with man the title to dominion of the

world. All the objects of nature which other nations supposed to be created by different gods are all ascribed to the one, eternal, only Cause. God "rested" when the job of making the earth was finished and he gave over the task of ruling it to the new creature he had so mightily endowed.

The teaching of Genesis about woman places her in a position higher that any of the ancient or modern teachings, including Chinese, Egyptian or Babylonian. I insist upon reading the story from the point of view of the Oriental. When that is done the entire incident of Adam seeking a wife among the animals before he found Eve, as it has been read by some critics, is read in a different way.

The Oriental method of writing pictorially shows clearly that Adam, the human being, was absolutely apart from the animal—a higher creature—and his failure to get a wife before Eve was created is the Oriental way of showing the difference between the human and animal world.

Passing to the scarab, which is used often as an ornament, even at the present day, and which had its origin in Egypt, Dr. Cobern cited it as another illustration of this same form of pictorial reading. In the Oriental significance, he said, the scarab typifies the resurrection or transition to a higher, a more advanced life.

The number seven, as the Sabbath day, has been wrongly interpreted likewise. The Sabbath day means merely that one-seventh of a man's time should be devoted to religious thought and deeds of mercy.

I protest against the unscholarly infidelity which declares that the Bible is wrong when, as a matter of fact the Bible is merely truthful to Oriental speech. The understanding of pictorial method has cut the throat of infidelity.

When the Bible speaks of cities and towers built up to heaven, and when the Psalmist says he wept until he made his "bed to swim," and when God—who has neither body nor parts—is said to have "spoken" or "commanded," or written the Law, these expressions must be understood to mean exactly what they meant at the same time when used in the Egyptian of Babylonian texts. God has no fingers. He wrote through Moses' fingers. We "are his hands and feet." We must also remember that conditions now revealed often make texts which were formerly hard to understand perfectly easy. 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," has often been criticised as harsh and cruel; but it is now seen to mark an era of advance in jurisprudence. Before this the law of the desert was: "A life for an eye and a life for a tooth." Even the Babylonian law knew no enactment of perfect equity and justice such as this. This establishment of a law of equity was absolutely necessary before there could be a law of mercy like the Golden Rule. So the discoveries in Palestine have given unexpected

light upon the ancient civilization. If the prophet Elijah walked in among a church congregation today they would hesitate before calling him to be their minister. They would call him outlandish. Yet recent explorations at Samaria show that in Elijah's day the kings had palaces as splendidly furnished as did the Pharaohs of Egypt and, although Elijah wore leather garments held together by a girdle, he was not uncouth.

King David was guilty of two of the cardinal sins. Queen Victoria is reported to having said she wouldn't have invited him to her court. But the Babylonian, Egyptian, Phoenician and all the old Palistinian kings had exercised exactly the same kind of "royal rights," as such acts were considered. Remember, David was not called "a man after Gods own heart" until after he had broken down before the arraignment of the prophet Nathan and had gone down into ashes to show his repentance. He was the first king to acknowledge that the same code of ethics must govern the king as governed the peasant.

JOHN'S MASTER PASSION

By MR. S. D. GORDON

Mr. Gordon gave a series of Quiet Talks, which consisted of free, colloquial renderings of the opening paragraphs of John's Gospel, with illustrations and comment. He spoke in part as follows:

John wrote three books, a gospel, one chief epistle, and the Revelation. Each begins in the same way. John was just a bit narrow. He had only one subject, whether he was talking or writing—only one subject. He never had but the one theme, whether with tongue or pen. Just a bit narrow, John was.

But when you know the broadness of Jesus, you know the narrowness of John. For John always talked and wrote about his personal friend, Jesus; whether he was talking about Jesus' errand to the earth, or urging others to abide in Christ, or telling of the coming glory; whether gospel, or epistle, or prophetic Revelation, it was always about Jesus that he wrote.

I want to read to you the opening sentences from each of these three books that we may realize afresh the singular loyalty of John to his Master. We'll begin with the Revelation, and then turn to the epistle and so come up to the gospel where we want to spend our chief time this evening.

The Revelation begins thus: "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave him, to show unto His servants the things which must shortly come to pass: and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John." Then follows a bit further down in the chapter the wonderful description of Jesus as John saw Him in glory. There were the eyes of flame and the face like the sun, and the feet like burnished brass. But the voice so authoritative in tone, like the sound of many waters, was as gentle anad tender as in the old days with John, as He says, "I became dead, and behold! I am alive forevermore, and have the control of death and of the spirit world." And then follows His sent-back message to His followers, and then the picture of the coming things the coming storm, and the coming glory.

Turn now to the chief epistle that John wrote; to its opening sentences. "He who was from the beginning, He whom we have heard, He whom we have seen with our eyes, He whom we gazed intently upon, our eyes unable to turn their gaze aside, He whom our

hands handled with awed and reverent touch—even the Word of Life (and this life was plainly seen amongst us and we have seen it, and we gladly bear witness, and we now declare unto you the life, the eternal, which was with the Father, and then graciously came and revealed Himself unto us).

It is this one whom we have actually seen and heard that we now declare unto you also; and so you and we may have sweet fellowship together in Him. And so we shall have fellowship not only together, but we shall have fellowship also with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.

Let us turn now to the Gospel of John. And we shall understand better this Gospel, if we remember that Jesus drew men to Himself, when He was down here. This was why He came down here—to draw men to Himself. We shall never understand Jesus till we get hold of this: that Jesus was God on a wooing errand to the earth. So He drew men.

He drew all sorts of men. He drew the intense Oriental Jew, to whom He belonged racially, humanly. He drew the aggressive domineering Romans of the western world, who liked to force things to go their own way. He drew the gentler cultured Greeks, who seemed to open to light from any quarter. He drew the official class, and the common fisher-folk. He drew the cultured and the ignorant, those of high rank as well as the lowly. He drew the pure of heart like the guileless Nathaniel and gentle Mary of Bethany. And those who were openly bad in their lives felt the attraction of His pure presence. Wherever Jesus went men came a-running down the road to meet Him.

And Jesus drew men into personal friendship. The long range way of doing things never suited him. He never kept people at arm's length. And He never does. He gave the best friendship of His own heart, and He always drew men into personal friendship with Himself. He never asked less than the best that a man had to give.

Among all these whom Jesus drew, there was one called John, John, the disciple. He drew John close. John came close. John lived close. John came early, and he stayed to the last. And he lived a long life. And from earliest meeting with Jesus clear to the tip end of his life, John was swayed by one passion—the Jesus-passion. It was like a sweet flame that burned in all his being, and sent its gentle rays of light, and its grateful warmth out to all whom he touched, wherever he went, clear to the end.

Then John knew that he was coming to the end of his earthly life. He wasn't concerned that he was going to die. I think he was rather pleased, for that would mean closer touch with his Master. But there was one thing that absorbed his thought, maybe perplexed him a little

toward the end: he wouldn't be able to talk to people longer about his friend Jesus. And it was hard to break the old habit so well fixed. It would seem strange not to be doing this. Talking to men about Jesus was the one thing worth while in John's thought.

So I think John must have prayed, for then he did this. He said I will write a book. I'll make it a little book, so people can quickly read it. I'll choose out the simplest words I know, and I'll make them into the simplest sentences I can, so people everywhere can easily understand without using a dictionary, my story of Jesus. And so John wrote his little book. And we call it the story of Jesus as told by John, or, as we commonly say, the Gospel according to Saint John.

THE GOSPEL IN SHOE LEATHER

By MR. S. D. GORDON

Now all this is a bit of a parable. It's a parable in action. It's Jesus' acted-out parable to us through John. Jesus draws us. He draws us to personal friendship. And then He asks His friend to write a gospel. Jesus meant and means that every one of us should write a gospel.

And some one says, "Write a gospel!" You say that you couldn't do that. Well, I do not mean to write with just a common pen of steel or gold. And I do not mean to write on common paper, made of rags or wood fiber. I mean, what He means, that we shall write with the pen of our daily lives. And I mean that we should write on the paper of the lives of those whom we are touching every day.

Clearly, Jesus means that we shall live such a life—I'm not talking about service; I'm not talking about the confession of our lips; He meant that we should so live that those whom we touch should know the whole story of His life and His love; His life burned out, and His love poured out for us.

Are you living a life like this? Are you writing your gospel of Jesus? I can find out. The crowd knows. And the crowd that you and I are touching are reading. They are reading what is supposed to be religious literature, too. They are not reading this Bible of ours. This Bible was never printed more numerously nor scattered more extensively than today. And, let me add very thoughtfully, it was never read less by the common crowd on the common street of life than today.

This doesn't mean that that crowd isn't reading, and isn't reading religious literature. It is reading the gospel that's bound in shoe-leather. It is reading the lives of us Christians who call ourselves Christian.

This copy of the Bible I have here is bound in—I think it is seal skin. It's the most durable binding I could get. But this isn't the best binding for a Bible. The best binding for the old Bible of God is shoe-leather. It's truths are to be so simply lived that men know by the touch of our lives the whole of its story of love.

This is the gospel according to John, and these according to Matthew and Mark and Luke. But let me say with the utmost reverence,

these are not sufficient. They are not sufficient because the crowd won't read them. The crowd insists on reading the other gospels, the walking gospels. There must be the gospel according to—you, William, George, Charles, Elizabeth, Mary. What is your name? Put in your name, and then you'll understand exactly the Master's plan for giving the crowd the story of His love and life. Have you written the gospel according to you yet? The crowd's waiting for it. It's waiting eagerly, too. Has it been waiting long? You would know.

Of course, there is a special touch of God's hand in the writing of these four Gospels. These are the standard gospels. It is only from these gospels that we know the Gospel. It comes from these into us. and goes out through us to the crowd in the new shape. The gospel, according to you, must be standardized by those Gospels. And just as surely as there is the touch of God's hand in the writing of these, there will be the direct touch of the same wondrous hand in your life guiding in the writing of your gospel.

You know that sometimes the scholars have found fragments of gospels. They have gone hunting around through some of the old monasteries of the Near East. And they have found, perhaps, in some dark cell, covered up by the dust of long years, the ragged remnant of a manuscript. And as they have reverently and eagerly brought it to the light and examined it, they have been delighted to find a fragment of a gospel.

I wonder if yours is just a ragged remnant of a gospel? I wonder if it's a fragment, a scrap of this and a scrap of that put together? Our Master is counting on us living a life that the crowd we touch day by day is getting the whole simple story of His life and His love, His life poured out for us, and His love burned out.

Let us turn now to the opening paragraphs of the Gospel of John. I want simply to bring to you in these quiet talks, a free colloquial translation of these opening paragraphs of John's Gospel, with a word or two of simple comment and of illustration added, to try to bring the meaning out more clearly and simply. And you will quickly see how very simple this free translation will be. But as we talk together please remember this: Though the reading will be be in very simple, homely language, it will be strictly accurate to what John is thinking and saying in his own language underneath our English. I mean, of course, so far as I can find out just what he is thinking and saying.

JOHN'S NEW NAME FOR JESUS

By MR. S. D. GORDON

We turn, then, to the Gospel of John, chapter one, verse one. In the beginning there was a wondrous One. He was the mind of God thinking out to man. He was the heart of God beating lovingly in rhythmic time and tune with God's heart. He was the face of God looking eagerly into man's eyes. He was the voice of God, soft and low, clear and distinct, speaking music into man's ears.

He was the hand of God, strong and tender, reaching down to take man by the hand, and lead him back to the old trysting place under the tree of life. He was the person of God wearing human shoes and a human coat, walking in close amongst men, that we might get our tangled-up ideas about God and about life and about ourselves, untangled.

This is the simple meaning, put into homely, everyday talk, of the little five-lettered word in his own language, which John chooses out and uses as a new name for Him who was commonly called Jesus. He chose the new name on account of our ears; the name Jesus has never lost any of its sweet meaning and full power, but our ears have gone dull and deaf. Sin has strangely tangled and bothered our ears. We hear some sweet word full of God's power, but we only catch a bit of the outer sound of it.

We say, "Oh, yes, I know that word," but we don't. We just know the outside sound of it. The name Jesus is one of the commonest names in our Western language. But to the crowd on the street it is only a five-lettered name, used thoughtlessly, sometimes so not-understood that it is used blasphemously. And so, wholly on account of our ears, John uses a new name for this wondrous One. He hoped the fresh word might strike with new power on sin-hurt ears. And the word he used would mean to the listening crowds of his day, something like I have ventured to suggest here. In the beginning was this wondrous One.

And this One was with God. There were two of them, and the two were together. They were companions and intimates. They were fellows and friends together. And this One was God. Each was the same as the other.

This is the same One who was in the later creative beginning with

God, when all things were made through Him. You remember that Genesis and John, each, begins in the same way. "In the beginning." But John's "in the beginning" is the beginning before Genesis' "in the beginning." It is the beginningless beginning before they had commenced making calendars on the earth, for there was no earth yet on which to make a calendar. Then the second time that John used the phrase, it is the same as the opening phrase of Genesis. John says, this is the same One who was in the later creative beginning, the Genesis beginning, when all things were made through Him. It was through this One, of whom John is talking, that all things that are spoken of in Genesis were made. And of all the things that were made, there was not a thing made without the direct act of this One.

This is what John is saying here. You will notice that I am not preaching. I am not telling what I think. I am only trying to act as a mouthpiece for John, that he may say over again in our everyday talk what he is saying here in his own language.

If any one here has a quarrel with such statements as these about Jesus, please remember that your quarrel is not with the chance messenger of the hour. I would not object to having a quarrel with you; that is, I mean that I would gladly talk out with you these marvelous statements about Jesus, which I believe with all my heart. But just now I am simply repeating what John is saying.

Is it any wonder that the smoke of the battlefield has hovered so much over John's Gospel? This might be called the chronic battlefield. The critics' battle swings now here, now there. Just now it is over the question about how our Lord Jesus came into the world. But when they get weary of that, they will swing back to battling over John. They always do.

"In Him was life," John says. Out of Him came life. There is no life except what came out of Him, and is continually coming from Him.

There is yonder man walking down the street of this city. He leaves God practically out of his life. If he do some time remember God's name it is only in blasphemy, and as a means of emphasizing his own passion. Yonder is a woman walking in the shadow of the street at night. Her whole life is a walking in the shadow of the street of life. She is spoken of with a whisper in polite circles, if spoken of at all. Her whole life is a blasphemy against her own sacred personality, and against Him who gave her that precious personality.

Take, then, these two as extreme, exceptional instances, and look at them a moment. There is some life there, physical life, mental life, life of the human spirit. All the life there is there, is continually coming from the hand of this One of whom John is talking. There is no life of man, or beast, or of plant, except what comes from this gracious hand.

Of course, John is talking here of creative life. There can be no redemptive life, there can be no sweet fullness of life, except as we open the door from the inside, and let this wondrous Jesus have His free way in our lives.

How patient God is. I think when we come up into His own presence the thing that will startle us most will be the patience of God, as we will begin to realize it then. I think likely we will stop each other on the golden street, and with hand on the other's shoulder, and eyes looking big into the other's eyes, we will say with awed breath, "How patient God was with us down there on earth." For patience is love at its best. Patience is God at His best. But then we men don't know what patience is. It's one of the unknown quantities on the earth. We must use the algebraic x or y. We know patience only as we know God.

THE MAN AT THE POOL

By REV. MELVILLE TROTTER

Why Jesus Christ came into the world by way of the stock yards we do not know, neither do we understand why He did not come down through the archgate. There was a pool with five porches and on these porches were all manner of folks, just all kinds. That is the reason He went that way. Somebody wrote a book, "If Christ Should Come to Chicago." In the first place, that man did not know what He might do. We do not know what Christ would do. If Jesus Christ should come here He would find something to do. Perhaps that is the reason He went down to the pool. He went down and looked around. You would think He was not paying much attention to anything. He looked around and picked out the hardest case He could find. He had needed help so long.

Take three months and multiply them by four and you have a year, and take a year and multiply it by thirty-eight and you will see how long this fellow had been there. I can image what kind of a time he was having. He was there because he sinned, and he stayed there because he lived in sin. Jesus said, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon you." He was there as a sinner. Pretty soon Jesus came and said, "Will you be made whole?" Listen to the answer, "Sir, do you think I am here for fun?" There is much of that going on these days.

I can imagine that place was filled with a slumming party. Have you ever thought it was your Christian duty, as a Christian worker or preacher, to go down to the slums for curiosity? He was surprised to be asked such a question. "When the water is troubled I try to get in, sir," he said. I always like to think what did he mean, what did he think. Somebody comes along and pities a drunkard. I always think you cannot insult a man worse than to make fun of his awful sinnings.

A Sunday school teacher came to me for the name of a poor family. she said, "I want to fix them up a dinner and let my children go to see them." "Yes, go down and make fun of them. Never! Never! Don't take your children there to make fun of them." I never stand for that.

This fellow was here and when Jesus said that he said, "Sir," but when he said, sir, he looked up, and he got a look that changed his notions and words. I do not care what a man's sin may be or how hard it is, a look into the face of Jesus will spoil him for that sin. He may be a drunkard, and you let him see Jesus and whisky looks like the devil to him. A look at Jesus will spoil you for any sin in the world. He said, "Yes, sir, I would be made whole, but I have no man to help me, another fellow beats me to it.

Have you ever thought that this is the language of every man that is down in sin? You talk to me about a man loving sin! There is a time when sin looks good. I have never been foolish enough to say there is no fun in sin. There are days when sin is pleasure, but I know the end of that thing is death, and it does not pay. A man can have fun when he has plenty of money and friends. If there is a man that can drink or leave it alone, he drinks. You know there is a time when the day comes that sin is your master, then there is no fun in it. Everybody at the pool knows they need help, but they have no one to help them. You have never found a drunkard that wanted to be one. He is one because he cannot help it. A man is a drug fiend because he cannot help it. This fellow was thirty-eight years down there, and the most miserable man on earth, yet he said he would be made whole, but he had no man when the water was troubled to help him. I wish I could show you these men.

Would you not like to be a Christian? I tried and failed, and suffered, and tried and failed. I thought there was no use trying. I was not a drunkard because I wanted to be one. What a privilege it was to have Jesus come along my way! I have looked into His face and I have never lost the vision. I know I was there when it happened. Jesus said, "You would be made whole," and the man said, "Yes, sir, but I have no man to help me.." The rescue mission is that man. That is what we are trying to do.

Wherever there are large cities gradually the women and men who sin will go off usually to cheaper places and the first thing you know they are in the slums; in other words, the pool where Jesus Christ goes is where the most wretched can be made whole. I would not say an unkind word about a city, but you know very well that is just where they are. I wish I could show you how they lay there, everybody waiting and all saying, well I will get in on some other day. They hope up to the last day that something is going to happen. This man lay there thirty-eight years, finally Jesus said, "Take up your bed and walk;" and he said, "I have not walked in thirty-eight years; I do not believe in sudden conversion. You told me to do something I have not done in thirty-eight years. Do not mock me." But he did not say that. He might have said, I don't believe it; I have

been sick so long and in order to heal me, and heal me right, you must do like cutting the dog's tail off, little by little, so he will get accustomed to it. I don't believe a man can get healed quickly.

Mr. Hadley said, "One day Jesus Christ came into my life and saved me and I don't want any more drink." A lady physician, who had just graduated, said to him, "Mr. Hadley, you are hurting your ministry very much. You said something that is absolutely impossible. Drunkenness is a disease. Of course, there are certain conditions and you must do certain things and take certain processes. A real drunkard doesn't get away from that thing in almost two years." Mr. Hadley said, "Hallelujah." She said, "Wait a minute;" and he said, "Hallelujah, hallelujah." She said, "What is the matter with you," and he said, "I always knew God could give a new heart, but I did not know He could give a new stomach."

When Jesus told this man to take up his bed and walk, he did not wait to see if he could, he grabbed up that old thing and went off. He could have sent him home to see the family, but He did not. I do not believe in backsliding. Jesus never made any room for a man to backslide. When we list a man in our mission we make no provision for that sort of thing. Some one said, "Come on, fellows, and trust Jesus and He will help you. You will make mistakes and get drunk, but keep on coming." But I don't believe it. He can take up his bed put it back on his back, and beat it. He picked up that bed and did not even stop to find out who made him whole. He started for home with the bed on his back and it was Saturday, and the Pharisees said, "It is not lawful to carry your bed on the Sabbath day." Things must be done in order. The man said, "The One who made me whole told me to do it." They did not care whether he was whole or not. We are so afraid that things won't be done just right that we do not care very much whether men are whole.

We are too decent and orderly. I was just in town last night and some of the preachers came and said, "Brother Trotter, I wish you would do something, if you can. We have succeeded in landing an evangelist in our town, and two preachers are blocking the thing. They don't like his way. The town is full of men who need saving and nobody can reach them but 'Billy' Sunday. We want you to help us," and I said I would. How can those men stand around and say, "You must not have any gospel preached to you, I don't care for you, you die and go to hell." They say, "We know we could get a man in town to clean up every pool we have; we know we could do it sir, but you cannot have the gospel."

Men belonging to this poor crowd are going into the presence of God unsaved every day saying, "There was not a single man in Nashville or Chattanooga who would help me." I cannot see how one man

could pray and say, "You cannot have a chance here to come to Jesus because I won't let you." If God could save that crowd and take them to heaven and dam the other crowd, they would be justified in saying, "You are unjust."

I had a woman to get up and walk out because I used slang. If I can get them out for Christ it is as much as you can do to pray about it. Dr. Morgan would look like a rat's tail in a quart cup in my clothes. I wonder sometimes why you do not let us work as God has called us. If I acted as you do I would not do any more than you do. Just get somebody down in the city to save that crowd.

The rescue mission is the church at work down town; the Y. M. C. A. is the church at work for young men; the Y. W. C. A. is the church at work for young women; the rescue mission is for the fallen men. It costs only a little money. In my town my mission does not cost one-third as much as the Y. M. C. A. You can take your church to a cheap market or to a pool and there every day you can have a large audience, and when the people see Jesus coming and hear Him speak the Word they look up into His face and they never go back to the pool again.

When Jesus saved me, January 17, 1897—I was there when it happened—I know I got up from the pool that day and walked out a new creature in Christ. I have never since that day wanted to go back to the pool again. That fellow that lies down at the pool is not suffering alone, his little children suffer, his wife suffers, his old mother suffers. You can just go down there with a few workers every day in the week and every week in the year and every year till Jesus comes, and never let it be said again, "I have no man to help me when the waters are troubled." Let me plead for my people. If you have any love for souls, if you love Jesus Christ let there grow up an institution where you are where people will be saved from sin and hell, and it will give you a new vision of your Lord.

ADDRESS

By REV. GEORGE R. STUART, D. D.

I am mighty glad to be here, but I come before you this afternoon a little handicapped by the past twenty-four hours. I was at another city last night, delivering a temperance lecture to two or three thousand people; I spoke for an hour and a half and took the mid-night train, hoping to get a little rest, but the Pullman porter forgot me, and instead of getting me out at this place he woke me up forty miles beyond and asked me where I was going; I told him and he said "You done been there!" (Laughter.) He wanted to know where I wanted to go next; I told him, and it took me all the rest of the night to get here. So I come before you weary and tired, but this afternoon I think I have common sense enough to quit when I find that I am not saying much. My position on every platform has always been so easy and so free that I feel it does not make much difference what I do or say. We have been sitting here these days listening to one of the greatest Bible exegetes on the face of the earth, blessed and honored by God (Dr. G. Campbell Morgan), and one of the greatest world teachers (Dr. Souper), and one of the world's greatest archeologists (Dr. Cobern.) We had messages from two of these great men this morning and one reserved for you tonight. Now, it is understood that I am not an exegete, and I am not going to take a text and explain it to you: it is understood that I am just going to cover some ground in a kind of an exhortation at this hour. If I wanted a sentence as a little place to jump off of for my talk I would take that command to the company in front of the Red Sea, the Egyptians behind them and Canaan ahead of them. God said to Moses, "go forward."

There never was a time in the history of the world when there was a better opportunity to look up to God and get the power we heard this morning and move forward. This is distinctively a Christian age. The leaven is leavening the whole lump. Because we do not see the church filled and much accomplished in the churches we may get discouraged. I am an optimist—not like that fool one who fell out of a window in Chicago in a four story building and on his way down saw two gentlemen sitting in the second story and smilingly said, "I am all right so far." I think the world is turning over our way; I believe the Christian spirit is in this nation and the nations of the earth today

as never before since Jesus walked the hill of Judea. All these great movements about us are under the spirit of the gospel. More brotherhoods have been organized in the past fifty years than in the prior 5,000 years. These brotherhoods of locomotive engineers and firemen, carpenters, plumbers, tinners, painters, barbers and shopmen, grew out of the Christian comment, "Love the brotherhood;" they came out of the Bible. If you should take the Bible out of the great brotherhoods of the world there would not be anything left to them worth holding to. These great eleemosynary institutions which we have for the crippled conditions of humanity, are but the fruits of our blessed gospel, and so with all these onward movements. When I read yesterday of the completion at the Hague of the great peace monument of the world to which the nations of the world contributed, I said, "Thank God, for this is a movement of the Prince of Peace." William Jennings Bryan holding family prayers in the White House (Storms of laughter) I just got a few years ahead of the time. (Renewed laughter.) I meant to have said, with Mr. Wilson holding family prayers in the White House, and William Jennings Bryan holding family prayers in the home of the Secretary of State, and both of them working together to find a way by which they can help poor little Mexico to be at peace, but the spirit of the blessed Lord our Saviour in the cabinet of our Christian nation reaching out to the heathen world. (Applause.) I feel that if the whole church would get a move on in the next ten or fifteen years we may bring this world to God.

The first thing we need is prepared leaders. The preacher is the logical man to start things. I was in a hotel some time ago and saw a little card which read, "If you want to know who is boss around here, just start something." (Laughter.) What this world needs is a great aggressive and progressive movement like a prairie fire. Ministers of Jesus Christ, start something! We need preachers with four B's—I do not mean a honey-bee although he is a pretty good illustration—with wings to get there, and a sharp stinger to let the folks know that he is around, and doing his best to help gather honey for himself and others; that is a pretty good picture of a preacher. But these are not the B's I want to speak about.

The first B stands for broad. This is the age for the broad preacher. There is no room for the narrow preacher—one of the kind that Sam Jones told of, "a fly could sit on the bridge of his nose and paw him in one eye and kick him in the other"—never was there such a time for breadth in preachers. There are more great instrumentalities for the broadening and the strengthening and the empowering of the minister today than have ever been since America was discovered, and I am not up on things ahead of that. (Laughter.) There are two fool preachers in the world: one is the one who takes nothing from

anybody, and the other is the one who takes all: one is an egotist, and the other a plagiarist. There is not a preacher on earth who cannot fortify, and enlarge himself by getting everything possible from the best literature and from the greatest men. Pardon me for a little personal illustration! I was raised in the mountains of Tennessee. I had never been anywhere except to meeting and to the mill. God called me to preach. I did not have any education; I had mother in my arms and poverty on my back. I longed to preach and I felt that I had religion, and when you haven't anything else there is nothing to beat that, and whenever a fellow hasn't that he is poor. I heard of three men who were doing something, and I traveled hundreds of miles to hear Talmage, Moody and Sam Jones. Dr. Dickey and I a few weeks ago stood at Moody's grave in Northfield and lifted our hearts in prayer, and I thanked God for what he had been to me. Fifteen years after hearing and studying these three men I was preaching on the Gulf of Mexico, in San Antonio, Texas, and sitting down there was a reporter, who wrote me up after this fashion: "He has the fluency of Talmage, the pathos of Moody, and the wit of Sam Jones." When I read that I took stock to see what I had stolen. Many of the preachers who come here rarely have opportunity to hear anybody but themselves, and sometimes it is distressingly poor. No wonder more people are not anxious to hear it. The great benefit of this conference is in the fact that here we have an opportunity to study men, style and method. I do not believe that any man on earth could have heard Dr. Morgan's sermon this morning and not say, "O Lord, give me a deeper insight into Thy Word and the power to unfold it." This conference broadens you, by bringing you in contact with great men and great messages.

The next B stands for bravery. False courage is a dangerous thing. A man may take something else for courage sometimes the protection of his cloth and pulpit, the emotion of his enemy, etc., but when a man has courage enough to put in jeopardy his worldly reputation, his reputation for learning, his reputation for everything except his reputation for purity, and enters the fight of God Almighty to go down anywhere except at the point of purity, and is willing to let the world say what the world pleases, that is courage which will make a leader worthy to lead God's hosts; but as long as a fellow has a reputation to sustain, God pity him. That is one reason why the president of a college can't do much good preaching: he has the presidency of his college to sustain. I do not mean that to be personal in any way; I really forgot that any presidents are here. But a reputation to sustain! Did you ever have one? Did you ever start out and try to make one and then try to take care of it? What is needed is the courage to stand square up and say, "Whatever they may say of my

scholarship, whatever they may say of my oratory, whatever may be said about me except concerning my character—let it be said, I am entering into the fight to a finish, to the death everything that is against the cause of Jesus Christ" (Applause.)

The next B stands for balance. If a preacher ought to pray for anything it is for balance or ballast. It is a dangerous thing to turn a machine around a curve going forty miles an hour. When a man gets tremendously in earnest it is easy for him to go to extremes. All men have had bad views on some subject. How are you going to get ballast? You will get it in meetings—such as were held this morning. I was greatly interested in the meeting held in this building, and in the questions which were asked. "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." We get a splendid balance by measuring and weighing each other's thoughts and counseling with each other.

The last B, the biggest one and the one you cannot do without, is baptism. Sometimes an earnest, uneducated fellow gets the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the whole world thinks that ignorance is power, and it is thought that scholars and great men cannot hold revivals. Let us pray for the time to come when the baptism of the Holy Ghost will be upon our great men and upon our little men until we shall all be evangelists to bring this old world to Christ. We need the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

But with a thoroughly equipped leadership we must have somebody else with us. There never was a time when we so needed the laity of the church to walk up by the side of the preacher in this battle and give his full force. I am so glad to have the privilege of speaking to the laity. I am going to speak of three C's to them, and I do not mean the ocean.

The first C stands for converted. The hardest thing I ever tried to do was to run a revival with irreligious folks. We have organized unregenerate men to run revivals: I would sooner undertake to work unbroken steers; they balk and pull in every direction. First of all, we must have a thorough and complete regeneration in the men and women of our churches before we can use them in holding a revival. I would rather have for revival work fifty people converted, regenerated, without any organization, than to have 500 unregenerate folks organized with committees on everything under the sun. We have got to get down to rock-bottom conversion. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." If a fellow is blind, what can you show him belonging to the kingdom?

The next C is consecration, the consecration of time, talent and money to God Almighty. Money was never doing so many things as now. There never was an age in which money was made so easily.

During the first years of this century as much money was made in the United States as in the whole 150 years ahead. The development of machinery in the last twenty years has been marvelous. You can make money on a machine that does the work of a hundred men and has no mouths to feed. In my boyhood days a man would lay a plank down and plane fifteen minutes on one side, and then would turn it over and plane fifteen minutes on the other side, and then plane five minutes making a tongue and another five minutes making a groove, and in forty minutes he would have a plank planed on both sides with tongue and groove. He picks up that plank today, runs it through a machine and "Zoop!" it is planed and tongued and grooved. Christianity has got to get a "Zoop" on. (Applause.) This is the most marvelous machine age the world ever saw. There are machines to do everything; there is hardly a thing done without a machine. I walked into a bank the other day, and there was a machine adding up figures, and I said to the banker, "Does not that make you ashamed, to let a machine beat you adding, and you have been to college and graduated?" The machine is playing music; we sing and talk by machinery; we are doing everything by machinery but eating, and some of us would have better health if we did our eating by machinery. There never was a time when we were using the waste as now. Down in my country we wasted enough for years to take care of the whole Christian work of the South. I have seen piles of cottonseed, piled up a third as big as this building. Bless your life, they have taken the cottonseed and the hull, and the inside and the outside, and worked everything up until last year the cottonseed amounted to seventy millions of dollars. We had been throwing it away. What would it not do for the church of God if we had it! When they run a hog through the slaughter pens in Chicago, they use everything except the squeal, and they are now making arrangements with a graphophone company to use that. (Great laughter.) It is the most marvelous money-making age the world ever saw. I picked up a United States income tax schedule the other day. It said, "Men whose income is a million a year." I said, "There ain't such," like two old countrymen of my country who went to the circus, and a big giraffe was standing there, and one of them looked at it and said, "Shucks, Bill, there ain't no such animal as that." (Great laughter.) When it talked about a man's income in the United States being a million dollars a year, I said, "There ain't no such animal as that," but the schedule says there are 520 individual men and women in America whose income is from 500,000 to 1,000,000 dollars a year. I thought if I had their income for just one month I would do things. Every now and then we hear that Mr. so and so gave a hundred thousand dollars to the church: what has he done? he has not given the hull of

a peanut off his place. One ex-United States senator recently completed a home which cost $7,000,000. The pictures on the wall cost $2,000,000, and the furniture cost $500,000, and he has 121 rooms in it, and a small family—what do they want to do, play "hoopy-hide" or what? (Great laughter.) We are getting so rich in this country that people hardly know what to do with their wealth. It tickles me to see the various circles running a race, the ten thousand dollars folks run a race with each other, the hundred thousand dollar and the million dollar folks run races with each other; they have all got their tongues out, and the poor fellows don't know what they are running for. How we need to teach the laity of our churches that this is the day when our increased money should be used to glorify God and build His church! The idea of a movement like this (Mid-winter Bible conference) which blesses the world, begging its way through this country! It is a burning shame in the face of the squandered millions. (Great applause.) A man out there gives 5,000 dollars, or may be $10,000, and he thinks he is liberal; God Almighty open our eyes and show us our "pugh-stilly-nimity"—(Great laughter.) I made up that word just to fit that little rascal. We get everything consecrated except a man's pocketbook. The Methodists and Presbyterians baptize on the head, and, of course, that does not get down to the pocketbook; when the Baptists baptize a man he changes his breeches and his pocketbook is not there at all. (Uproarious laughter.) Nobody knows where a woman's pocketbook is. I have been an evangelist for a good many years. I have seen drunkards gloriously saved and stand true; I have seen profane swearers saved, and they remained clean of speech; I have seen gamblers saved and they became honest men; I have seen every class of sinners saved, but get an old miser saved and he will be stingy still. The church of God stands in the most ignominious place in the face of the wealth of this country, since God is the author of it all, and the church is begging its way. You had a four cylinder automobile, and then you had a six; you had a nice little house, why didn't it suit you? The whole world is running itself to death to find ways and means to spend money, but the cause of God is standing at the gate like a ragged beggar. I read in the newspaper a short time ago that a woman in New York city had paid $20,000 for a Persian cat; she had built a silver-mounted bath-room to bathe it in, had hired a maid servant, had put a golden crown on its head, pearls around its neck and a diamond in each ear, and bragged that she was the only woman in New York who had introduced diamond earrings on a cat!

A VOICE: That was a catastrophe.

DR. STUART: Yes, a catastrophe! (Great laughter.) That was not my pun. If there is anything that the preacher needs today it is

for the great laity of the church to walk up by his side and lay their hands in his and say, "Brother, do great things, we are with you and will stay by you." With such co-operation couldn't we take this old world in a hurry! But it is so hard to get them hooked up. You get a little man hooked up with a big man and the big man gets impatient. I was going down the street of my town one day. There was a man with two mules hitched to a wagon, and a man was riding a big horse. I stopped my buggy, and my wife said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "I believe they are going to trade, and if they do we will see that horse hitched up with that mule." They traded, and he put the harness of that mule on the big horse, and then hitched him up by the side of the little mule. The man would say, "Git up!" and the big horse would pull the little mule, the wagon and all for fifty feet. I said, "He won't stand that long." The man said, "Git up!" and the big horse rushed forward another fifty feet, and then he deliberately (that big horse had blinds on) he deliberately turned his head back and looked to see what it was he was hitched with, and when he saw he turned both heels, and he kicked that little mule clear out on the sidewalk and hung his harness on the pickets of the fence. (Laughter.) He did not have anything to hitch up with him. We have a team of big men and we hitch up a stingy gang with them until we wear them out. Sam Jones had an illustration of such a team; he said, "The Methodist church trying to pull this world to God reminds me of the fellow who was going to haul sawlogs with a team, and when he came up with his team, he had a mule, a billygoat, a skunk, and a bumble bee. The fellow looked at the team and said, "You can't haul with that." "Yes," he says, "I can, I have a kicker, a butter, a stinger, and a stinker." Jones said, "You may not recognize those animals on the start in the church but if you will study a little while you will find every one of them; and you will find the long-tongued woman stinging her neighbors; you will find the billygoat into whose head you can't drive a notion; you will find the old kicker at everything that comes up; and you will find the old rum soaked stinker. What the church needs is a great consecrated, baptized laity to walk up by the side of the preacher and say, "Brother, enter into this fight, we are with you to the finish; if it takes money, call upon us, we have it."

We need to preserve the institutions that have brought victory. Being a Methodist you will excuse me if I lean a little to my side. What the church needs is the re-establishment, and the rehabilitation, and the reappreciation of the altar of God, and when I say "altar" that means not the mourner's bench necessarily or the inquirer's room: it means contrition for sin, earnest prayer for the forgiveness of sin, and conscious salvation from sin, and when we get back into

that field and get men contrite before God and crying for pardon, and once saved, we will equip an army to do business with. I believe in conversion. We used to say that the Presbyterians held the theory if you get it you don't know it, and if you have got it you can't lose it, and if you lose it you never had it. The Methodists hold that if you get it you know it, and if you get it you can lose it, and if you lose it you had it. (Laughter.) I do not care so much which you take if you will be sure to get religion—that is the term, regeneration is what we mean. The theologians do not like that term. We need to restore what Dr. Morgan preached about this morning, we need to restore that unity of prayer that links itself with Christ and God and gets something. O for prayer! I felt convicted when Dr. Morgan talked about the prayer-meeting. I said, "He hit us with our little prayer-meeting," and "little exposition," and asking them to "come back next Wednesday night"—come back to what?

Above all we need to restore the old-fashioned songs of Zion and get all the people to sing. I was at Nashville, Tennessee, at one Easter, and they had a little Jewess singing the resurrection hymn because she had a fine voice. It reminded me of the old story you have heard about the choir singing "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, do not detain me," and the high soprano said that she was a "pill," and the tenor said that he was a "pill," and the alto said that she was a "pill" and the bass away down said that he was a "pill;" well the Lord deliver the churches from pills like that! There is one scene in my life I will never forget. It was during our great campaign in the south with Sam Jones. We had a great colored folks' meeting in Charlotte, North Carolina—had an auditorium seating about 5,000 people, and they filled it full. The white preachers sat on the platform. Brother Excell had been singing with them, and Brother Jones said, "Let them sing one of their old songs." An old fellow started off, and all the mouths went this way (indicating.) How the melody rolled. Brother Excell had tears on his face, and the white preachers had tears on their faces. One of the preachers turned and said, "My Lord, it sounds like heaven." When we can have a great congregation march with songs like that we will tear the walls of Satan down. Let us go to the old-fashioned congregational spiritual singing; that is what the world needs. (Great applause.) I doubt very much whether it is right to show throat gymnastics on sacred songs. Think of sending a girl off to the musical "disturbatory," she comes back with a great voice, and we let her exhibit it to the crowd on some sacred gospel hymns! An old man went to church, and they put up one of those yellers, and after she finished his nephew said, "She is a finished singer." The old man said, "I am glad she's finished; I was afraid she would holler again directly." (Great laughter.)

I would like to tell a story but I hesitate; I am from the South, you are from the North, yet the war is ended: the vine's clamber over the canon's mouth, the sword is in its sheath, the gun is rusting in the corner, and we are one great republic from one end of the country to the other: I am afraid to use this illustration for fear you will connect it wrongly, but I will take the broadness of your hearts. Down in our country we have a big reunion every year, and the boys that wore the gray and the boys that wore the blue get together, eat dinner and then go out to decorate the graves of the boys who died in the blue and the boys who died in the gray. That is the way we are doing down there, we are getting religion: and it takes a great deal for a man with an empty breeches leg to shout over a thing like that. I was talking to a boy who wore the blue, and I said, "You found the Johnnies courageous?" "O yes, they had a heap of stuff in them." "I said, "What was the thing you feared most?" He said, "It was that 'rebel yell;' when we saw a company of Johnnies coming up and they gave that 'rebel yell.' we knew we had to kill the whole bunch or get out of the way, and we proceeded to do one or the other immediately: that 'yell' seemed to inspire them to go into the jaws of death." And I said, "If in our great warfare for God we could get our enthusiasm right and start towards the enemy with one of the old triumphant songs that would give us courage, we would charge the battlements of hell and let the devil know that he had to 'git'." We need to utilize the power of God, and may God help us do it.

PETER'S VENTURE ON THE WATER

By REV. JOHN McNEILL

Text—Matthew xiv. 28 to 33.

I should like this morning, dear friends, to be brief.

Let us come at once to the verse that opens this narrative, within the narrative of miracles and grace.

"Peter answered and said, Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water. And He said, Come. When Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus." We see here something illustrative of the character of Peter and illustrative of the character of faith.

What are we to say about Peter? As we look at him climbing down out of this boat to go to Jesus, different views are taken of his conduct. Some say: "Ah, this is just, in its way, a rehearsal of the tremendous downfall that is to come by-and-bye, when he who said so loftily 'Though all men should forsake Thee, yet shall not I,' shall deny his Lord and Master with oaths and curses." "Here," they say, "is just a rehearsal of that over-confidence and over-boldness. He climbs down out of the boat to walk upon the water, only to bring himself in danger of a watery grave, but for the Lord's help." I think that that is an extreme view. I would rather take the view that Peter, at the beginning at any rate, was right in what he did. My one great regret is that he did not carry it through well. It was well begun, and, according to the proverb, "Well begun is half done." But no amount of proverb can make half done whole done, and it was the other half in which he failed. Yes, he began well. We are glad that the Gospel narratives contain a story like this. If it had not been there, commentators would have been sure to say, as they read the narrative, "Now, why did these disciples get still more alarmed when they saw a vision of Christ, or what they thought to be simply a vision, though He assured them that He was the same Jesus who had left them but a few hours before?"

Why did they get still more alarmed? They would probably have said, "Here was a splendid chance for Peter or for John, or for some of them to lift themselves out of their fear and out of their alarm and to go to Him on the sea." We are glad that the Gospel narratives

contain a story like this. What a pity that Peter did not push on and make the whole journey. Let us learn some lessons for ourselves out of his beginning and out of his subsequent failure.

This was a new thing, an entirely new thing, and that is one of the blessings of it. There are great outcomes in faith in Jesus Christ if we would only yield to these outcomes when they struggle within us. Faith in Jesus Christ is anything but dull and flat and stale and unprofitable. Alas, alas! many of us make it that. There is a little glow and a little quiver when we first come to Jesus, and then everything fades away into the common light of day until we come to our death-bed, when we again hope for great revelations of the Lord, and a marvellous increase and accession to the lifting and glorifying power of faith in Him. But here Peter certainly leads us right. We have no idea, virtually, says Christ—and Peter so far is a proof of it—of what faith can do until we try. "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye should say to this mountain, Be removed into the midst of the sea; and it would obey you." What does that mean? I believe it means what it says. The Lord Himself is a proof of it. He did all His work by faith. Here as a man, subject to all our limitations of time and space of a sinless kind, yet through faith He lifted Himself up, and laid hold of the eternal will, and found that nothing to Him was impossible. So with His people after their own measure. "The works that I do shall ye do also." A something like that with a great suddenness came into Peter's soul. "Why should not I go to Him?" and the work that Christ did he did also for a time. Peter walked on the sea to go to Jesus. On this morning there may come to some of us such an accession of faith. "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water. Lord, show me a new thing. Give me faith in Thee. Give me strength: give me elevation. Let me see what I have never seen before. Let me bring out of the treasure house things new as well as old." The Master was not displeased. The Master did not speak back quickly and say, "Peter, Peter, thou art allowing that worst thing in thee to come uppermost." Nay, I believe that the Master was glad to see the thought of such a thing dawning within his disciple's soul, and He only uttered one word, and that was "Come." "Come to Me." Oh! that the Church of God today, in the midst of all her distraction, might suddenly realize that there is a pathway out of it all to great success, if we would only open our eyes and have faith in God. It is time we were reaching out to new exercises of faith for ourselves, and striking out to new works of faith and love to the souls of men under our Master's eye.

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne,
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown."

Peter prepared a new thing, but before he got the whole length he spoiled it. Le us begin where Peter began, and go on. It was well conceived, it was well begun—all commentators to the contrary notwithstanding. It is easy for us to sit at home in our quiet study, surrounded with all our books, and to say, "This is Peter at his worst."

My brother, my sister, this applies to you. Some time ago you did something like this. You were called rash by the critics, and reckless, and inconsiderate. And the trouble is that you allowed those critical voices to come in upon your own spirit and to find a re-echo in your own breast. And now it turns out that you were rash, and reckless, and inconsiderate, because these criticisms told upon you—because these criticisms reduced you. If you had simply allowed them to blow by you like the idle wind, you would have carried that scheme to success; and then instead of coming round about you and saying, "We told you so; you never should have done such a thing," we should all have been around you praising you. You have done really a great deal of damage, more than you think, but it is not because you attempted the thing: it is because you did not carry it out. "Nothing succeeds like success," either among commentators or other people; and if you had only done the thing well, we should all have swung round to your side, and we should all have imitated. Do I speak to any brother today whose heart is meditating some new thing—a wild thing, an utter absurdity to a low tone of faith? God speed you. On you go! I should like to see it done. I do not know that I would do it myself. It is safer, and keeps your clothes dryer, to sit in the boat; but if you think you can go out, mind you, I would like to see it done. I believe I should cheer you on. "Well done, Peter!" I would like to see some reckless thing done, for we have all got too much flattened and battened down. In such a time as that, Peter's faith, just for a brief moment, stretched up to the true height that faith always ought to be at. When you see Peter climbing down out of that boat, as one has said, with the storm-light on his face, and the spray in his hair, you get just one glimpse of what Peter, by the grace of God, was always meant to be, and what you and I, by the grace of God, were always meant to be—a people filled with such a vision of the eternal Christ of God, that all things seen and temporal fall away from us and utterly lose their power to hamper or discourage us; a people in whom faith is sublimed to its highest reach and its loftiest and most noble exercise.

Walking on the water was impossible; but Peter did it so far. "When Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus." He did it; that is the puzzle of the commentators. It was not a commentator he was going to, or he would have said, "Stay

where you are, you fanatic! stay where you are." No, he was going to Jesus, and Jesus said, "Come! come! come!" He is always glad to see faith come and lay hold of Him

"When Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and began to sink, and cried, Lord, save me." What marred this beautiful story was that the commentators' spirit got into the poor fellow. After beginning so well, he began to get cautious. After beginning at such a sublime height of faith, he feared and came down to the poor pitiful level of a Kantian philosopher, subject to the categories of space and time. He began in the spirit, and he ended in the flesh. He became carnal, and walked as a man, or, rather, he sank as a man.

"When he saw the wind boisterous." It is a pity that we should ever get so keen-sighted as to see the wind. That is getting far too sharp on the temporal side of things. We ought to be blind to the wind. We ought to be deaf to its noise, and deaf to the roaring of the wave. If we would glorify God, and if we would show what faith is in its essence, and substance, and outcomes, we must go on as we began, "looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith." But when he saw the winds, he gave up faith. As somebody says, he began to be sensible that it was after three o'clock in the morning, and a rather wild morning at that; and down he went, quicker than I can take time to explain it. You have to forget all about what o'clock it is. You have to forget all about this nineteenth century. You have to forget all about your surroundings, if you would know God, and do His work, and serve the hour. There has to be a splendid inconsiderateness.

We are paralysed by thinking, and considering, and calculating. We say that we are walking by faith, and it is almost an infinite lie. We are walking by sight. We are walking by committee-men. We are walking by human foreknowledge and foreseeing, and a good deal of it taking the shape of craft, and mechanism, and artifice. We are trying to invent some kind of cork soles, rather than to walk by faith. Peter began well. Who did hinder him? He tripped up over his own feet. For when a man begins to walk the waters he has to forget these ordinary means of locomotion. Let me put it plainly. Suppose I were so far "left" as to walk from here to the clock gallery, it is perfectly evident that before I began I should need to be delivered from all consideration of such things as feet, and from all such considerations as those belonging to specific gravities. I should need to forget science and a great many things. Of course, somebody is very quick to say, "Preacher, you would not only need to forget feet, and you would not only need to forget about science, but you would need

to take leave of your senses." My dear friends, I beg your pardon. If Christ stood above the clock, and said, "Come," that would considerably alter the situation, would it not? That is precisely the situation here. Christ stood upon the sea and said, "Come," and faith on Peter's part was not irrational. It was reason sublimed to its highest function. It should never be less. Never; you will not get that in the philosophy books, of course. You will get that here in the Bible, and only here. No, Peter was right when he began, and these considerations only pulled him down, "and enterprises of great pith and moment, with this regard, their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action."

"When he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and began to sink, and cried, Lord, save me." Even when he is down he helps us; supposing he is rather far away from us when he is coming out of the ship. I am afraid we are very much like him now. Will we learn from him even now? Poor sinking brother, sinking sister, going down, and down, and down, merged, but not submerged, as Augustine, I think, has put it, would you be lifted up, would you be brought to peace and safety, would you be delivered from the storm that is blowing through your rigging, and would you be calm and quiet? Then here is the way to peace—"Lord, save me." One eager, quick, urgent cry, "Lord, save me." Peter at his worst is more helpful than some of us at what we seem to think is our best. Whether walking on the sea, or sinking in the sea, there is something about Peter to give us a help. Now, suppose that he was utterly away from us, and we could not get any use of him when his faith rose to such—I am almost inclined to call it such a perilous height, why not get some good of him here? You are sinking. The water is up to your lips. Let your prayer be "a solitary shriek"—

"The bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony"

Do not perish without a cry—"Lord, save me!" Young man, young woman, you are sinking, you know it; deeper, deeper, deeper, every week you live, down into this black, seething, boiling sea. Learn from Peter that all the distance between imminent destruction and salvation is bridged over when thy soul has cried, "Lord, save me!" Business men, you are sinking, making shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience. Down there in City life, where the great tides meet, your ship is being battered to pieces. You are going down. Peter's prayer is your only hope. It absolutely fits you. It is not a "wonderful" prayer. I hear men whose prayers are phrases; and I read prayers that are too fitly phrased, I am afraid. There is no eloquence about this prayer. It is a cry for help, rising on the shrieks of the tempest. Therefore, is it the splendid prayer it is. There was

a fine earnestness about it that redeemed it from all risk of being rude or vulgar: "Lord, save me!" When will we learn to pray? I do not ask that this church should resound with Peter's cry, but I do ask that the dumb devil should be cast out of us, and that from not a few hearts here, because of the desperateness of the case, Peter's prayer should be wrung out, "Lord, save me! I perish!"

"And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said to him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" It takes a great deal to translate what Christ put in a composite Greek word, "O thou of little faith"—oligopiste ("little-faith one").

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?" It is not "Wherefore didst thou start?" but "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" And after all, when we think of it calmly and quietly today, why did he doubt? When the Lord takes him by the hands and lifts him up, and plants him on what for the time is a sea of glass beside Himself, He virtually says, "Peter, Peter, where are your wits? Why, man, some time ago you did leave that same boat. Of course, then it was upon shore, but you left that same boat suddenly. You turned your back on it, and turned to Me. On that afternoon when I said, 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men,' you immediately arose and left your boat. It was just the same thing that you were going to do this morning. Spiritually it was precisely the same. O thou of little faith, why shouldst thou leave the boat on the land to come to Me, and not see that it was precisely the same thing to leave it on the sea and come to Me? Since you left it on the land to come to Me, have I allowed you to perish? Your boat was your support then, humanly speaking. You gave it up. You kicked it from below you. Did I allow you to sink? Have you come to rags, and wretchedness, and poverty since you gave up your fishing-boat? Answer Me: Wherefore didst thou doubt? It brings no credit to Me, Peter, and brings still less to thyself, to begin so well and end in this fashion." And the same sting is in the Master's tone yet: "Wherefore didst thou doubt? Thou art bringing no glory to Me. Thou art belying all thine own profession." Wherefore this commotion, and fear, and alarm in Christian breasts in this church this blessed Sabbath morning? Wherefore? Let us look into Christ's face, and answer that question. There was no answer to it. Peter was dumb; and we are dumb. Oh! soul of mine, what ails thee? What frightens thee? When wilt thou be still and know that He is God, and that thou art always within earshot and arm's length of the eternal One? It is a stinging question. We begin well. What has come over us since? I am speaking to some of us who have been long in the faith. It is a good long time now, my brother, since you began discipleship. You ought to be covering yourselves with honors and degrees by this time, and where are you? Young believers who look at

you are utterly misled. Young believers who look at you, instead of getting the idea that the life of faith through grace must be a steady and continual walking above the waves, the heavings, and tossings of this earthly scene, are led to believe that, although at the first the Christian profession may have about it a wonderful elevation and a wonderful overcoming power, still as you go on and on it means getting down to midleg, and then getting down to the waist, and at last being barely able to keep your head above water. Is not what they are apt to gather from us?—that it is not a path that shines more and more unto the perfect day; but that the path of the justified, the way of the believer, is a path that gets heavier, and more and more toilsome, as the time is prolonged. That does infinite harm. Let us hastily put ourselves right. Wherefore didst thou doubt? I have no doubt that standing there beside Jesus, Peter felt differently now—glad that he had begun, and ashamed that he had so bungled the business.

Let us be possessed today with the same mixed feelings. They will do us a world of good. Let us be lifted high up when we look at Christ. Let us be greatly chastened and rebuked when we remember what poor use we have made of Him. Why should we be afraid? David said it long ago—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me?" Now, why? There seem to be reasons. "Lord, have mercy on me. Remember what a wild morning it is. See how these waves rage and toss." Still the Master dares to say, "Wherefore didst thou doubt? You had no right to doubt." Let me repeat what I have repeated from this pulpit till it is almost wearisome. Unbelief out there in the world and out there in books—a spirit of doubting—is mightily praised, and gets a great deal of attention to itself. But here in the Bible it is always a stupidity—always an unreasonable thing, with nothing to say for itself when the Lord questions it. You do not find Peter saying, "Wherefore did I doubt, blessed Master?

> " 'There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds'."

No, he did not think of it. He said nothing. Doubt has nothing to say for itself. Oh, let us come back to unquestioning faith. Peter walking on the sea to come to Jesus—that is the type, that is the picture for the individual believer and for the whole Church. That is where we should be, and Christ says to us, as He said to him, "Come;" and He says to us also, as He said to him, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Another Gospel tells us that after this was done the disciples were willing to receive Him into the ship; and therein is a parable, and

with that I would like to close this brief comment on this interesting part of this interesting story. There are two ways in this business. We may obey the call of the Master this morning—"Come to Me;" and that is His call to all hearing my voice today. Whatsoever be your condition, the voice of the infinitely gracious Saviour, as He stands on the eternal shore, is—"Come, come to Me." May it soon fill the whole world with its music, "Be not afraid: it is I. Come, come to Me." Well, but if that is too great a strain upon us—if we sit back in our pews, as most of the disciples sat back in the boat, and feel that it is beyond us, there is another way of putting it. "Then the disciples willingly received Him into the ship." Try that way. If the one way does not bring relief, perhaps the other way may. If the active side does not, perhaps the subjective side may throw light upon the matter. Say to Christ, "Blessed Master, come into my boat. Dear Lord, I am afraid to move. A great tempest lies upon me. I do not see how to come; but if Thou wouldst come into my ship, that would be the same thing, would it not?" Then will you, where you sit, say to Him, "Lord, come to me; Lord, speak peace." That is all He wants. He will answer you; but He will stay outside if you do not want Him on board. He will not force Himself upon you; and as long as we are either affrighted or positively unbelieving, we are outside of Him, and He is outside of us. But He gives us the opportunity. As on that morning long ago, He comes this morning into this assembly, and He goes right past the pew. He makes as though He would go farther, to call out your faith, to let you understand the situation, and grasp the skirts of this happy chance. As He comes past you, as you are toiling, moiling, sweltering, sinking, cry to Him, "Blessed Master! Man ahoy! Come in! Come in! Come in!" Or, to put it the active way, leave every mortal consideration that would keep you back, and go right to Him, all things to the contrary notwithstanding. Say to your soul, "There He is, and I am in the middle of an awful turmoil and conflict, and it just seems as though it were utterly impossible to do anything but to go down. But here He is. Thou dost find thyself this morning, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, in the house of God, in the place of prayer, where Christ is with us.

Soul, go to Him. Leave all and clutch Him. You will not stick in the middle as Peter did. One bold little push, man, and you are in His arms. Take the first step, and the grace that enables you to take the first step clear of self, clear of unbelief, will hold you up till eternity's end. There is no doubt about it. He who begins has, in the beginning, the pledge of the ending, for it is Christ who begins in us. What are we afraid of? Why is it that we doubt? Why is it that we have no faith?

Again, I say, the Master's word is "Come;" and the great Day will

show this—that all human speech has just run itself up into "Yea, yea," in answer to Christ's "Come," or a dour, dogged, hell-bound "Nay, nay." All speech has that in it—"Yes,

"'O Lamb of God, I come',"

or else, "No," kept back either by fear or whatever it be. And in the day for which all other days were made, God Himself will only have two utterances. One utterance will be the re-echoing, the final utterance of that: "Come ye blessed;" Or else the thunder tone of the other word: "Depart, ye cursed."

The Lord bless to us this brief study of His Word. What shall we sing to close with? I am a little puzzled. Shall we sing

"Come, Thou long expected Jesus."

It is past three o'clock in the morning, and it is a wild time: and I am greatly needing Thee.

Shall we sing that with Charles Wesley? Or shall we sing with Charlotte Elliott

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come?"

May God give us grace to sing it and do it. Amen.

GIDEON'S THREE HUNDRED

By REV. JOHN McNEILL

"By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the other people go every man unto his place."—Judges vii. 7.

A striking story. Especially might it be a useful story for all preachers today, who find themselves in some little tide of popularity. It is a sifting story; it is a winnowing story. The Master comes in among us tonight, and His fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor; for the Lord, according to this narrative, and certainly as we find in the record of His earthly experience when He was here in the flesh, really cares nothing for numbers. It is nothing to our Lord and Master to count heads if He does not count hearts and minds and wills along with the heads. All that is vividly illustrated in this narrative. Therefore I have read it; and, taking the text that I have quoted as the hinge around which it turns, we shall look at it a little more closely to see this and various other points of doctrine and experience practically illustrated.

Gideon had blown the trumpets at God's command, had raised the standard, and there flocked to his side, as you remember, some thirty-two thousand men. I can well imagine that Gideon's heart was lifted up, and he was in a state of high confidence, if not strong exultation: for Israel, you remember, for a good while now, had been crushed under the oppression of Midian. They dared hardly meet together. This man, when he was called by the Lord to the work of delivering his people from this bitter bondage, was threshing his little quantity of grain in a secret place, because the terror of his country's enemies was so great upon him. The Lord spoke to him. The Lord took hold of him. He strengthened Gideon's heart. He set Gideon upon his feet in every way, and He made him to blow the trumpet; and, as I have said, and quicker perhaps than I am taking to tell it, thirty-two thousand men from defeated, subjugated Israel rallied around him, just as if they had been weary for this day, and weary for that sound that called them to Gideon's standard. I see Gideon lifted up, not in himself, I believe, but lifted up in God, profoundly thankful, saying to himself, very likely, "Well, who would have thought it? I really thought that my countrymen were at such a low ebb that they never

would have rallied. Why, what a difficulty the Lord God of Israel had with me! He had to give me sign upon sign, and wonder upon wonder, before my own heart could be encouraged, and my soul be made to believe that God at last had arisen for the sighing of the needy. And that thirty-two thousand of my countrymen should listen to the call, and should rally round the old flag of Israel, is to me a lesson which I trust I shall not forget, never to be as despondent and despairing again." Just then, when you can imagine Gideon in the midst of his exultation, the Lord came to him and virtually said, "Gideon, it is a grand company, but there is just one fault with it: it is too large. Gideon, the people that are with thee are too many for Me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves, and say, Mine own hand hath saved me." Ah! that is an old trick, and it is not done yet. "Now, therefore," says the Lord, "proclaim in the ears of the host, and say, Whoever is full of fear, and afraid, let him return, and depart early from Mount Gilead." "And there returned of the people twenty-two thousand men"—in a twinkling that seemingly solid, compact host of men melted away. The thirty-two thousand became ten thousand in a very little while. The point is this. We need the same treatment yet. I said a little while ago in anticipation—let me come back upon it, and repeat it a little more firmly now—that the Lord cares nothing for heads if He does not count hearts. Especially in these days, when we are so fond of tabulating, so fond of reckoning up our figures on this side, and are so dismayed when some adverse critic counts up his totals on the other side. Now, after a story like this, which is so savage upon Church returns and Church statistics, you may do as you like, but I stand here to say that, after this story, I, for one, am neither going to be uplifted by the greatness of figures, nor depressed by their paucity. They may mean strength, they may mean no such thing. Let us put our dependence on the Lord God Almighty. Let us beware of numbering people. It has never been very successfully done. There is a danger attaching to it. The year has just closed in your church, and you show me the totals of this year as compared with last year. So many members last year: one hundred more this year. So much money last year: $100 more this year. So many Sabbath school teachers last year: a considerable increase this year. Now, look here. After such a story as this, take figures away. I do not want to see them. They may encourage me falsely. Again, I say, I am neither going to be lifted up, nor going to be cast down. Figures may be useful. They have their place, I do believe; bu they need to be very carefully handled, and very carefully watched. It is a sore story this on Church statistics, especially when the numbers swell, and we are apt to indulge in a great chorus of praise because of numerical success. Thirty-two thousand

men were just about to go forth to battle, and the Lord virtually said, "Gideon, Gideon, the Midianites will go through that band of yours like the evening wolves go through a flock of sheep." And the Lord began a process somewhat severe: I will say more than severe. There is a savageness in that story. I will not reduce it to a word less than that. May we all feel it! How the Lord Almighty had to reduce thirty-two thousand stalwart men to three hundred in order to bring the band to its effective strength! The Captain of our salvation has strange ways with Him, has He not? Sometimes past finding out.

Now, these men utterly deceived Gideon, and we have to learn that lesson—that we may utterly deceive each other. Are our hearts right, my brothers, especially those of us who ate bread and drank wine and consecrated ourselves today in these pews as part of the sacramental host of God's elect? When you come into contact with Him at His own Table, did He really get you, body, soul, spirit, heart, strength, mind? Yes or no? When we count you upon our totals, does the Lord also count one, or are you to Him a mere fraction—a nothing.? At present, for present conflicts, for present purposes, you are simply not in it. You sit there, as Gideon's army stood yonder, seemingly to be all right. How we sang that hymn:

"Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee."

How we sing all our hymns! What splendid roll there is in them! But the singer's heart may be the heart of a hare, after this story. Oh, if God's battles could be fought by singing hymns with fine words and singing tunes, then His kingdom might come at any time. It might have come tonight, while we were singing that hymn. And I do not despise hymn-singing. I have told you already today how good singing tells; but the grand thing that we have to notice is, that the Lord looks not upon the outward appearance, but upon the heart. How stand our hearts as regards Him, and the word that He has said, and the eternal war that He is waging from generation to generation against all the enemies of truth and righteousness in the land and in the hearts of men?

The Lord said, virtually, "Gideon, give these people a chance to go home, and see what you shall see. Say to those that are timid and of a fearful heart, Go back." And twenty-two thousand showed the breadth of their backs, executing strategical movements upon home! Twenty-two thousand! I say, it is a withering story, especially in these days of counting and of statistics. How many of us would have stood, or how many of us would have gone? Ah! I think I see these men going home. Oh, how glad they were when that sound came to them, "Those that are full of fear about this campaign, go home. Go

home and rest yourselves until your beards are grown, and until your courage has risen a bit." And they took Gideon at his word. It is said, "Discretion is the better part of valour," and "He that fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." So they went home. The Lord was not wrong. The Lord was right, for, ah! He sees into the cowardly heart behind the soldier's clothes, and the soldier's singing and cheering. Nothing could put Him off—and what the Lord wants is men, with the weight of men, and the courage of men, and the holy determination of men. Nothing less than that. So twenty-two thousand arose early. Said God, "Go home soon. Take yourselves hence quickly as you can." I think I see these men going home. I think I see their children springing out to meet their fathers, and wanting to to be told all about the fight. I think I see the blush creep over those swarthy cheeks as these stalwart fathers had to admit the fight had not begun when they left. Again, I say, men and women, elders, deacons, Sunday-school teachers, preachers, tract distributors, it is a severe story. His fan is in His hand tonight, and He is purging us. Are we going to be blown away as chaff, or can we stand it? Are we wheat after all? God grant that it may be so for His name's sake.

And even when there were not so many by twenty-two thousand with Gideon as at first, still they were not dense and compact enough for God's purposes. For God wants His army to be not like a great, big, overgrown cabbage, that has run to blades, and has no heart in it, but He wants His army to be dense—not extensive, but intensive—sound at the heart, solid as a canon-ball. The Lord therefore said to Gideon, "The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee." He brought the people to the water, and you remember the test. Those who stooped down to drink, and laped the water with their hand and tongue as a dog laps, went by themselves; and those who, as Scripture says, bowed down to drink water, were allowed to drink their fill and go home refreshed, to wait for the next fight; they were not fit for this one. Notice, then, when we come to this second action of God's testing of these people, how difficult it is to detect (shall I call it by the rude, blunt word) hypocrisy. Mark you, these other thousands ought to have gone off with the first batch; they ought to have gone at the first telling. But such an ingrained thing is formalism and hypocrisy, so determined are religious people to give the lie to God Almighty and to argue Him down, that these people stood firm when they ought to have gone. There ought to have been no second sifting process needed. One was enough to lay bare the hearts of men to think themselves if they had been simple and honest and sincere. I think more of the first twenty-two thousand than I think of

these. I do not think that these were braver men who really meant to fight. I think that they were men who wanted to make a show that they were **not** full of fear, when they had no more heart for fight than those who had just left. If they had stayed, they would have been the ruin, and not the success, of Gideon's venture, and of God's venture through Gideon. There is always a considerable number of camp-followers who can hardly tell why they are in the church. You really cannot—but note this—that the nearer you come to the actual pith and stress and strain of real work for God, then they disappear. You go with them, so to speak, up to striking distance, and just then they will break your heart by showing that they never meant to strike. They will come here on Sunday—they will sit in these pews and eat bread and drink wine—God help them—till their very souls are beginning to get drunk with religious formalism. When you start a week of meetings, and meet night after night, night after night, where a real bit of work is going on, they are conspicuous by their absence right round the week, and then they turn up again, snug and smiling, at the canonical hour on the Sabbath day. I mean that shot to go straight to the very souls of some. What is your profession worth to the Lord Jesus Christ here in Washington? No more worth than that parading and massing and marching was worth to God and Gideon centuries ago—worth as much, but no more. Do not let anybody be unnecessarily wounded if you have a good excuse. I am taking in all the excuses. I am shutting out and shutting in all things that need to be shut out and shut in; but I know that there are still those for whom the only kindness is to speak straight, as God and Gideon and the circumstances of the time spoke to those would-be soldiers. I use that kindness, and thus I speak. They were the weakness, and not the strength, of that campaign; and well was it for Gideon that they were sent back.

You have the same thing today, precisely—people who come with you to the point of real work, and then "Presto! Pass!" they are gone. Great talkers, it may be, and considerable walkers. They will walk a good bit; but as to being workers, you never saw them yet bend their backs. They are absent then. Sunday-school teaching is a real bit of God's fight against Midian today, but they never touch it with their little finger. And so with other kinds of service. In God's great name, let me ask what are you doing but coming to some church once a week? Now, I wish to say that your seat could be better occupied if that is all that is to come out of you. Is that perfectly, clearly understood? I wish that I could make it plain. If you wil give me any language that will make it plainer, I will use it, for I do not speak in my own name. I am thankful that I do not know a single soul here to whom this applies; but I am speaking for God, and

may God wing the shaft into those who need it. It may be that I need it myself. If so, let it come home. I stand as widely open as I wish us all to be. The Lord wants reality. The Lord wants sincerity; alas! then, that He has to say, half kindly and half bitterly, "Go home, and depart to your own place; for the place of conflict is not for you." These unreadies—they remind me greatly of the description of the cowardly soldier by our own countryman:

> "His gun's a burden on his shouther; (shoulder)
> He downa bide (daren't stand) the stink o' pouther; (powder)
> His bauldest thocht's a hankering swither
> Tae staun or rin;
> Till crack! a shot! he's aff, a' throughither,
> Tae save his skin!"

Do not smile, when I affirm that some of us men and women are sitting for our portraits, and they are faithfully sketched. In this business there is neither male nor female. Do not find fault with the portrait. Thou art the man. Thou art the woman. Do not turn round and kick the mirror, and smash it for being so faithful. Say something sharp to yourself, and save me the trouble. Preach this sermon in such a way to yourself that it is bound to tell at least one person whom you know.

What was the test which God applied to them in this sore business? When you see these thousands upon thousands wasting away, and a solid three hundred left, what was it that finished this "Rogues' March" home again? What was the test; what was underlying it? Well, I think that it was just this. I am not going to say that these three hundred men were braver, bolder, grander men than those who had gone away. I am not going to say these men were men of blood and iron—that they were Ironsides, who did not know what fear meant, that they had not fear, no tremors, no doubts, and no misgivings. No, I do not think that. I think that they were men who felt their hearts beat beneath their jerkins like any others. They had very likely the same doubts and the same misgivings as to the success of this revolt against Midian as the thousands had who had gone home; **only they did not yield to them.** They encouraged themselves in Gideon. In all their weaknesses and helplessness, they leaned all the harder upon Him who had called them to this fight, in which were involved death or victory. And that is all that God wants yet. So far as I have looked through these wars of the Lord, and all God's dealings with His people, in either Old Testament or New, I never find that God asked any mortal man **to do more than trust in Him.** There is the Bible, and look it through and through, and find if ever God asked from the mind and heart and body of man more than this, "Trust in Me." "Go in this thy might." All that He wants is simple

faith. That is victory for you. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Let us in the midst of all our quaking and shaking have a heart in us that turns with faith and hope, although it may be very tremblingly and faintly, to the God of Israel. These are the people whom He wants, and to such as these He says, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob. I have made of thee a sharp threshing instrument having teeth, and with thee I will thresh the mountain." "One man shall chase a thousand; two shall put ten thousand to flight," because God is in these men, and these men are in God. It was men after such a pattern that constituted these three hundred.

> "Of the three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ,"

Says the poet when referring to the famous Grecian contest. There may be any amount of shaking. God does not stand over us, and say, "Why are you shaking?" But His great angry outburst is, "How is it that you have no faith? Why are you so fearful? How is it that you have no faith?"

Do you not see deep sincerity in the midst of this natural human fear and trembling? That bit of water to which they came would be a ford, an important place of military strategy in a campaign. These three hundred men were only flesh and blood, and this was a desperate business. Twenty-two thousand of their countrymen had gone away from fear; but when these three hundred came to the ford, it seemed that what was in their heart was not retreat, but fighting. Because when they came to that ford, a key position, an important place, they cannot lie down and give themselves up to the business of taking drink like the others. They are in a hurry. They want to get this stroke struck and done with. They are wearying now to be put past all fear and dubiety by getting at the foe. These others are glad for anything that keeps back the striking hour. Oh, they are thankful that there is a chance to drink—thankful for any kind of adjournment that staves off that terrible hour of hand-to-hand conflict, and so they laid themselves down, as the Scripture sarcastically says, "to drink water." This shows what was in their hearts. We see them, perhaps, choosing clean stones to prevent them from making themselves dirty. These are the nice kind of people who never should be far away from a drawing-room or a parlor. They are not of much use for roughing it. They are not of much use for campaigning. They are altogether rather feather-bed soldiers, and ought not to come among the men who can "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." They never go into the open air, for example, to do a little work for God. These people do not go there. There is something very irregular about this open-air work to these exotics. They

do not like to be bedded out. They are always in here, in the hot-house, if anywhere. They cannot stand the broad daylight reality. That would be too real and too sincere for some of us. It would lead us a little bit away from form and routine and conventionalism. Therefore that finds us out. I say there is nothing in the hottest word that I can say is half so hot and fierce as the actual narrative that is here. Thirty-two thousand brought down to three hundred in order to get at its effective strength.

Oh, I can see those three hundred; they are thinking of fighting, and they cannot lie down, but they must be in such a position that they can keep their eyes roving round all the hills to see the first coming of the Midianites; for no doubt the news of the revolt has spread. It is known that they have revolted. It is known that the standard of Israel is set up, and that God has raised up a leader for His people, and they are thinking, "These Midianites in masses will be swooping down. Very likely they are making for this ford just as we are." They could not lie down and give themselves up to taking a drink. It was not drinking, but fighting that was in their heads and in their hearts; and they lapped as a dog lapped, so that they were free to see the oncoming of the host, and to spring to their places in an instant. Thus they drank, and God said, "These are the men."

This thing called faith in God, my friend, is a thing that tells. It tinges, it tinctures, it colors every word you speak, and every thing you do. This God of ours so looks for faith in Him, that it actually comes to this, that you can take a drink of water so as to utterly offend Him; the point being the presence or the absence of faith and confidence in Him in your heart. The ploughing of one man, as he goes along there behind a team holding his plough by the stilts, may be, as truly as another man's preaching, a glorifying of God, and a bringing in of His kingdom, if that honest trudging ploughman has faith in God in his heart. The ploughing of another man is simply a sin on which God cannot look, because the man is an unbeliever. "Whatsoever ye do, whether in word or deed" even, says the Scripture, to the eating and the drinking, see to it that you put your heart into it, for the heart is what determines the moral character and worth of the man. The heart is the thing. And these men's hearts were right. With not a few tremblings and misgivings, their hearts beat true to God. The needle pointed to the pole star of their hope; and God accepted them.

Does not this come near to us now? Do not these old people, so to speak, pass away, and we tonight find ourselves in their place? How, my friend, does it stand with you in this time of discernment and separation? On which side is God putting you now?—Now? Is He finding as much faith in Him, and as much honest confidence, that

His cause shall ultimately triumph in you and against your enemies, as well as regarding His whole cause, the whole breadth of the campaign over this terraqueous globe, as to enable Him to rank you among His true and faithful people? Or does He find in us so many doubts, so many misgivings, so many reasonings and carnal questionings, that He has to put us aside, because He will get no glory from us, and He will have to fight the battle of this day and generation without us. God forbid. Let us be worthy of Him; and seeing that He Himself has come, that He Himself has put at our head no Gideon, even, but a greater and grander than any Gideon that ever stepped, even the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, let us be strong in Him and in the power of His might. Let us come to His banner, the blood-stained banner of the Cross. There is a more grand rallying shout than even that which woke up the glens: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" A grander shout is the shout that we have, and a grander name is the name that is inscribed upon our banners—the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the shout of victory through the blood of His Cross. For our own sakes, in our battles against our own enemies, and for all the battle that is going on in our generation, do not let us shirk it. The enemy is in mass; the enemy is overwhelming. Defeat seems certain, and victory seems to be seated upon their banners; but as we look to our Leader, as we look into His strong, calm, clear, confident face, as we hear His encouraging tones, let our hearts within us be encouraged. He wants dead earnestness; He wants sincerity; He wants reality; but He does not expect perfection. He knows that He will never get that here; but let there be sincerity in the midst of all our faults and failings—the sincere desire that He may win, and also the sincere declaration that, God helping us, and by His grace, come one, come all, we will run all risks and take our stand with Christ against all the power of Midian in our day. That is what He wants, and nothing else than that will do.

You may be sure of it that, if in that day of danger God let those thousands go, and took the three hundred, much more will He act on the same principle today. How? I will tell you how. Hundreds of years after this occurrence, this same fight was still going on in the land of Israel, and it had come to this—that all the issue of the conflict was narrowed down to this point. All God's forces in the tremendous war against hell—hell upon earth—were represented by one Man, and that Man was weak, seemingly, as regards the flesh, as any man who ever called himself one of God's Israel. It was narrowed down to this: Jesus of Nazareth bore the brunt of the whole conflict on His own shoulders. He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him." A sifting and winnowing process had gone on, and He had not three hundred. In the beginning of His min-

istry He had thousands, but now He had not three hundred; He had not thirty; He had not three. "They all forsook Him and fled," and He was single-handed and alone. At any moment, if He had only lifted His pale, pinched face to His Father in heaven, and not so much as asked, but merely wished, God's angels, on wings of light and wheels of flame, would have thundered down the sky. He did not ask for them, but in our nature and flesh He fought, and fought, and won. And think you, my brother, that after that splendid victory He will take a shivering coward like you or me into His ranks simply to swell them and to enable Him to count heads? Nay, verily. You may be sure of it, that whatever is represented here of eternal principle in God's dealings with His people, is vividly at work in His operation in the professing Church today. What are we to do? What is left for us to do but to be ashamed, and to come back from our retreat, as I trust these thousands did—as, in fact, they did. When the peal of war sounded, and the news of victory spread, their souls were erected once more in faith and confidence, and they came back. But, oh, what they missed.

So with you and me. The Lord Jesus Christ tonight unfurls His banner. Tonight the cry rings out, "Who is on the Lord's side? Who?" I will call you neither saint, nor sinner, nor backslider. Those terms are somewhat technical and misleading. But who wants tonight simply to be done with sin, his own sin, and to begin the hand-to-hand, foot-to-foot, life-long fight against the power of Midian in himself, and in his generation? "Who is on the Lord's side?" He will take you, if you come as those three hundred came. Let us come simply, sincerely, in simple faith and in fervent prayer, not trusting numbers, not trusting to anything worldly, or to any carnal weapons or forces, but trusting altogether to those spiritual forces which the world calls weak and foolish and inadequate. Let us come to Him. And if we do but as one man get knit together in His love and faith and fear, we shall do something for Him here; we shall gain the victory; and that verse in which Dr. Watts (I think) paraphrases this incident will be true. We shall see it in our day and generation; we shall be able to shout and to sing because of victory before our eyes:—

> "For Thou our burden hast removed,
> And quelled the oppressor's sway,
> Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell,
> In Midian's evil day."

Not by might; not by power; but by My Spirit, saith the Lord. Amen.

JACOB'S CRISIS

By REV. JOHN McNEILL

Genesis xxxii. 24-32.

"And Jacob was left alone." I am not going to enter into the controversy as to whether this somewhat late-dated event in Jacob's history is really the date of his conversion. I do not see that there is any great profit in it. For myself, I rather think that at Bethel he got a sight of things that never left him—that at Bethel he saw the Unseen and the Eternal with his own eyes; and although afterwards he did not greatly grow in grace and greatly grow in the knowledge of God, still his eyes never again altogether closed. But what I am sure that we are all agreed about is this, that if ever God's purposes through Jacob's line were to be realized and carried forward with success, then this Jacob must be made a worthier channel through which these purposes were to work and flow.

I think, to bring this lesson home to myself and home to people, that this is somewhat the angle of incidence. Look at that lonely man there. Just try to think of him. Now he is not altogether a bad man. Sometimes we fall foul of him grievously, and we have no milder word for him than "swindler," "hypocrite," "artful dodger," and so on. Well, so he was. There was a great deal of clay in him. He was to a great extent of the earth, earthy. And yet he was not all clay. There were gleams of gold among the dirt and the rubbish. Why, see how he loved; and I have always a great hope of a man who can love. So has God. See the great, big, bursting heart that he had behind all his suppleness and craft and cunning! There burned in him that one pure, bright thing—he loved his Rachel with an intense love. See what it led him to! See what he underwent in order to secure his heart's desire! See him, tough and wiry and weather-beaten, as with splendid indignation he lifts his face into Laban's and virtually says: "For all these years the drought consumed me day by day, and the frost consumed me by night. Whatever was torn I dealt with you as though I had not been your servant—as though I was accountable for it. Whatever went astray I made myself responsible for; and you know how you used me: rather you know how you abused me." All through there was in him a mixture; but that mixed condition was not to be allowed to last: it must not

be allowed any further to continue. He is very much like ourselves, is he not? Sometimes we advertise sermons to young men: sometimes we advertise sermons to children. I do not think that I ever saw a sermon advertised to old men. But I am sure I never saw a sermon advertised to middle-aged men—for those who have been some twenty or thirty years in the din and hurly-burly of life. For those who, like Jacob, have been, in the main, getting on. By fair means or foul you have got on. You have not denied the faith. You have not become an infidel. You have not wholly yielded yourself to the world; neither have you wholly yielded yourself up, body and soul and spirit, on the altar of entire consecration, any more than Jacob. Ah! it has a thrilling, personal interest, I say, especially to middle-aged, to elderly, or to aging, prosperous men.

Let us take a look at the lonely Jacob. See him there! All his company have gone. He has to meet his brother on the morrow; it has plunged him into a state of profound concern. He has sent forward a present to appease his brother's wrath. He expects that Esau is coming upon him; charging down upon him like the wolf on the fold; but he hopes that by the time he has broken through these presentations his wrath will be appeased. He hopes that he will have smothered Esau's wrath by flinging upon him such an abundance of the things that will please him; for he knows Esau as well as if he lived with him. He had walked round about Esau, and took his measurement long ago; and he has a shrewd idea that these presents will tell upon Esau if anything will. Here we have him sitting quietly alone. They have all gone across the brook, and he is just going after them when he sits down quietly and thinks, as I wish you, my middle-aged friend, and myself, and as I wish us all to sit down quietly and think. Let memory bring out of past years all that past years contain. And is not this the state of the case with a good many of us? Let us talk to our soul; let us commune in the loneliness and the solitude of a time like this, with all London there, so to speak, across the brook on the other side of the Sunday, and ourselves upon this lonely, solitary side.

Let us commune with our own own hearts and see how we stand in the sight of God. And is not this the case—that you and I are bound to say, "Well, now, undoubtedly I have got on, and I have kept up a fair character and credit and reputation among men. I am known as being sagacious and astute down in the city. I am not known as a thorough-paced blackguard, as some are down there. No; I have not flung away the faith; I have not made shipwreck of a good conscience. The most that men can say of me is that I am pretty near; and that you need to rise early to be up before me, and you need to trim your sails well, if you are to get to windward of me. But

the trouble with me is this. I often wonder—you say, as I think Jacob would be wondering that night—I wonder now how I look before God; how do I stand before Him? This near approach of my brother Esau brings vividly before me the last twenty years, which certainly have been strange twenty years. I believe I know God. I hope—I hope there is a something working in me, and that all this shepherding, and all this love, and all this lust,"—for the bottom of all polygamy is lust—"I hope that all these things have not drowned, and have not quenched the something in me that throbs and pulses and trembles away up to the God of my fathers. I do believe—and yet with it all there is such an amount of dirt about the mainspring—I am so clogged and hampered that I wonder how I look before God. I know how to pray, and I have prayed—yes; and God has heard me in spite of all my badness and my slipperyness, and I am as slippery as an eel, and I can go round about most men. There are not many men in Padan-aram who can beat Laban, but I have beaten him at his own game every time. I wonder how I look before God?" And, maybe, Jacob was getting to be in danger, the danger of ourselves; and to think that God was something like him. You remember how God broke out, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself. Thou thoughtest that My notions of morality worked on as easy a sliding scale as your own, now stringent when it pays to be stringent; and again loose, and soft, and buttery and slack, when it pays to be slack! and to ride, so to speak, with a long, long length of cable between you and the anchor. Thou thoughtest that I was very much like you, for the fact remains, that you have got on at this kind of double game, half for me and half for the world, and all the time for yourself, and all the time conscious that, in the main, the weapons of your warfare are not spiritual but carnal." Now, today, middle-aged and elderly brothers look clearly with daylight sincerity at yourselves, as I set you alone, before you dare to step across the stream into the Monday. You and I are, like Jacob, I believe, on the verge of eternal destruction; but God, in His great love and mercy, has gently brought us away to the quiet time of solitude on the Sabbath day, before we cross the stream and go back into the world, where perhaps we shall fatally give the loose to the worst side that is in us. God has met us today, and now brother is the crisis of your soul. Out of these doors, if God can help it, you are not to go, the shifty, tricky, subtle, half-and-half, almost contemptible creature you came in, and because He loves you, and because He knows you through and through, and because He has set His love upon you, and wants to redeem you, and the time is short, therefore He comes upon us today as He came upon Jacob, with a noiseless tread, and with a long stride, and He has us in His grip before we know it. You did not think, some of

you, that you were to be gripped after this fashion this morning. You came into the church praying for comfort. You came in praying for comfort, and praying for soothing. It is not comfort you need, it is not soothing you need. It is the most awful through-putting that ever a man got in his life that you need. You need simply to be turned upside down and outside in, for at this rate of it you will never be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light—never in all time —never.

I have no doubt that sitting there by the rock, sitting there with the brawling Jabbok wrestling its way through the gully on to the river, and the night winds moaning round about him, and the fear of his brother still nearer to him than the winds, surrounding his soul with its chill, Jacob was inclined to pray to God for comfort: "O, God! comfort me. O, God! help me. O, God! be good to me. O, my Father! kiss me, and put Thy arms round about me." And God did, but not to kiss him, at least not at first—not to kiss him, but to crush him, to take the Jacob in him, and simply pulverize it once for all.

I do not know how it stands with you, but I dare to say that for you, brother, this is a word in season. This is a word for most of us. Again I say, I speak in God's name to aging, successful men who make, and have made for years, an open Christian profession. "Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled with him a man until break of the day." I can see him in the gloom sitting there, and he is thinking and fearing; he is just rising between hope and fear—rising to go over the brook and into the land of Canaan—"when suddenly one rises before him, and before he knows where he is, he is wrestling in the darkness as though for life." It is Jacob in the crisis of his life —Jacob met along his own line, Jacob being compelled at last, singly and alone, to come face to face with that unseen, invisible One, who all through has been with him, sometimes checking him, sometimes forwarding him, sometimes taking the cup of his love, as when he thought that he was going to get Rachel, and dashing it down when he finds that he gets Leah, and yet never leaving him alone—never just making him able to say, "God is against me," but always rather making him inclined to say, "Bad and worthless as I am, God is still for me. Well, am I not good enough? And yet I know in my own conscience that I am indeed very far back." Jacob is at last brought to an end of that slipperiness and of that duplicity, and in these grips, in the silent watches of the night, compelled to come to the end, the very end, of that lubricity that was in him.

Now, my brethren, that has to come, and the sooner the better for some of us here. God is not such an one as ourselves. God does not look with approval on the tricks of trade by which we have won. God hates our sin with infinite loathing, and unless we gain the vic-

tory we are undone. Jacob's God is this kind of being: without holiness thou shalt never see Him. Hear it, O city man; none of this stuff; half dirt, half clean. Without holiness no seed of us shall ever see His face. He that doeth righteousness is righteous. No amount of justification without the deeds of the law, no amount of singing "Rock of ages cleft for me," will do if in it, and through it the strand and fibre of eternal righteousness is not being worked in. Righteousness in thought and word and deed, though the heavens fall. Righteousness!

Jacob was a man who, if you had left him, would have lived to the age of Methuselah without being a bit farther forward. Do you not know somebody vastly like him? He might have lived to the age of Methuselah, and he would just have been on the same beat—sometimes wonderfully spiritual, as we all can be on a Communion Sunday when there is a fine atmosphere round about our souls; and then away back again, back, back into the puddle before Monday night, and never getting much out of it. Now that was not to do for Jacob, and it is not to do for us. The more I study this subject in the light of all that Jacob was, and in the light of that wonderful twenty years, the more I see that in deed and in truth it is, more than words can tell, the awful crisis of his history. He is not to come out of this the same man he went in.

"And there wrestled with him a man, until the breaking of the day." There is a scene—Jacob wrestling. Oh, if there is one thing that Jacob is good at it is wrestling. We have got romantic notions about shepherds—the shepherds piping while their sheep are peacefully feeding. We remember romantic pastoral pictures that we have seen about shepherds dancing and piping on oaten straws. It is all wrong, or to a great extent wrong. You are never to think of this Jacob as a weakling—not even as a weakling physically. He was not a weakling physically, any more than was his brother Esau. He was a strong man, but his strength lay not in bigness of bulk. His strength lay in wiriness and suppleness. He is the man to make a wrestler, a man with lung and breath, sound in wind, a man with a long arm that has a deadly clutch in it—a man whose limbs always seem to land him on his feet no matter how he twists, or how he may be twisted, and that is the thing that Jacob is good at, both mentally and physically. I hear the two of them as through the night Jacob pants, and with side, and hip, and heel he puts in every trick he knows, and tries to grasp his adversary. It was a real contact and conflict. It was no dream and no vision of the night; and as any fellow here knows, who ever tried it, there is nothing that so engages every lith and limb in you as wrestling. To wrestle, you have to have eyes, so to speak all over your body. You need to know how your antagonist

is gripping you in weak places behind, you need to know where you can grip him where you do not see him. You have to put your eyes into your hands. Wrestling is mental as well as physical. No stupid, muddle-headed dolt ever made a wrestler yet—not he. And Jacob is good at it, and Jacob is being taken upon his own ground and beaten there: wiry, sagacious, crafty, cunning, now pretending to yield, and again springing like a cat; and yet all in vain; tugging, and straining, and making nothing of it, and growing desperate. Who can this be? Not Esau. At first I thought that it was Esau. It is not Esau. I never met a man who could stand as this man is standing."

And Jacob does not give in. He grows more restless, and cunning, and impetuous, until at last The Man sees that—as I was almost going to put it—by fair play he is not to win. The man sees that he will not prevail against him. So he puts in and puts on what is more than mortal, and what is more than human. The unknown, this invisible Man puts on or falls back upon Divine resources. He touches him in the sinew, the hollow of his thigh; "and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him." When that takes place wrestling is done. When the limb begins to shrink wrestling is over. You can do no more then. That strong iron sinew collapses, shrivels, and the contest is over, one would say. No, no. It grows more wonderful than ever now. Out of defeat there comes a greater and a nobler victory. The man said, "Let me go for the day breaketh." And Jacob said. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? and he answered, Jacob. Then said the man, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."

There, they are clinging now. No more wrestling. Nothing to do but just to hold on and pant. As we find it in Hosea: "He wept and made supplication." This man, strong in body, and in sinew, and in brain, and nerve—this strong man has come to an end of his tricks and of his cunning. It has been the very explanation of his life ever since he was born. Have we come to that? That crisis wears with you and me to the same point to which it wore with Jacob. Some of us for long years have just been like Jacob, as I have described—neither lost nor won, neither altogether good nor altogether bad, and yet undoubtedly on the whole the smile of God seems to have been over us, and the blessing of God has attended us and all that we have done. But He comes to us today, and He comes into grips with us, and He tells us calmly, and plainly, and firmly, that we cannot go one step further into the promised land as we are—no further road or progress in this direction. God breaks out upon us, not in judgment, but in mercy, but His mercy today has a grip in it that we might feel

in every fibre of our soul within us. "Child of Mine," He says kindly yet firmly, as He grips us by the strong muscle and nerve which has been our stay, "Child of Mine, this has come to an end here and now. No more trusting to yourself, no more doing of things by your own skill and your own energy; no more meeting worldly craft with craft, 'cuteness with 'cuteness, and dodge with dodge; but from today and forward, Jacob, I am coming to untwist you, and it is a hard business —to take the knots out of you and to make you as plain, and open, and guileless, and sincere as you ought to be." Just think of it. He took Jacob the veteran, Jacob with all his cleverness, Jacob with all his craft, to make Jacob as plain and open as the book-leaf. That is what God's grace had to do with him. That is what God's grace has to do with some of us, and for twenty years, it may be, it has striven in vain. It has to be done. When, when, in God's name, is the untwisting to come, my brother? He is asking us today as He asked Jacob, "What is thy name?" For when God asks, "What is thy name?" He means, "What is it that lies behind the name, that is really thee?" And Jacob had grace and honesty at last to own up and say, "Oh, unknown wrestler! my name is Trick and Quirk and Cunning. My name is Jacob. My name is Craft, my name is Cunning." He owned up at last: "I am of the earth, earthy. My name is Jacob—Supplanter."

My brother, what is your name? After bearing a Christian profession; after, it may be, being an officebearer in God's house for twenty or forty years, the great God with whom we have to do comes in mercy today simply because perhaps we are soon to get to heaven, and we need a lot to make us ready; we need a lot yet to make us ready. God has to come to you this morning with my lips, and says: "What is thy name?" If you tell the truth you will say: "My name is Jacob." You will say, "My name is Money, my name is Cent Per Cent, my name is Profit—my very name is that, O God. My name is Moderation in Religion. O God, dost Thou ask my name? My name is Lust. Right down at the bottom that wriggling thing is me. My name is Lust, Uncleanness, Vileness. I have kept it in; I have veneered it over; but I admit today that that is me. This is the one thing in me. It is my name." "What is thy name? What is at bottom in us, that is us? What is it?" How few of us can say honestly, "My name, O God, is Religion; my name is Settled Principle; my name is Candour, Openness, Honesty, Sincerity. My name is Singleness of Heart, Childlike Simplicity." What is our name? I cannot give all the names. It is not the actual Johns and Roberts that were named over us here in baptism.

Jacob's name was a name of significance; and God gives us all a significant name, and He is asking us today, "What is your name?

What is it?" Oh, let us be honest and tell Him. I know mine. You could stand up in this church, and in one sentence could tell this meeting what is your prevailing characteristic. Young girl, young woman, you can stand up before God and say, "My name is Frivolity. That is my prevailing characteristic. I come to church on Sunday, but the thing that engrosses and consumes me is a ball and a dance and the theatre. That is my name. That sets my whole soul abounding and a-pulsing." With some of us, our whole creed is just a determination not to yield ourselves utterly unto God, but to keep on the safe side. What is your name? Ananias is the name for some, and Sapphira is the true name for others. It was not a nice name. It may be that Jacob's swarthy cheek got a little swarthier even in the darkness, as he said, "Supplanter is my name. I am a wrestler, I depend on cunning, I call on God even occassionally, to help my cunning. I use religion for a cloak for my cunning." My name, in Thy sight, and with shame I confess it, my name is Double-tongue, or Facing-both-ways."

And the man said, "Thy name shall be no more Jacob, but Israel (prince of God), for as a prince hast thou power with God and men, and thou hast prevailed." The blessing came when the wrestling was over, and when the clinging came; and that is what God means, but He means all that—to come down upon us, and to stand over us, and to set Himself against us, and to seem to be the worst enemy we have —an enemy who springs upon us in the darkness, and makes our face to grow white with fear. If He puts out all His strength He could hurl us shrieking into the outer darkness from where we sit. But it is not meant for that. It is meant at last to bring us to understand Him, and to cling to Him, and to give up all duplicity, and all deceit, and all dissimulation, and all double-mindedness, both before God and men, all playing fast and loose with our own conscience, and with what we know to be right—to bring all that to an end, and with the arms of our faith round about Him, just to cling, and cling, and cling. Then we win. Then we have won against ourselves. Then also have we won with God. Jacob ceased to strive, and was broken with tears. Think of Jacob crying. Think of some before me today crying before God. My brother, when did you ever shed the tear before God? When did you ever shed the tear before God alone, simply because you are the wretched bundle of contradictions that you are?

When have we done it? When have we given to God these gracious drops and these gracious evidences that the fountains of the great deep at last are being broken up within us, that the old self is dying, and the new man is rising in his God-given power and beauty? Jacob weeping; Jacob clinging; Jacob pleading—he who before had been used to get at things in a far different fashion. Aye, that has to come too, and with some of us the very time of life to which we have come

makes it an awful problem, whether it is ever to arrive. Aye, it has got to be soon, or it will never be with some of us. You will not forever go on in this condition. You are not so balanced as you congratulate yourself that you are. You are far more biased in one way than the world and the devil and your own deceitful heart are allowing you to think. When is the end to come? The true secret of spiritual success lies in that name that was given him in place of the old one: Israel in place of Jacob. The true secret of all want of success in the building up of character, and in the building up of a truly prosperous life, lies in the name "Jacob," and in the foul, ugly composite behind the name. And, contrariwise, the secret of all freshness, beauty, virility, and power in Christian character and life lies in this new name, Israel—strong with God and strong with men.

And this honour have all God's Israel. This is the stamp upon us. This is the sine qua non. If we have not got this, then no wonder that we are the useless creatures we are. If we have got this, no wonder that the world looks upon us and scarcely knows what to call us—whether hypocrite or true man. Jacob is not perfect yet. On this side of eternity we shall never be perfect. There is a limp in him where there never was a limp before. The sons of men never saw Jacob limp. Jacob with a limp—that is a new thing in the world. That strong, supple, lithe man, Jacob, limping! Oh, my brother, may it be seen today and from today forward. I would like to meet you down the town with your head a little lower than usual. It would be a good sign—Jacob, with a bowed head, and with a softened look in his eye. That would look heavenly, believe me. It has not been there. That holy light has not been the light of your countenance in past years. It has been a mingled light, a strange, shifting light, about which one never can tell whether it is going to brighten or going to fade away into the dullness of utter worldliness, and selfishness, and unspirituality. May God grant that from today and forward the victory may come. May we go out of these doors with the false strength utterly beaten, with our eyes open, and with the chastened look upon our faces of men and women who have gone through something, and who have been severely handled. Less than that would not have been kind to us. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." That is Peniel set to music: "Lead me in the way everlasting."

We are sitting here and we are troubling ourselves about meeting somebody tomorrow, and about how we shall be able to meet tomorrow, and how we shall be able to cut and contrive against the morrow. Before tomorrow has come today has come, and God with it, and we have to meet Him. Let us meet God, and let us get our hearts and

our lives straightened and put right. Then we shall be able to meet all the morrows that are coming. God is with us, and this great honour may come to us today. We might go out of that door princes with God having power with Him and with our fellow-men. Oh, that we might break out today into the true dignity, and power, and privilege of spiritual manhood. You remember Wesley's hymn. It sums up all the application of it. He says:

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
  Whom still I hold, but cannot see:
My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day

"I need not tell Thee who I am;
  My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name—
  Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee—who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

"In vain Thou strugglest to get free—
  I never will unloose my hold!
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
  The secret of Thy love unfold:
  Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know!

"My prayer hath power with God: the grace
  Unspeakable I now receive,
Through faith I see Thee face to face;
  I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

"Lame as I am, I take the prey;
  Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
  And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

May God add His blessing to His Word! "When I am weak, then I am strong."

NAAMAN, THE SYRIAN

By REV. JOHN McNEILL

2 Kings v. 1-14.

Leprosy, of course is a type of sin. How much teaching is in the type, you and I scarcely know. When I had the honour to preach in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle on "The Cleansing of One of the New Testament Lepers," I said that I thought the sight of a leper would greatly tend to quicken and give practical meaning and force in our minds to all Bible teaching about the exceeding sinfulness of sin. I have since seen a returned foreign missionary who almost wanted just at that point to set me aside, and to stand up for five minutes himself and describe to the audience what leprosy really is, and the awful effect which the first acquaintance with it has upon English eyes and English hearts and understandings. I will not attempt to set it forth. I cannot. I have not seen it, neither have the bulk of us seen it; but let us understand that leprosy is one of the Bible's representations of the intense malignity and defilement of the mortal malady that has attacked you and me, namely, sin. Naaman, then, was a typical man, a man afflicted and covered with this typical disease; and we have to follow the turnings and windings of the narrative, which he made somewhat unecessarily protracted, in order to see how this typical sinner fares when he comes into contact with the Lord God Almighty, the only God of grace and salvation for a leprous sinner.

Notice how, in the very first verse, then, the Bible puts this doctrine of the depth of our need as represented in the disease of leprosy. Many people are stumbled at it. The vision of a leper is a sermon to every one who sees him, as to what sin is in its insidious, but mortal, and, but for one cure, incurable ravages upon the inner man, the soul within us. I am stating the doctrine roughly, harshly. I may so put it as to state it, as you think, in a somewhat unbalanced way. Do not blame the Bible. The Bible is wonderfully considerate. As it states the case of Naaman, so it is willing to state the case of every one here. It puts it, but see how softly it puts it: "Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria"—it admits that he was a captain—"was a great man"—the Bible admits that he was great—"and

honourable;"—the Bible admits that—"because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria"—quite a special man. The Bible admits that—"he was also a mighty man in valour;"—good general: perhaps the only general. The Bible admits that; but making all admissions, and taking in everything by the way, it does say, and it dares to say, and it insists upon saying—"but he was a leper." As it is put there. so I would like to put it here. You are amiable. I grant that you are amiable. You are not a drunkard, or a harlot, or a debauchee. I am willing to admit it; but at the bottom, the last analysis of all that you are, yields this, that you are a sinner: you are a leper. That is the last analysis. Taken into God's scales, tested in His crucible, weighed in His balances, here is the end, "but he was a leper." Amiable, but an amiable sinner; refined, a refined sinner; wealthy, a wealthy sinner; a peer of the realm, a sinner as regards your spiritual condition.

The Bible makes all allowances. It is not rude; it takes everything into consideration, but it will not speak false words. It will not say "Peace," when there is no peace. It will not give you a clean bill, and allow you to come into port, when you ought to be riding quarantine because there is infectious disease on board. The Bible will be honest with you: and while it makes all admissions, on certain grounds, as to what differentiates you from other people who are dishonourable and dishonest and every way broken down outwardly and visibly, it goes straight into the conscience and says, "After all, however, you may differ: you are a sinner. You are smitten with an incurable disease, which knows no remedy save one, the knowledge of which, and the experience of which, come not from earth, but straight and miraculously from heaven.

"And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife." Now, does it not look as if this was a roundabout road to the well? After all this about Naaman, and who Naaman was, and what was wrong with him, then in the second verse we are away off to the Syrians. What about them, and what about this little maid who waited on Naaman's wife? Ah, out of little seeds great oaks grow. Out of little events great events come. Great doors turn upon small hinges; and such a thing as this wonderful story of God's gracious dealing with poor Naaman turns upon that seemingly trivial incident, that a marrauding, thieving band of Syrians, when they crossed the borders and went into Israel, took away captive this little maid. They "builded better than they knew." I can imagine that the band of Syrians came back, and all their booty was a little maid. Oh, how their companions laughed at them! It seemed to have been a poor excursion, a great deal of toil and trouble and effort for very little,

when they came back with only this little girl. Perhaps they brought more, but I almost think that the narrative wishes to emphasize that that was about the size of the haul on that occasion. They fetched with them a little Hebrew maid. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" No wise man. Fools do it every day. Do not despise little folk. Do not despise the day of small things. What a great work this little maid did. She has found for herself a conspicuous place in the picture-gallery of God's Word. She shall be exhibited to all eternity. Were there not kings and queens and mighty men that burnt and blazed, and paraded for a little, and then went down to dusty death? Their name and their memorial have perished with them. But that little lass, a stranger in a strange land, away there in Syria, lives forever, here in the imperishable record of the Word of God.

"She waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy. And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." What a simple testimony she bore. Pardon me for, perhaps, beginning to spiritualize too suddenly, but it is the main part of our work here.

What interest there is in this old story! Just the interest which comes from the story in so far as it represents spiritual and eternal verities for ourselves tonight. Ought not preachers of the Gospel to be like this little lass, just knowing one thing, and knowing that one thing well enough to say it, and to say it boldly, and to say it again and again, to fill people's ears with it, and, although at first they may laugh, and at first they may scoff, and at first they may jeer, to keep saying it? "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." What a splendid preacher she was! She had all the qualifications of a first-rate, successful preacher. She had a message, and she spoke that message simply and directly, and she spoke it with great assurance. The world has always had a great many more philosophers than it knew what to do with. Do not be proud, my young fellow, and pull your moustache, and put a glass in your eye, and talk about "philosophy." It is about the windiest of nonsense, and it has filled the ears of intelligent people for far too long a time. Philosophy has had its innings, and scored very little. We might give a chance to the Gospel, might we not? Now, we ought to be all like this girl. She is really a type for all preachers and Sabbath-school teachers. She spoke what she knew. There was a ring of sincerity and conviction in what she said, and it told on her mistress. At any rate, it told on somebody who heard it; and that somebody went and told Naaman, and it so told upon him that he said, "There is something in it."

Now, the same thing is working in and through the Gospel yet. On the surface it seems to be a weak, foolish, despised and despicable thing—the word of a witless lassie against all the misery and blighting power of leprosy. But God has chosen the weak things, the base things, things that are despised, to do His work, to bring to naught things that are, to save souls, to give to Him eternal fame and honour.

Do we know this Gospel? Do we know the prophet that is in Israel —no longer Elisha, but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Prophet of prophets, the King and Lord and Head of them all, the Incarnation and Embodiment of all healing power and spiritual virtue? Then, if we know Him, let us not only know Him in our hearts, but let us simply and sincerely testify for Him, and He will spread our testimony on the wings of the wind, and make it tell as He did with this little girl, "One went in and told his lord." The king of Syria writes to the king of Israel. Crowns sometimes drop upon very unworthy heads. Both of these kings cut very sorry figures, do they not? The king of Syria was going to do it all, and he said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter to the king of Israel." "And Naaman departed and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment." How this poor girl's little simple gospel is being spoiled! Did she say a single word about kings, or about talents of silver, or about changes of raiment? Then see how they have corrupted the simplicity of her simple testimony. Does not the Gospel suffer in the same way still? Is it not being muddled, and meddled with, and interfered with to its detriment, just in the same way? Many people are coming, as they think, to spread it, when they are really hindering it. They are coming to help it on a bit, when they are really taking off both its feet and its wings, and turning it into no Gospel at all. I know nothing more difficult (I speak from the depths of my heart) than it is to stand today four-square to all the philosophical, scientific, intellectual, critical, social, political cross currents and winds that are blowing, and notwithstanding them all to speak the simple Gospel as you get it from the Lord Jesus Christ. Try it and prove its difficulty, and you will have more sympathy with those who are trying to do it than perhaps you have. It is not just so easy to speak as this little girl spoke as some of you are thinking. You cry for the whole Gospel, and the simple Gospel. Do not simply cry to us, but cry to the Lord Jesus Christ, for it will need all the baptism and anointing and indwelling of His own Spirit to keep us at the true, simple Gospel. There are a thousand things round about us that tend to spoil us and to spoil the simplicity of our testimony; and this old trouble is just here today still—the king of Syria saying, "I will send a letter to the king of Israel." Well, what did they make of it? He brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, "Now when this letter is come unto thee,

behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

There are some things that kings and councillors and parliaments cannot do. This is one of them. They are utterly at their wits' end, and God will not give this glory but in one way, and this blessing but along a particular line. One thing does come out of it clearly, and that is the emphasizing of the point with which I began. Leprosy evidently was regarded as incurable. "Consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me. Am I God, to kill and to make alive?" Oh, that we had the same notion today about sin! Oh, that men and women were revived to a simple and intense conviction of this: "Sin is incurable: there is no remedy except the heavenly, the supernatural!" Where is the wise man's wisdom? Where is all the power of kings and lords and princes and councillors to save a sinner? It is reduced to utter contempt.

"And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Does not that look a little like boasting at first? "Let him come to me." Yes, it is boasting, but it is boasting of the right kind. When a man boasts in God, "the humble hear thereof, and are glad." The meek hear of a testimony like his, and instead of being offended at it, and calling it vainglory, they glory in it; for Elisha is here lifting up, not himself, but the God who gave him all the power that he had. And here again is a great lesson for those of us who would really serve the deepest need of our generation. Let us not magnify ourselves, but let us magnify our office; let us magnify our message; let us magnify Him whom we preach to men. Let us challenge the world's need and the world's problem. Let us call upon men and women to come and look our way, and give us a trial. You ran here and ran there, and ran the otherwhere to get rid of your leprosy. Now, have you got soul peace, and power, and strength? Then, if not, will you come at length to us? "I magnify my office." In myself I am poor and weak and vile and nothing; but I stand here tonight and dare to say that I preach a Gospel which could send every sinner within these walls outside of the walls as mightily changed as was Naaman before Elisha had done with him. That makes it worth your while to come here. Oh, that God would revive preachers in a simple faith in the message which we have to deliver. "Let him come unto me," said Elisha—and it was

no boasting or vain glory. He dared not say less for God's sake and for Naaman's sake. He dared not say less than he said, neither dare we. Come to us. After all, things are at a very sad pass, I grant you. There is awful trouble in the land. There is an awful problem, and we cannot untie it; and the power of the State, and the power of the world's wisdom, and the power of the world's deepest sympathy, seems to make no more impression upon it than the king's advice and the king's sympathy made upon the sickness of his beloved general. But yet "there is balm in Gilead, and there is a physician there," and the problem is not so insoluble as we think it is, and the distress is not so dire; for there is one voice rising sharp and clear above all the Babel voices of a thousand counsellors who are darkening counsel by words without knowledge; and this is the voice: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." It is a message straight from Jesus Christ, who died and rose again. Oh, that it might be rung out! "Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

"So Naaman came with his horses"—it is a sarcastic book, this old Bible—"so Naaman came with his horses." They were not lepers, but he fetched them. "So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot." The Revised Version is more sarcastic. It says, "With his chariots; and stood at the door of the house of Elisha." Now, Elisha, you are on your trial. Now, Elisha, you never were in such a perilous place as you are now, after all that has been said about Israel and Israel's God. It is a trying time for you now. Very likely some young gentleman who has come in here this evening said, not out loud, but by his whole attitude, as he sat down in that pew, and as I came up into this pulpit—for wot ye not that such a man I can certainly divine?—"Now, preacher you may have been criticized a little before, but it was gentleness and mercy, compared with what you will have now, since I have come. I am none of your ordinary church-goers. I am"—and do you suppose you are? I am very glad to see you, dear friend, but less of your airs, if you please, and less criticism! Understand the situation. I am master of the situation, and the situation is this: there is no problem up here. The whole problem is down there. Will you at length open your eyes? Will you at last be humbled in your own eyes? Will you at last cease from criticising, cease from pulling yourself up all your inches, and strutting, and spreading, and accept the Gospel as a helpless leper, like you, should? Will you? I hope that is plain enough. If you will give me plainer English, I will hand it back to you, for as God is my witness, I do believe that if you have not been washed by the blood of Christ, Naaman, for loathsomeness, is but a poor picture of your condition in the sight of God.

No, Elisha was not on trial, and God was not on His trial; but Naa-

man was upon his, and he did not come through it very well at first. Elisha sent a messenger to him, saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Naaman was wroth, and went away;" and you remember what he said, "Behold, I thought he will surely come to me." "To me." "Granted that I am a leper, but I am not an ordinary leper. I am an extraordinary leper. I am a general. I am a prince. I am a captain. I am here with these jingling horses and chariots. May he deal thus with me?" Have you never heard or witnessed that rage? Is it not in your veins at this moment? Are you not sorry that you came in? Sit still. You may be sorry before you go out. After all, the worst kind of Gospel hearer is that one who comes and goes, and comes and goes, and you never find him either sad, or glad, or mad—never. There they are, like a ditch without fall or flood—like the Mediterranean, without ebb or flow—at the one fall-less and floodless, contemptible level. I like to see men mad. When a man like Naaman is being led along a line like this—when he is taken so far away out of his own orbit or so far off the beaten track, so completely away from what he expects, when the Lord's message through Elisha falls upon him at an angle of incidence so unexpected—I can quite understand him. I do not suppose that the Lord was angry, and I do not suppose that Elisha was angry. They thoroughly understood it. They knew exactly what the effect would be. When men are wakened up from a deep sleep, and wakened up in a hurry because there is something urgent and imminent, they often wake up cross—they often wake up angry. I suppose that if I were to come to you tomorrow morning, with all your amiability and your sweetness and your gentleness—and I do not despise it—and seized you by the hand, and put my hand on your shoulder and shook you rudely and woke you up, when you arose you would not have all your "Polite Letter Writer" phrases just ready at the time. You would be likely to be a little indignant, and you would be likely to think that I was very inconsiderate; but if in the midst of all your ruffledness and all your anger I showed you that I had just cause for what I had done, and that there was a fire, and that the fire was not in the next street or even in the next house, but was in your own house, I think when you got to know that, you would thank me, and you would say that if I had been polite, and had stood upon ceremony, I should not have been your friend. So with the Gospel preachers, so with Elisha. Poor Naaman was far gone, and what, and what he needed was quick medicine: what he needed was something which went straight to the point. I grant there was seeming rudeness in the wording; I grant there was imperiousness and imperial—never forget that. The Gospel does beseech, but in it all and through it all the Gospel is a command, and you disobey

it at peril of eternal damnation—let every soul of us know it before we go out. The Gospel is a command. Believe: repent. Go wash, and go as quickly as you can for your own sake. That is the Gospel —a command; and it is in your interest, oh sinner, that the Gospel is on the surface as seemingly rude and inconsiderate and urgent as it is.

Naaman was wroth, and said, "I thought:" that is what is wrong with some of us here until this hour. Why are you not as happy and rejoicing a Christian as there is in all America. I will tell you why in a word. You are just troubled with the same disease that troubled Naaman inwardly. Leprosy was his trouble outwardly, and the leprosy of pride was his trouble inwardly. He needed to be humbled before he could be healed. Now, your pride is very likely intellectual pride, intellectual vanity, intellectual conceit. I speak to men and women here who have read a little. If you had read more you would be very fine material for preaching the Gospel to, but you have read a little, just a little. You have got the names of Huxley and Spencer and Darwin on your tongues, and you could not very likely tell for the life of you what Huxley and Spencer and Darwin had particularly said; but you have got a hold of the names on your tongues, and you juggle, juggle, juggle away with these words and names, and you want to impress and overawe the poor preacher with a sense of your opinion, and "I think so and so," and you say, "When I go to hear a sermon, I think, and I wish, and I like," and when you do not get what you like, the preacher gets your ugliest verdict. Now, my dear friend, come away from that, if you please. We are met here for far more serious work. You are a poor hopeless, helpless, condemned sinner; until you receive this Gospel in childlike simplicity you cannot be saved; you are neither fit to live nor fit to die, and you have both to do, so come down off your horse of pride and headiness and high-mindedness and self-conceit, and sit there as quietly and humbly as though you had never read a book. Forget your wisdom and forget your knowledge, and remember that in all past ages, and even in this nineteenth century, thanks to God, wise men and learned who have forgotten more about literature and science and philosophy than you ever learnt, have with all their knowledge, contrived to be as simple, genuine, evangelical believers in the blood of the Lamb as any that ever lived. You "thought." Thank you for nothing. What did you think? Let us hear it. Well, here it is, "I thought that he would surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and wave his hand over the place, and recover me of the leprosy." That is "I thought that he was a trickster and a juggler, and that he would come and say, 'Hey! Presto! Pass!' and the thing would be done." Yes, is not that about the length and breadth and depth and height, my friend, of your notions of what genuine religion is? The thoughts

of people in Naaman's condition—oh, they are worth little! Naaman spoke out his thought, and there it is. That is what he thought. When salvation comes to us, it comes when we get rid of our own thought, or we hold in our own thought, whatever it may be, and we choke it down, and we allow God to speak; for God's thoughts are what we need to know; and God says in this business, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are My ways your ways, for as the heaven is high above the earth, so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts, and My ways than your ways. Oh, hush, be still, and know that God is here—that God is speaking, and that you ought to bow the head and keep silence and believe!

"Are not Abana and Pharpar—?" Oh, yes! With what contempt men sometimes speak of the Gospel until they have tried it.

> "What's Yarrow but a river bare,
> That rolls the dark hills under;
> There are a thousand streams elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder."

Naaman dear, if Abana and Pharpar were wotchers that could have cleansed you, why did you not go to them? Why did you come here at all? That was a witless speech, surely! And have not some of us spoken in the same rude and contemptuous way about what we call old, narrow-minded, bigoted, Puritanical doctrines, until we have tried them? But when the day came when our sins were fastening upon us, and the sorrows of death compassed us, and the pains of hell got hold upon us, and we found trouble and sorrow, then we changed our tune. When we were heart-whole and we were well, when no spiritual pains had fastened upon us, we could speak contemptuously of the old Gospel, and call it a "doctrine of the shambles," this salvation by blood; but when we stand naked and shivering and ready to perish, then this old Gospel of the Cross—the Gospel of salvation through the doing and dying of Another—is to us like a peal of heaven's own music. Do not talk against the Gospel, my friend. You are only showing your want of heart or the depth of your ignorance.

"And his servants came near, and spoke, and said, If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he said, Wash, and be clean?" "Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan"— verbatim et literatim according to the saying of the man of God. He had to humble himself to obey the Gospel. And you and I must do the same. We do not give up intellectuality, we do not give up the powers of the mind. We simply crucify their pride; that is all.

"And his flesh came unto him like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." This is the Gospel. Will you try it? Now, after

all that we have said tonight, and after all the comings and goings between some of us here and religion, and the preachers of Christ's religion, will you do, my friend, what you never did before? Will you humble yourself simply to believe? The Gospel will never prove its power in anybody as long as he criticizes, and as long as he questions. The Gospel is for believing; the Gospel is for receiving. "Oh, taste and see that God is good: blessed is the man who trusted in Him." At last Naaman is a sadder and a wiser man. He is kindly spoken to by his servant. Naaman had his good points about him. But after all, you see, there was the leprosy. There was no arguing against that. There was this sentence of death eating into him. So with you, man, you are dying while you are criticizing; hell opens its mouth to receive you while you are quibbling and wanting another gospel to suit you. Do not forget that. It does not become beggars to be choosers; and you are an absolute beggar at heaven's gate—an absolute dependant upon God's bounty; and when it is offered to you, it ill becomes you to adopt the sneer or the angry tone which you do adopt. Let us cease tonight from all such superfluity of haughtiness, and in simplicity, like the poor dying lepers that we are, let us receive salvation through Jesus Christ, through His atonement.

That dark, muddy Jordan was not a nice stream. It was really a very poor river from an artistic point of view; but it was in Israel, it was an Israelitish river; and away to it Naaman must go, great man and all as he was. And he went. He swallowed down his pride. He very likely said to himself, "Well, that servant of mine is true; he is right; I am a leper, and of course I am dying, and after all, I may as well try it. It would be a pity to come all this distance, with all these jingling horses and chariots, and go home, and admit that I had come on a fool's errand; and maybe there is something in it." And he went down. "He stooped to conquer, and he conquered by stooping;" he gave in to God, and he won. For a time he seemed no better, only much wetter. But, dipping seven times, when he came up the seventh time he had left his leprosy in the last plunge. The flesh came to him as with that leper in the New Testament to whom Christ said, "Be thou made clean, and immediately he was made whole." As the poet says:

> "And his dry palms grew moist,
> And the blood coursed with delicious coolness through his veins;
> And on his brow the dewy softness of an infant stole,
> His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down—
> At Jesus' feet and worshipped Him."

That is the Gospel for lepers, Old Testament or New.

I am sorry, in one way, that my time is up; but I do trust that, although our time is up, we have had sufficient time to come near to the

cleansing fountain, and that all of us here, ere we go hence, are, in absolute abject simplicity, plunging into it.

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Not long ago that hymn was severely objected to, and scornfully criticized. It was said that this was a religion of gore and of the shambles, unfit for ears intellectual and polite. Still, let me preach it. If it angers you at first, that may be just the road to your salvation.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

I trust I have read a book or two. I hope I know a little about philosophy. I trust I know a little about science. I went for eight winters to a college and a divinity hall, and I was lectured and taught by the most cultured and eminent men of the day. But if tomorrow I am upon my deathbed, and I will tell you before you come what you may say. Do not mention this nineteenth century; do not mention these new gospels, which are no gospels. If you have no word, and if you have no text, that old hymn that I have quoted will do, and especially the verse that I am going to quote now:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

Ah, my lad, you may despise this old Gospel, but your mother died rejoicing in it. So did your father; and if you are ever to see them and meet with them; if you are ever to sit down with the truly refined people, you must be washed in the blood of the Lamb. May the Lord, the Spirit, graciously plead His own cause, and ere we go hence, may all of us come to the simplicity of faith in Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification!

THE ATONEMENT

By REV. WILLIAM E. BIEDERWOLF, D. D.

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"Once in the end of the age hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Hebrew 9:26.

I'm going to talk to you tonight about the atonement of Jesus Christ the central doctrine of the Christian faith, the temple of God's religion whose foundation is laid in the eternal purpose of the Father and whose pinnacle flashes in the light of uncreated glory.

The latest attempt to discredit the Christian faith and to explode the whole system of Christian doctrine has just been made in Germany. They can hatch out more deviltry along this line over there than in most all the rest of the civilized world together. This time one of them starts out to prove that no such person as Jesus ever existed. Well, it takes a pretty brave man to fly in the face of what we know like that. But it only goes to show that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." He might as well try to argue the sun out of the sky.

A historian is mighty careful to tell the truth; that's his business. Tacitus lived right after Christ, and a long paragraph passage he tells about Him and says He was put to death by a decree of Pontius Pilate. The infidels and atheists and godless unbelievers of later time worked their gray matter into brain storms trying to prove this celebrated passage unauthentic. But Edward Gibbon, one of their own number, the great scholar of the Roman empire, said, "Boys, it's no use; the passage stands every test; it's as genuine as any passage ever penned."

Publius Lentulus in a letter to the Roman Senate describes Jesus as "a man of stature somewhat tall, his hair, the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; his forehead plain and very delicate; his beard thick; in color like his hair, his eyes, gray, quick and clear."

Two thousand years ago they led this man out to die. His death warrant was found by the French Army, written on brass plate and

signed by John Zorobabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Roboni and Capet.

This is the man of whom the text says, "Once in the end He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifices of Himself." That sentence at once surrounds the death of Christ with a peculiar and distinctive significance.

Other men have laid down their lives for the truth; other men have been stoned and beaten and crucified by the Godless gang, but never has been said and never could be said of any other that he put away sin by the death he died.

Paul says, that He Who knew no sin was made to be sin, or as the original puts it—made to be a sin offering—an offering for sin—in our behalf.

The death of Christ has some relation to sin such as no other death ever had.

A fellow told John Newton he couldn't see the atonement in the Scriptures and Newton told him he didn't want to see it. Some birds shut their eyes whenever the light shines, and some men are just like them.

> "The owlet, atheism
> Sailing on obscene wings across the noon
> Drops his blue fringed lids and shuts them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, 'Where is it?' "

Now it's mighty important that you be right on this subject; if you are not it means to be lost forever. I don't mean to say that any human being can fully grasp it, but if you'll lift your eyelids of prejudice and false teaching, you'll see enough light to bring you into right relations with God through the cross where Christ put away your sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

What Atonement Means.

Now what do we mean by the atonement?

What does atonement mean? It's a very ancient word, and means "at-one-ment;" it means the reconciliation of those who have been separated. So Shakespeare in "Richard III" makes Buckingham say to the Queen:

"Aye, madam; he desires to make atonement between the Duke of Gloster and your brother."

And so the atonement of Jesus Christ was God's plan to bring about a reconciliation between Himself and the sinners of the world. You've got to begin with sin. Make light of that and the cross comes a tragedy, and the word of God from Genesis to Revelation a mess of meaningless jargon.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Man is incapable of sin"—Yes she does; she says it on page 471 of the 164th edition. But John says, "If we say we have not sinned we make God a liar." And so, of course, Christian Science is without an atonement.

When man denies the Atonement do you know what he does? He does four things.

Men Why Deny Atonement.

1. He flies in the face of the written word of Almighty God. From Genesis to Revelation, the Atonement runs through like the scarlet thread through all the cordage of the British navy. Take the Atonement out of the Blessed Book, and as a resolution of the problem of life it's of no more value than a last year's almanac.

2. He denies the testimony of the world's history. You try to write the history and leave out Jesus Christ as the atoning son of God and see where you come out. Hume tried to and so did Gibbon, and they couldn't account for the world's mighty strides of civilization.

3. He controverts the testimony of the universal instinct of the human soul. Expiation through vicarious sacrifice runs like a golden cord through all history, all poetry, all prose and song; you can see it in Thor's hammer, in Brahma's wounded foot, in the cry of Promethus bound, and everywhere.

4. He flies in the face of all reason and sense.

Now let me say this, I know the infidel arguments that are put up against the doctrine of the atonement. I've read them all, and I have yet to find the first argument of common sense and reason.

I say, Mr. Infidel, what are your objection to the atonement?

Atonement Necessary.

1. "Well," he says, "it wasn't necessary. What's the need of Christ suffering? If God is love and full of goodness, why can't a man just confess his wrong and be forgiven, just as an earthly father forgives his child without demanding satisfaction as the payment of a penalty?"

"God," he says, "ought to be as merciful as man." Well, you talk nonsense when you talk like that.

Now, listen to me. Some of the great Christian writers on the Atonement hesitate to say that God couldn't have decided another way to save us. I don't. God says it was necessary for Jesus to die and that settles it for me. "Christ must needs have suffered," the Bible says; and I don't believe God would ever have allowed Him to suffer so, I don't believe He ever would have let the Godless gang spit in

His face and the howling mob smite Him; He never would have allowed His blessed Son to stagger along Via Dolorosa underneath the weight of the mighty cross they tied upon His bleeding back fresh from the scouring of the Roman Governor until tired and exhausted he stumbled and fell, and they cursed Him and smote Him and cried, "Ha, ha," and when they came to the place where they hurried Him down on the cross and I can see the spikes as they go into the flesh, one into His right hand and another into His left, and a third through both His feet and I don t believe God would ever have let them do it if He could have saved the world by a method less costly. It was necessary.

Why can't God forgive like an earthly parent? For three reasons:

1. If He were nothing more than a father, He's got a mighty big family and He must deal with each member of it in a way to protect them all.

2. He's more than a Father. He's a moral governor and He's got to have concern for the rectitude of His government. The interest of the universe is at stake.

Suppose you set up an earthly court on that principle and all hell would turn loose on the state.

3. God is a righteous and a holy being as well as a loving one. And He's got to act in harmony with ALL the essential attributes of His divine character. And the Atonement instead of belittling the mercy of God magnifies it, because what in His righteousness and justice He exacts, in His fatherly love He provides. You've got to keep the whole character of God in mind in dealing with these questions.

2. "Well," but says the old infidel again, "I can't see how the suffering of Christ can expiate guilty man's sin, so God can let him go free. I don't believe in substitution."

Yes, you may say you don't believe in it, and yet it don't offend your sense of justice very much when you see it take place in human affairs. I might tell you it's God's business and not yours, but I won't.

Now, listen to me, and I'll help you to see if you've got anything to see it with. But don't flaunt your little persimmon intellect in the face of God, because there are divine depths that human plummets can not sound.

When a rebellious sinner shakes his puny fist in the face of God and goes about in his sin, smashing the divine law right and left, he brings God up against a serious problem. God could annihilate you in a second if He wanted to but He doesn't. He loves you. And so

love searched the depths of infinite wisdom for some plan by which four things could come to pass.

First. That the guilty sinner might be spared.

Second. That he might have his heart broken and become good.

Third. That the principle of justice in God's essential nature should be honored.

Fourth. That His holy law should be vindicated and His moral government honored and upheld. This plan love found in the Atonement, and up in the skies, God the Father, and God the Son, talked it over, and God said, "Oh, Christ, will you help me do it? It's going to mean an awful thing for you, will you come and help me save them?" And Jesus said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, Oh God," and in that mystery of mysteries, the Incarnation, the Son of God became man, and in both His human nature and divine He went up to Calvary's cross and gave His life a ransom for us all.

Oh, you say Jesus couldn't have suffered a penalty equal to what was due for all our sins. No, of course He couldn't, and no one ever said He did. It was not a commercial transaction; it was a moral satisfaction, and His divine nature gave a costliness to His sacrifice and a value to it when accomplished which it pleased God to accept as in eternal harmony with the demands of the situation. And you have the audacity to sit down there and say that God didn't know as much about what was right and consistent with the moral order of the universe as you do.

Now notice one other thing.

God so honored the moral law of His government that He couldn't let Jesus Christ come into humanity without sharing the consequences of humanity's sins.

And Christ not only came into humanity and into all that sin had brought upon it, but He identified Himself with it and both in His life and in His death, He called humanity into such a union with Him as made Him the real representative and federal head of His people. Humanity became identified with Him. And we hear Paul saying, even while he marvels at the wonders of atoning grace, "If one died for all, then all died." The atonement throbs with reason if you've got a mind to see it. An infidel, the other day, flaunting his judgment in defiance to God's plan said, "I don't believe in your slaughterhouse religion." Well, I tell you now, if you are ever saved and kept out of hell, it's going to be by this very same plan which came out of God's superior judgment and out of His great heart of love and upon which you pour contempt. There's no other way. If you are ever redeemed it won't be by corruptive things such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ. "When Jesus died on Calvary, He

made it possible for you to come and be saved. And I should think instead of stabbing the Son of God with your heartless sneers, it would break your heart and bring you to the foot of the cross in tears.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

It ought to break your heart, and this is the other great glory of God's marvelous plan. Wherever it is heard it touches the heart and makes men good as no other thing could do. You talk about punishment being reformatory. It usually leaves a man worse than he was before. You can pound some men to death and never reform them. But there's a better way.

A Better Plan.

Have you ever heard of Bronson Alcott, the Concord philosopher, who maintained the discipline of his school by suffering punishment himself for his disobedient pupils? It worked every time. It touched the boy's heart and made him good.

I read one time the story of Kazainak, the robber chieftain, of Greenland. He came to a hut where a missionary was translating the Gospel of John. He wanted to know what he was doing, and the missionary told him he was making letters and that with letters words were made, and by the use of these words the book before him could speak. Kazainak thought that was very wonderful and asked that the book might speak to him. The missionary read the story of Christ's sufferings and His death on the cross and immediately the robber chieftain said, "What has this man done? Has He robbed anybody? Has He murdered anybody?" "No," was the reply, "He has robbed no one, murdered no one, He has done nothing wrong." "Then why does He die?" "Listen," said the missionary and then he told him the story of the cross, the story of the Atonement and the meaing of the sufferings of Jesus, and when he had finished, the robber, whose hands were stained with his brother's blood, wept like a child.

A Touching Appeal.

Men and women, it is the salvation that I preach to you. Without it you are lost.

Don't say because Christ died for all, therefore, all will be saved whether you repent and believe or not. Suppose this congregation was full of sick people and I offered a remedy to every one who was able to walk down this aisle to get it, and if you were one of them,

and didn't have enough faith in my word, and no gratitude in your heart to come, you could lie back there and rot in your disease before you would be saved.

Jesus paid the price for everybody, but God says if you don't repent and believe and accept Him, you'll be damned and that's all there is to it. The atonement is sufficient for every one, and it is offered to every one. But just because Christ made atonement for you, don't think you can live like the devil and sin as much as you please, and then walk up and demand the benefits of the Atonement as your rights, and expect intelligent people to have any respect for you.

I read of a man who had a dream that if he did enough good deeds every deed would be a rung in a ladder by which he could climb up into heaven. Every time he did a good deed, when he gave anything to the preacher's salary; when he went to church; when he gave a coin to a beggar; every time he added a rung to the ladder. Bye and bye he had only two more rungs to fill out before heaven's gates would swing open, and when at last he was ready to enter, the gate rolled back and Jesus looked out upon him, and shook His finger at him and said, "I am the door; he that enthered not by the door, but cometh up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

Climb up by your morality if you think you can do it; you're a thief and a robber! If you'd begin today and be absolutely perfect the rest of your life, you might have a right to enter in, if your past record wasn't there to appear against you.

Some people preach what they call the moral influence theory of the Atonmenet. They find the dull meaning of the Atonement in the beautiful example Christ gave as an inspiration to holiness and character building. But is that enough? If that is all, then both God and the Son of God would be guilty of mocking our infirmity for there isn't an earnest man in the world, not even the best Christian that lives who doesn't kneel down by the side of his bed after each day of effort to imitate Christ, and say, "Have mercy upon me, Oh God, for I have this day come short of the glory of God." No sir, your morality alone will never do, and nothing else will ever do except Faith in what Jesus Christ has done for you, and then a life that's on the square with God and man.

You can climb up by your morality, your culture and your respectability and all you've got on God's earth, but you're a thief and a robber if you turn away from Christ and expect to climb into heaven without Him.

Christ wants to save you and has done the best He can do, but you are like the young man whose Godless dissipation and sin had broken his mother's heart and sent her to the grave. The first night

after the funeral, you know what an awful night it is, after the hearse has backed up and the coffin has been carried away and you sit dumb with grief in the old home from which all the light seems to have gone out. You feel as though you would die. That night the old father sat broken-hearted by the fireside and his dissipated Godless son came down stairs and picked up his hat.

The father said, "Where are you going?"

"I am going down town."

"Oh, my boy," he said, "don't go; this is the first night mother has been out of the house and I am so lonesome; sit there where mother used to sit and stay with me tonight."

But he said, "No, I've got an engagement," and as the old man plead with him, he said, "Step aside, for I am going out," and the old man threw himself on the floor before the door and said, "My son, if you pass out of this house tonight you will have to go over my body to do it."

And with a curse the boy trampled his father's body beneath his feet, opened the door and went out into another night of sin.

And so I say to you tonight, if you go to hell, you will have to go over every prayer that has been offered for you, over every tear that's ever been shed for you, over every sermon you've ever heard, over your mother's grave and over your baby's coffin, some of you, and more than all this you'll have to go over the body of the crucified Christ who throws himself before the door of hell and begs you to stay back.

ADDRESS

By SHERWOOD EDDY, D. D.

We are facing today a new and unparalleled situation in Asia, a vast awakening that is affecting that entire continent. Japan has advanced in constitutional government. Korea is being reconstructed, China has become a constitutional republic, the unrest in India has entered upon a new phase, and the Balkan War will in time open up Turkey and the Near East to Christian effort.

Even India, the hardest of the great mission fields, is slowly but surely becoming Christian. In the census that the government takes in a single night, between sunset and sunrise, of over 300,000,000 people during the last ten years while the Buddhists have gained, without converts, 11 per cent. by natural increase, and the Mohammedans 6 per cent., the Hindus 4 per cent., and while the Jaines have lost 9 per cent., native Christians have gained 48 per cent., and are gaining at the rate of about 50 per cent. a decade—seven times as fast as the population; twelve times as fast as the Hindus. Even at the slow rate of increase India would be a Christian country in 150 years, which would be faster than the Roman Empire was converted. But the rate of increase is itself gaining, and when caste begins to give way there will be a great ingathering. Night after night across that great country, for two months, the student audiences of Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees and others averaged a thousand a night. India is awakening, but what shall we say of China?

While the audiences in India averaged a thousand a night, those in China averaged two thousand a night all across that great republic, in fourteen cities. There in Peking, the capital, where Sir Robert Hart remembers in his own life time seeing men drowned in the main streets during the rainy season in the deep pools of mud and water in that filthy city of old China, recently we were going in a taxi-cab from college to college, opened by favor of the government, which threw open the doors of all the government colleges in that city. There, where two years ago I went to see the High Altar of Heaven, where the Emperor for thousands of years has worshipped once a year, this year I found the Y. M. C. A. leaders of the Bible class groups holding their prayer meeting on the Altar of Heaven, and the Cabinet sending out a call to prayer for China.

In Paotingfu, the next city, where a decade ago my friend, Horace Pitkin, laid down his life, I went to stand beside that white stone that marks his grave. Pitkin had never lived to learn the language; he had never lived to win a convert; and there as he sat by his Chinese friends he sent that well-known message to his sick wife in America, and his little boy: "Tell her that God was with me at the last; that His peace was my consolation. Tell her to send our boy Horace to Yale, and tell my son twenty-five years from now to come out and take up my work in China, for China will yet believe." I saw where the mob broke through the gate, where he fell wounded trying to defend the women; where they cut off his head; where they hung it as a trophy on that city gate. But this year, going through that arch again, it seemed a triumphal arch. Out at the memorial temple given us for a Christian meeting, there was a great gathering of college students and missionaries, estimated at three thousand, and five hundred more were turned away by the police who could not get in even for standing room. There, where a decade ago they killed my friend, I saw three hundred of them rising as enquirers, and ninety of them, warned that it might mean persecution, rose as saying "We will be baptized and join the Church of Jesus Christ, come what may, in the face of any persecution." Such is the change of a decade!

There in Foochow, the last city visited, I stood again by eleven martyrs' graves with their white stones. The audiences in China had averaged two thousand a night, but in the last two cities it rose to five thousand a day. The hall in Foochow held but two thousand. In an overflow meeting outside two thousand more were standing, waiting to get in until the first two thousand would leave by the back door. And so we went on with five thousand hearers a day for six days. The Parliament adjourned and asked for a meeting. The Board of Trade attended one meeting in a body. The presidents of the thirteen government colleges, and the director of education, who had invited us to the city and arranged to have the meetings, closed the colleges in the afternoon so that the government students could attend; postponed the government examinations for a week in order to co-operate with us, and at a dinner which they gave us asked how we could help their students morally, saying that the old restraints were breaking down, and we must do something to help save China today.

And there at Foochow, as two thousand inquirers rose in those days, promising to read the four Gospels, to pray to God for guidance, to follow Christ according to their conscience, we began to see the opportunity that is facing us in those cities of China; that great republic that can be won now if we press the advantage, but if lost today will take generations, if not centuries, to win in the future.

Let us turn to Yunnan on the borders of Burmah. We had two

students go over there during the revolution. After the revolution they went in to the governor and said, "We haven't done anything. While we have changed the government we have not changed the hearts of the people." The governor said, "But what am I to do?" They said to him, "At least you can organize a Y. M. C. A." "Well," he said, "I will help you in that." There was a temple in the city which the priests had deserted. He had it cleared out. He had the idols ground into powder and made into brick. The citizens were called together, and the Association was opened in the presence of a great assembly. The next day the people came back to hear the preaching. These two young boys did the best they could. Day after day the people crowded us. They were soon preached out, and they called the missionaries in to help them handle the crowds.

Away over in Chentu, where Service, the Association Secretary, is working alone, over near the border of Thibet, Brockman had word from Service the other day that the governor had dropped in to have breakfast with him. He said something like this to him: "You ought to have a site for a Young Men's Christian Association building. They have a great building at Shanghai, and they are putting up a building in Peking. Why should not we have a building in Chentu?" He pointed out to Service one of the most handsomest sites in the city of Chentu, as the home for the Young Men's Christian Association, and Service found he had not only land enough to put up a building, and then to double its size, and then to double that, but also space left for tennis courts in addition. If he had tried five years ago to buy that for $1,000,000 I do not suppose he could have gotten it. No Christian institution would have been allowed to build there at any price. But the governor did not stop there. He said: "Now you have a Christian magazine that is being published in Shanghai. Here is $3,000 which I will give you toward the first year's expenses, and I have another friend who will probably give you as much. Let us have a Christian magazine for zechuen. The Provincial Assembly will make a grant of $50,000 toward the erection of a building if America will give a like sum.

The students, the officials, the business men of China are ready to meet us, ready to endorse our work, to give us land, and help build buildings, if we meet them half way. All that we ask is a group of men and backing to capture that empire for Jesus Christ.

The unprecedented opportunity abroad constitutes a call for money. In the providence of God a few workers at the front are not allowed the entire blessing of winning the world in the pouring out of sacrifice and life. Only as the whole Church co-operates can this work be done. God has made the workers at the front dependent upon those at home for support by finances and by prayer. How many of us have thought-

fully and prayerfully faced the question of our stewardship? "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." The new era in world missions is above all a call to prayer. "When the Church sets itself to pray with the same seriousness and strength of purpose that it has devoted to other forms of Christian effort, it will see the kingdom of God come with power." Our work is supernatural or it is nothing. Our work is humanly impossible if we cannot wield supernatural forces. Though humanly impossible, in the light of God's promises, in the power of His presence, and in the perspective of past achievements and present progress, it is gloriously impossible. It is our duty to make the past a success: the price already paid, the lives laid down, the noble sacrifices that have been made, the martyrs that have died, and the triumphs already won by the great army of 24,000 missionaries and 112,000 native workers at the front challenge us to a greater advance than in any previous period. The Church is facing today the need of more than half the human race. No pen can describe it, no heart can grasp or fathom that great ocean of need; no imagination can picture it, no tongue can tell it. There is a continent of need embracing nations newly awakened, which can be molded today. And here are we, young, strong, and free to give our lives, our gifts, our prayer, all that we have and are, to the greatest cause in the world. We have what they need; can we withhold it?

ADDRESS

By WILLIAM A. SUNDAY, D. D.

The text was taken from the sixteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Matthew.

The speaker took occasion to call to task the churches which cling to ritualism, formalism and convention. He also commended the speakers who are to be heard the remainder of the week. "Take it from me, and hear Dr. Campbell Morgan. If I could hear him four times I would have a new sermon," he said.

In his sermon, Rev. Mr. Sunday, in part said:

The world is beginning to realize that religion does not consist in doing a lot of special things, even if branded as religious. But religion consists in doing all things in a special way, as God has commanded.

Whenever the church makes its observances and forms the end, instead of the means to the end, the world will turn its back on the church!

Praying is not an act of devotion! Reading the Bible is not an act of devotion! Going to church and partaking of the communion is not an act of devotion! The actual religion lies not in the prayer, nor the Bible reading, nor the conventions, nor the communion, or the church attendance, nor the baptism, but in the quality of life which these observances create!

Sometimes a so-called religious observance may become a natural hindrance to religion itself!

There are thousands who forget religion and allow the forms of religion to take the place of religion! And the forms must be destroyed before religion will perfume your life!

We are substituting religiousness for righteousness! Our danger is not in the boiling over of the religious caldron, but the danger is the fire will be drawn and the boiling cease altogether!

God alone can save the world; but God can save the world!

There was a time when people were interested intensely in fine-spun theological theories. You could announce a debate on the forms of baptism and pack any house. The popular preacher was the best theological debater. That day is past. A debate on baptism, pre-des-

tination or sanctification would not draw a corporal's guard! The average man has not lost interest in the vital truths connected with these topics, but he has lost interest in the type of religion that expends its energy in argument and word-battles and splitting theological hairs over nonessentials.

Religion should relate to life and conduct as well as theory! The world is not hungry for a religion of social service without Christ!

I will go with you in all your social service—in your sociology—in your doctrine of eugenics—and in any and all movements for the good and uplift of humanity, provided you give Jesus Christ His rightful place in all of these! But when you drop Jesus Christ, you and I part company!

The church is the only institution divinely authorized to feed the spiritual hunger for Him.

You will notice that Jesus did not feed the multitude. He created the food and asked his disciples to distribute it. Jesus was the Creator —not the waiter—at this banquet! Jesus created salvation in His death on the cross. That is the food that will feed the spiritual hunger of the world! But the task of distributing it is in the hands of His human followers.

It is as though Milton had suddenly become tired writing "Paradise Lost" and said: "My hand is weary; my brain is tired; you take the pen and finish it!" or that Shakespeare had stopped writing "King Lear" and said: "You take the pen and finish it!"

Jesus of Nazareth provided salvation, and he handed over to us the task of telling the world!

There are many institutions which enter into competition with the church in preaching certain phases of religion, but not in preaching religion itself. Our "associated charities" preach charity sometimes with stronger emphasis than the church. Some organizations talk about justice and square dealing with more vehemence than the church. Some individuals thunder against graft and vice more than the pulpit. Many institutions and organizations preach one or more phases of religion. But it is to the church that humanity must ever turn for the last word in the problems of human life and the salvation of their soul and their eternal destiny.

People are dissatisfied with philosophy and science and new thought as panaceas for their heartaches!

It does not amount to anything, when you have a dead child in your house, to come with these new-fangled theories. It does not solace the troubles and woes of the world. The only comfort you can find is in the gospel!

Christianity is the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world. Let your scientific consolation enter a room where the mother has lost her child. Try your doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Tell her that her child died because it was not worth as much as the other one!

Go to that dying man. Tell him to pluck up courage for the future. Use your transcendental phraseology upon him. Tell him he ought to be confident in the great-to-be, the everlasting-now and the eternal what-is-it and where-is-it!

Go to that widowed soul. Tell her it was a geological necessity that her husband died, just as in the course of evolution it was necessary that the megatherium had to pass out of existence!

Go on in your scientific consolation until you reach the sublime height where 50,000,000 years have come around, and you will be scientific specimens on a geological shelf—petrified evidence of an extinct race!

And when you have gotten through with your scientific, philosophical, psychological, eugenic, social service, evolution, protoplasm and fortuitous concurrence of atoms, if she is not crazed by it, I will go to her and, after one-half hour of prayer and the reading of the Scripture promises, the tears will be wiped away and the house from cellar to garret will be filled with calmness like a California sunset!

There is where I see the triumphs of Christianity! They want God! They want Jesus! But they don't want your nonsense!

Is the church drawing the hungry world to its tables? There is no blinking nor dodging the fact that in drawing the masses to its doors the church is facing a crisis! That there is a breach between the masses there is no doubt. You take a walk down Fifth Avenue, New York. In the districts of wealth and refinement the church spires are a-plenty. But you walk eastward toward the river, they grow less and less. As the population becomes more dense and poor, the church buildings grow less; and the downtown church is a passing proposition. Gradually the older members remove to the suburbs, and with the withdrawal of financial support the support of the downtown church becomes more and more difficult. In board and trustee meetings of such churches you hear talk like this: "Cut your clothes to fit your cloth—cut down expenses to tally with receipts."

Great God! Is this a cause and a time for retrenchment or advancement? Does a wise general reduce his force in the presence of the enemy?

The fact is that in almost every densely populated section of great American cities church buildings have been sold for enormous prices

for commercial purposes, and the money thus gained is taken to the suburbs and used to build gorgeous religious clubhouses for the privileged few! And they think they have discharged their responsibilities to the masses left behind when they go down once a year and squirt a little rose water over the festering masses of humanity that they find there!

Need the world turn to other tables than those of the church?

I answer: "They need not go away; give ye them to eat." The church has the power to feed this hungry world! It can feed the hungry world by doing what Jesus did when He fed the 5000—by a wise use of what it has on hand, with the blessing and the power of God upon it!

What has the church on hand? The answer is, it has two things:

A set of principles which, if put into practical life of the individual, society and business, will solve every difficulty and every problem of individual, family, social, city, state or national life! It has truth! The Bible is the Word of God, and God is God! Jesus is the only begotten son of God, and salvation is by faith in His atoning blood! And that is the emanation of all truth! It has justice which can make capital and labor shake hands until capital will give labor a square deal, and until labor will give capital a square deal!

Every economic question can be settled by the golden rule.

It has purity, which will purify the sins of society. Men will no longer be false. Wives, vice versa. Pandering will cease. And a "for rent" sign will hang from every brewery, distillery and saloon, and every house of ill-fame!

It has a Person, who has the power to create and make powerful in human life every one of these principles! And that Person is Jesus Christ, the Son of God!

Many skeptics have said: "If Christianity will only preach its principles instead of a person, we will find no fault." But I say to you that wherever a preacher or a church has preached a set of principles instead of a Person, that minister or that church becomes sterile, powerless, and will sink to hell!

You are not saved by the principle, but by the Person! You say: "Give me justice, but not your Christ." Then you will cut the throat of your Potter! You say: "Give me purity, but not your Christ." Then you will have a hemisphere of lazarettos!

"Follow me!" has always been a more inspiring summons than "work on this program."

The reason Christianity stands head and shoulders above all other religions that have ever been offered to the human race is here:

Other religions have preached good principles and good things, but they have no Savior who can take those things and implant them in the human heart and make them grow! All other religions have been built around principles, but the Christian religion is built around a Savior! Every other religion on earth is a religion you must keep. The Christian religion keeps you and presents you, faultless, before the throne!

THE GARRISON OF PEACE

By PROF. A. T. ROBERTSON, D. D.

Phil. 4:1-9.

1. Standing Fast (verse 1).

Paul rejoices in the Philippian Church and is glad to repeat his story of love for them. He loves them and tells them so. He makes a tender appeal to the Saints in Philippi to stand firm. That is often the hardest of all. The attacking party has all of the advantage of the onset, the dash and rush of movement and numbers. The army that awaits attack has need of unusual courage to withstand the momentum of the charge. So, when the tide runs out, the sands run back with it. The only possibility of stability for the Christian is "in the Lord."

2. Helping These Women (verses 2-3).

Paul addresses Euodias (Sweet Aroma) and Syntyche (Good Luck) by name. Would he have done so in a sermon? But the letter was probably read aloud in church. We do not know what the trouble was between these excellent women who had labored with Paul in the Gospel. They disagreed at any rate and made their differences a test of friendship and fellowship. Paul pleads with some one whom he terms "true yoke fellows" to take hold of the matter before it becomes worse and too late. He leaves the details of procedure to the true yokefellow. He must not make a bad matter worse.

3. Gladness (verse 4).

It is easy to tell people in trouble to be glad, but Paul spoke out of his own experience. He knew how to be happy in the midst of tribulation. He was happy when in jail in Philippi. He is joyful now as a prisoner in Rome. Joy is a river with Paul and overflows all barriers. He has spoken of joy often in the Epistle and is perfectly conscious of that fact. "Again I will say, rejoice." No one can rob Paul of his joy in Christ. Here is something that money cannot buy.

4. Obligingness (verse 5).

"Forbearance" is not quite the exact idea. It is not the notion of putting up with people, but rather "giving up" to others; yielding gracefully to the desires of others where no matter of principle is

involved. Matthew Arnold calls it "sweet reasonableness"; Sir W. Robertson Nicoll says that "winsomeness" is the most attractive quality in boys." There is a wondrous charm in courtesy. The way to gain a reputation for graciousness is to be gracious to all men. The expectation of the coming of the Lord is only another reason for the utmost consideration of the feelings and sentiments of other people.

5. The Heart at Rest (verse 6).

The fluttering heart can find poise and repose. Fear is poison to the heart. It is a great deal to ask that we be anxious in nothing. Is it not impossible. The cure for restlessness lies in grateful prayer to God. Count your mercies and thank God for them. God knows what we have need of before we ask Him, but none the less He loves for us to make known our requests unto Him. It is the right spirit for children toward their Father. Our reward is rich beyond measure. The peace of God, that passes all apprehension of the mere intellect, will garrison our hearts and thoughts in Christ Jesus. The sentinel paces the deck through the lonely hours of the night and calls out, "All is well," and we sleep in peace while the ship plows her way through the waters. This peace of God as a sentinel will guide our very thoughts if we enter into full and frank communion with Him. The heart may find the beautiful tranquility of a lake at rest in the mountains.

6. High Thinking (verse 8).

One way to keep the mind in repose is to keep the mind occupied with only that which is high and holy. There is a wonderful interplay between all the parts of your body. The intellect, the emotions, and the will all interact upon each other. They all affect for weal or woe, the body itself. One cannot let his mind revel in filth or trash without injury to the mind, the will, the affections, and the body itself. Read great books and think great thoughts if you wish to be great and good.

7. High Endeavor (verse 9).

But one must not be a mere dreamer of dreams, beautiful as they may be. It is not possible to hold oneself to the highest thoughts without the effort to give expression to them in action. "These things do" (practice). Paul dares to appeal to his own teaching and life while among them, as an incentive to the noblest endeavor now. By so doing, the Philippians will win the peace of God in their hearts.

THE CHANGELESS CHRIST

By REV. B. A. ABBOTT, D. D.

Heb. 13:8.

This verse is not merely a brilliant spark emitted from the heart of genius in passing over a field of thought but it is the essential idea in the book of Hebrews and the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. It is the unveiling of the firm foundation stone midst the fluctuations of human thought and the changes of life wrought by time. The glory of Jesus Christ was before all time, and now, and forevermore.

There is a permanent element in Christianity and there is a transient element. The transient element consists of the manners customs, laws and habits of the people. They are like the frame of a picture for which we care little. Jesus Christ is the picture in the framework of history and of the language and literature of the New Testament. He transcends all time. He is the same from generation to generation. He transcends all space. He is the same in the church of today that He was in the Upper Room long ago in far Jerusalem. He is the same Christ in the great house and in the cottage; in the magnificient hospital and in the garret where the pale and weary sufferer tosses on a bed of rags and straw. He is the same in the great cathedrals where pomp, splendor and ritual seek to interpret Him to gathered multitudes and in the little chapel in the valley where the handful of hungry-faced and hungry-hearted children gather midst barren surroundings to hear a verse of Scripture read or a hymn sung. He belongs to, yet transcends all ages, countries and climes. He is the same today in America that He was two thousand years ago in Palestine. Every land in which He walks is a holy land and every heart in which He is born by faith and hope and love is the sacred church of the holy nativity. He works from within the veil through His followers whom He inspires to all noble sacrifices and fine heroisms. He is the unseen power in all true progress, the might that drives million wheels of history, and the living sacrament which is cleansing, healing, and redeeming mankind.

This is sublime doctrine and we ask for an exposition of the proofs. There are certain great outstanding facts of human experience and

thought which demonstrate it and also further illumine the doctrine of this wonderful text.

For one thing, His teachings are perennially fresh. They are perpetually vital. They do not stale with time or wither with age. The world has had many wonderful teachers, but no one has ever uttered words that were equal to the words of Jesus Christ. All philosophies have been revised. Books of science written twenty years ago are of little, if any, value today. Even the creeds and theologies that were wrought out amidst storm and stress by minds and hearts brought to their highest power must be reconstructed as time goes by or left altogether as merely historic memorials of things that were once useful. In them dwells the light of other days and that is something, but we could not follow them now. But no one ever thinks of revising the Sermon on the Mount, changing the fourteenth chapter of John, or rewriting the parable of the prodigal son. The words of Jesus Christ have increased in brightness as the ages have passed away. The tests of two millenniums have made no difference nor proved them incorrect or impractical in any slightest manner. It is plain that He was the teacher of all time. His words are forever vital because they carry in them the quality of His personality.

This doctrine of Christ is also demonstrated in the persistence of the moral ideals set forth in His own matchless character and faultless conduct. Men have not lived up to the level of the teachings of Christ nor exhausted the meaning of His words and the moral ideal of Jesus in His character still stands far above us. If Jesus Christ is only a man why has not another like Him arisen? Why, especially since we have His words to guide and His character as a pattern? One by one the heroes of the nation have been eclipsed. We have passed by the heroes of physical strength and the heroes of power to command others, but no one has yet come to eclipse Jesus Christ. Men have made progress in all respects. I believe that the modern is far better than the ancient. Music is better than it ever was before, and though we have made demigods of the great painters of the past, painters today are their equals and in some ways their superiors. Science and invention have created new civilizations. For the forked stick the steam plow; for the smoking flax the arc light; and for the beast of burden the thundering express; but as the ages have passed, nothing has been found to take the place of the character of Jesus. It shines with more resplendence and instead of growing smaller, Christ grows greater. As you cross the plains toward the mountains and catch the first glimpse of the foot-hills, they seem to loom high enough to touch the very heavens, but approaching them, they diminish into smallness and only the great mountains beyond stand forth mantled in clouds, crowned with eternal sunshine, and imposing in

majesty. So it is with men and the Lord. There is not such a distance between great men and small. As we become acquainted with the great man, he seems to become smaller but as we get more intimate glimpses of Jesus, He ever grows larger. He is humanity's one perfect ideal. He will never be eclipsed. He will never be equalled. He will never be exhausted. He will never be comprehended. He stands forever above and beyond humanity to awaken the worship and resolution that will make man grow perpetually greater.

The doctrine of this verse is also enforced by the persistence of the personal influence of Jesus Christ. When we look at the names of the world's great men we think of them merely as historic characters but Jesus Christ is a reality and vital power in the daily experience of millions of people. Caesar, Napoleon, Washington were once in the world and played their parts on the stage of history, but Jesus Christ is in the world now and must be reckoned with by every living human being. His presence and influence are so real that men will do anything for Him if convinced that it is His will. Multitudes lay down their lives for Him. They give up fortunes to Him. They go into distant lands led on by Him. They count not their lives dear unto themselves so that they may show their love for Him. The most marvellous psychological phenomenon in the life of the world today is the Christ-consciousness. The perpetual miracle of Christianity is that we may say "Whom having not seen, we love."

In the olden days Christ made saints out of sinners. He took Mary Magdalene, who was, whatever it may mean, possessed of seven devils, and chastened and sweetened her character until she became one of His most loyal followers and the fragrance of her name fills the world. He took John of the high, outbreaking temper, subdued the fires, refined his soul and developed him into one of the most brilliant, potent and lovable characters of all history. He found the people of His day broken and dwarfed by sin and redeemed and transfigured them into saints.

Such work He is still doing on earth by the sacrament of His presence, the sovereignty of His word, and the gift of His life through His followers. Today He delivers men from evil habits that hold them like chains, from base passions that degrade them like beasts, from raging appetites that wreck them like vessels thrown by the violence upon the rocks; and makes them over until they are characterized by strength and beauty and adorned by every moral grace and glory. And such instances are neither solitary nor rare. Millions of them there are, monuments of a power not of earth making mankind heavenly-minded.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me."
For He died to make men holy, and He lives to keep them free,
And His life is marching on."

Every conversion is a heart beat from the throne. Every man and woman lifted up and made better through the struggles of the church or Christians, has experienced the power of the personal influence of Jesus Christ. Love persists because Christ persists and love carries all the loads of the world.

The practical uses of this wonderful revelation of Christ, the Christ of eternity, and time and then eternity again, are very many.

It is very consolatory for one thing. If when He was on earth millenniums ago, He visited the sick; if He sympathized with the sorrowing; if He was gentle with the wayward, so must He be today and we see this manifested as He moves on the hearts of the people who help one another.

And Christ is the answer of God to the heart-cry of humanity for something permanent to rest upon. One of the most brilliant philosophers of the present day defines life as perpetual change, but being a philosopher, and this being a fact of revelation, he is not able to say that Christ is the permanent factor of force or foundation midst all the change of things, and that but for Him life and things would go back to chaos. "By Him," as Paul says, "all things consist."

We have seen the end of the world many times, old civilizations have died out, old orders have passed away and yet the things that bless humanity, that come from Jesus Christ continue. The yesterdays of life give it both its richness and its sadness. So many things that were, are not now but the glory of life is in its hope and that rests upon Christ.

There was a great tendency in the days in which this letter was written to fall away from Christianity. Changes are always dangerous and the hours of reactionary thought are the ones in which our souls are threatened. We must always have the courage to go on. These Jewish brethren who had been converted to Christianity had seen their age-long rites and customs and religious forms pass away. Their little company had been crimsoned with the blood of some of their greatest leaders. They had been saddened and disheartened by apostasies. The love of many had waxed cold and the great city was on the verge of being destroyed. They had no continuing city and their hearts wanted something upon which to rest. It was found only in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.

Let us take this lesson to heart: the beautiful thing that so fills our hearts today cannot continue. We would fain keep it. We would

have our roses to bloom forever; we would catch in mid-air the sweet notes of music that caress with their melody trembling leaf and vibrant ether, but they pass beyond the range of ear and die as the echoes of childhood's happiness o'er the hills of youth. What shall we do? We take refuge in Jesus Christ. In Him all beautiful things are conserved and will, in due time, when we are better able to appreciate them in some fairer clime, be given back to us. The world will never outgrow Jesus Christ and eternity will never eclipse Him or lead us beyond Him.

He is the Christ of all our yesterdays—eternity. He is the Christ of all our todays—time. He is the Christ of all our tomorrows—that vast forever.

Jesus lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll
  While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last.

JUST CHRISTIANITY

By JOHN E. WHITE, D. D.

There is an account of an Englishman who went out in his yacht at Brighton and under convivial impulses sailed for days and days in the fog, possessed with the idea that he was a modern Columbus, braving unknown seas on a voyage of discovery. At length the outlines of land appeared. He figured it out that he had discovered a new island in the South Seas, but upon closer acquaintance it proved to be the familiar shores of old England not far from the Brighton boathouse.

This is a fair illustration of the experience through which the modern world is passing in its quest for religion. We are returning from hilarious adventures resigned to the Ten Commandments and we are discovering that our new discoveries are the old shores of Christianity which had been obscured by fogs and brain mists.

What is the world sick of? What does the dissatisfaction and unrest of our time really signify? A few years ago one noted teacher described the situation as "the age of doubt." Then almost immediately another noted teacher came forth protesting that ours is "the age of faith" and that the world weariness and sorrow was due to "moral and spiritual aspirations." That was fifteen years ago and we are looking for a better diagnosis.

This is not an "age of doubt" concerning the essential things in religion, nor may it be called justly "the age of faith." It is the age of disappointment and protest. It has been an age of compromise—of Christianity half-hearted—fragmentary—tentative. There has been faith all the time in the deeper consciousness of men that Christianity is the world's true redemption, but the courage to take it simply and try it out sincerely has been lacking. What appeared as doubt was not doubt of the practical efficacy of Christianity, but impatience with certain of its accumulations and profoundly a doubt of ourselves, of the moral thoroughness of Christians, and of our willingness to be subjects of the Kingdom of God on earth. The popular distinction of a glaring distance between Christianity and Christ is the ferment and disturbance of our times. Thoreau said "the mass of men lead lives

of quiet desperation." The state of religious conscience at the present time is a sort of "desperation" and by no means always "quiet."

The Sound Heart of the People.

But the heart of the people is sound at the center. There is the solidest basis of religion in man and multitude and it is insinctively Christian in its bias. Inside and outside the churches the conviction abides that plain Christianity is good enough. For a man to be "Just Christian," for civilization to be "Just Christian," is everything God requires and everything the human race needs. It is Christianity neither plus nor minus, neither more or less that the common sense cries for; not prodigious, enormous, extraordinary Christianity; not Christianity in grand trappings of ceremony and culture; not Christianity bedecked in philosophy or clothed in theology; but Christianity without frills, Christianity as plain as a peasant's face and as practical as a Good Samaritan, is the pinching insistence of a very real religious conscience today. The proof of the world's sound heart with respect to essential Christianity appears in the popular feeling for Jesus Christ. Christ is the very institution of our multitudes. A great Scotch novelist offers this testimony: "The longer I live the more I am persuaded that the one business of this world is to know and understand Jesus Christ." The greatest business man, the most successful and powerful business man the world has produced, has made this declaration: "There is no success of life, no achievements we can make to be compared with the experience of a personal fellowship with Christ." How are men impressed by such statements as these? The response to them in the public mind is instant. The man in the street has in him a heart that says: "You cannot exaggerate the importance and the power of the Man of Galilee." We know that Christ is all right and all-sufficient. Even the infidel apologizes in his old age for ever having spoken an unfriendly word about Him. We know in a way that the teachers and the books have not told us that Christ is God's final Word of religion and humanity. We know that His hand holds the key that unlocks the treasures of virtue, the glories of manhood, and the wealth of destiny.

Chicago and Christ.

When William T. Stead made the proposition: "If Christ should come to Chicago," someone replied: "He would better not. Chicago would crucify Him." But is it so? On the contrary, the vast mass of the people would proclaim Him in the street. Selfishly, perhaps, without spiritual appreciation, probably; but instinctively and because they would recognize in Him "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," a suffering man for suffering men, the incarnation of Divine

sympathy for human beings, the impersonation of God's courage in behalf of sinners, the Friend and champion of human values in every multitude. In the underworld and in the upperworld of Chicago Christ might be resented as He was in Jerusalem. He would be inconvenient for the bar-room and the brothel. He would be incompatible with the purse-proud on the boulevards, and the play-actors of the temple and school, but Chicago would not crucify Him. The tragedy of two thousand years ago could not be repeated in any modern city. The democracy would bitterly guard every possible Golgotha. There is not enough money in Chicago to buy the mob against Jesus Christ. Unregenerate and unconformed the hearts of men may be, yet the basis of Christianity is there. The Galilean has conquered sympathy at the bottom of human nature and His figure holds thrall in the mass and imagination of mankind.

The Great Resentment.

But with all the consciousness that Jesus Christ is the world's true Lord and Master, there is a feeling that men are not getting His power in their lives. We are disappointed in religion, and with that is the sense of resentment. We are conscious of values in Christ for the individual man, for every home, for the whole of society, imperfectly realized and dimly just beyond our access. The not unnatural situation is developed, and developing, of people who have a treasure from which they are hindered. Possibly the explanation of declining church attendance complained of in all sections of the country is to be found in this resentment against the obscuration of the people's treasure and their fatigue of religious organization, which only admits them to the precints of Christianity and not to the person and the presence of its Lord.

A preacher found on his Bible a note with this writing: "Sir, we would see Jesus." He took the rebuke to heart and his preaching and his ministry flung open the gates of the Gospel. He then found another note on his Bible with this writing: "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." The general feeling about Christianity as an unrealized power is the hopefulest sign of the times. The disturbance in religion is really a testimony of the human heart to Christ. It reveals a rising intelligence and a discrimination which intelligence is forced to make between a half loaf and a whole loaf—between God's gracious gift of Christ simply and directly and in person, and the more or less faithful pictures of Him embroidered well enough, skillfully touched up, but not the real thing itself. It is simply inevitable that Christianity should be criticised, because the living Christ criticised it. The New Testament is responsible for the disturbance. With the printing presses turning out millions of copies

and the public schools teaching people to read Christianity could not escape detection. The New Testament itself could have no choice in the matter. It could not accommodate itself to ecclesiastical necessities and tell its readers to come at Christ through the priest, the preacher or the church. It could only cry: "Take up and read," and when we took up and read, the truth broke out instantly that Jesus Christ was easy to get at and that the glory was in Him for every man. Peter Resegger on his sick bed falls for the first time genuinely upon the New Testament, and from three month's illness he rose up with life made new. The Russian Dostoieffsky found himself in a Siberian jail shut up to one book—the New Testament. He came out transformed. Robert Falconer, in George McDonald's novel, turned away from men's ungodly quarrels about God, determined to risk his soul on finding for himself the truth of the New Testament. He came from the ordeal with his face shining and with Christianity revealed to his heart. These rare instances are rare only because the multitude have not gotten alone with the New Testament in individual passion, but the Christianity that discourages them from it or that offers them the dim symbols of ceremony and dogmas of Theology instead, must witness the receding of the people from its standards. Because the New Testament secret is out. Its story of a day of power. when through simple and direct attachment to the person of Christ, ordinary men became extraordinary, and the course of the world's history was changed, raises questions and institutes comparisons which may not be evaded. There is a power in Christ that transformed small lives into great ones two thousand years ago. Men are asking how it was done and the answer is on the face of the New Testament. It was done through personal contact with Christ which lifted them out of themselves. Its method was abandonment to Him and absorption in Him. It was the power of physical contact, for indeed the disciples of Jesus entered into their heritage of power chiefly after they had lost His person but did not become less real, less personal, or less imperious. He was with them more than ever after He had gone away. The impression that the apostolic period brought on a change in the method of Christian experience and that the Apostles substituted the church mould for the Christ mould of character is the abysmal heresy of Christian history. Peter and John continued to be personal disciples of Jesus in the same intimate sense of their original experience with Him. Stephen, the martyr, never saw Jesus in the flesh. Paul boasted that he had not. But how simple and real their personal devotion to Him, and how marvelous the consequences to them. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands, who made proof of Christ as a personal Master in that golden day of Christianity. The Christians conquered in precise ratio of their direct submission to

Christ's leadership. They began to fail at a later time, when they began to be corrupted from the simplicity and purity that is toward Christ. We are driven out of all complacency with the present effectiveness of Christianity by the plain logic of history. It is of Christ we have come short individually and there is no defense of us individually we care to make. But when we come short of Christ as churches we charge the people with leaving the church and lament religious defection as though it were not our fault. There is but one way to get relieved of the popular criticism of present day Christianity. It is to get rid of the New Testament.

The Good Enough Religion.

"Just Christian" is the religion good enough. It was good enough for the Son of Man, who was the Son of God. It is good enough for every man who would become a man of God.

What is the religion "Just Christian? It is the religion Jesus had for himself. He lived by it. It was His meat and His drink. He expressed it in worship, in prayer, in gentleness, in compassion, in courage, and in a Cross at last. It comforted Him in trouble, encouraged Him in conflict, and empowered Him in temptations. How dear to Jesus was His religion in the simplest sense of His personal enjoyment of it!

What is the religion of Jesus? It was the religion He taught His disciples by word and example. He expounded it to them in parables. He created before their vision a kingdom built out of its moral materials. He inculcated it into the multitudes of Galilee also, proclaiming its Beautitudes, its standards of value, and its rewards. He told them that God was our Father, that man is our brother, and that the Kingdom of God on earth must be the Christian passion. It was a religion of a glorious creed, of loving service.

What is the religion of Jesus? It is the religion He wrought to perfection on the Cross. Name it as we will, Atonement, Self-sacrifice, or Propitiation—it is the religion of Love outloving love, of compassion going further than men conceived possible. Whosoever will take Him as the disciples took Him, as the apostles took Him, as the early Christians took Him, will take the salvation of His religion. Because all these things in Jesus constitute His Saviorhood. Whoever accepts His creed and undertakes it will not miss the Christ. Whoever yields to Christ will not lack for His Creed. What He taught and what He was are one and inseparable. The dynamic to live the life

"Just Christian" goes along step by step with whoever makes the Great Surrender to Christ.

What Comes of It.

What would come of a genuine general movement to bring modern Christianity into consistency with New Testament Christianity? This is a dazzling question. Doubtless much trouble, much conflict, much disorganization would come from it. The peace of the church would be seriously disturbed. Society would not quietly submit to the correction of its cherished customs. Our civilization, our social order, does not want to be Christianized. The kingdoms of Europe and America are not yet prepared for the revolution of the Kingdom of God. But we never know how far we are from being "Just Christian" until we measure the possibilities of a great strife and the slow, long process that is before us, ere Christianity is consummate. In this process is a great experience for every man who strikes hands with Christ. The great heroisms of life have come out of devotion to a person. Human nature does not yield its possible glory without the pull of some other one upon its loyalty. Great armies have rallied around some beloved commander. "Cut a little deeper, doctor, said the wounded French soldier; "you'll find the Emperor." People outside the South do not know how to explain a certain desperate quality in the Confederate soldier unless they have heard a camp of old Veterans yell and weep at the name "Mars Robert Lee." This is the psychology of New Testament Christianity. A man goes over to Christ and the rest follows. Unimaginable consecrations, unreasonable devotions, come out of it as perfume comes from the crushed flower. I have seen with my own eyes apostolic demonstrations in my own city. I have seen a brilliant young lawyer, of proud family, a leader of fashionable and gay society, leave all and follow Christ. And I have seen strange power light upon his hand as he led an awakened Christian conscience to confront and overthrow entrenched vice and lawlessness. I have seen a young business man lay all his wealth at the feet of three hundred fallen women thrown out by the police order terminating the "Red Light District." I went with his authority in person to offer an unbounded generosity of opportunity to these unhappy women. One of them, the richest and most influential of their proprietors, met me scornfully and with great independence. Three days later she came with a broken hearat. She had gone to Birmingham, Ala., to open up a great vice establishment there. The day she reached that city was the Sabbath day. She did not leave her room at the hotel. The next day she was on her way back to Atlanta, and there she is before us telling her story of how in that hotel room Christ came to her and told her to come and follow

Him and be a blessing to the girls; of how she wrestled all day and through the night with the Presence in the room, till the day dawned, and with it her perfect peace. And there she stands telling that story in an office building in Atlanta. Then she opens her bag and puts on the table a great roll of money. It is all she has. It alone stands between her and need. "Jesus told me to come back and bring you this $2,500 to help you buy a home for the girls, and I want to stay with them and be a mother to them." And the Martha Home was built and Belle Sommers was its mother. Will the time ever come when such consecrations will be considered "Just Christian," and when they will be held no longer extraordinary and sensational? There was such a time two thousand years ago, when the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. It will come again. Deserted churches will throng with men and women. Commonwealths and nations will be "Just Christian" to each other. Labor and capital will end their wars in the truce of economic brotherhood. Sects in religion will cease to strive, except against a common enemy. "Just Christian" will be enough to define the purpose of their existence. By every protest and by all dissatisfaction, and through all our unrest in religion, we are turning Christianity back to the simplicity and purity that is toward Christ. The Coronation movement is marching to the music of the multitude. Men want Christ, for He is their elder brother and their Lord. They want a Christianity, not at a distance from Him, but at His heels. They want a Christian church, a church "Just Christian." Blessed is the man who will say: "He called me and whatsoever He saith unto me, I will do it."

THE ATONEMENT

By REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D. D.

I am going to try to speak to you this morning on the atonement. It is Christianity's crowning doctrine. Take it out, and the Gospel is hopelessly mutilated. It is central, essential, fundamental—so much so that as long as one holds firmly and Scripturally to the atonement, he may be allowed large liberty in other things; so much that if he should cut loose from the atonement, he will find himself hopelessly adrift. The glorious fact with which it has to do is the sheet-anchor of the sinner's hope, and the anchor holds in every storm. Some years ago, a man wonderfully gifted went up and down the land preaching to great crowds and swaying multitudes with the spell of his marvelous personality and matchless gifts. Discerning people, however, noticed that the atonement had no place in his preaching—in fact, he himself later announced his rejection of it. Soon his splendid ministry went into eclipse. Today he is an obscure lecturer in a Western town, ministering to a small group of religious faddists. No man can hope to lead others out of the dark who begins by putting out his own light. This Bible Conference makes but two demands of its speakers as to their views. They must hold to the authority of sacred Scripture, and to Christ's atonement. Outside these two features, they may be as broad as they choose.

The atonement is Christ's achievement. It is the big fact in His personal ministry for man's redemption. It sums up in a word the Savior's merit, and puts Jesus in a class altogether by Himself. There are innumerable religions. Any one who cares to do may start a new one. But there is but one Gospel, for there is but one religion with a Savior. There are countless religious leaders and teachers. Any one may adventure that role who can satisfy himself with its perquisites. But there is but one religious leader and teacher who is a Savior, for there is but one who has made atonement and who has power on earth to forgive sins.

Notwithstanding the fact that the atonement is Christianity's crowning doctrine and Christ's supreme achievement, it has been assailed as has perhaps no other feature of the Gospel.

They say it is a bloody doctrine, and, therefore, repulsive to refined sensibilities, that its ethical features belong to a raw age, and

that its imagery shocks culture. Maybe so, but sin with which the atonement deals is a hideous thing. Sin may veil its features, but the veil cannot change its black heart. Despite all our progress and culture, a lie is no more ethical now than in the days of Ananias and Sapphira. Adultery is no more moral in the twentieth century than when David, to sate his lust, stained his hands with Uriah's blood, and murder is no whiter now than that primal hour of the world's dawn when Cain slew his brother Abel. Let us not become too snivelingly sentimental. Let us not smother our beliefs with perfumes. The atonement is a doctrine of sacrificial blood, but when we learn the efficacy of the blood, it will not offend us, it will enchant us. We shall not shun it. We shall sing it.

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

They say that the idea of a vicarious sacrifice is unreasonable, and it is a fiction, and that every man must answer for his own life. So he must, and so he does, when he can; but when he cannot, what then? When a man is chained in a dungeon, it is folly to tell him to be free. What he needs is an emancipator. Vicarious suffering is not unreasonable. It is one of the commonest facts of life. All about us are people and things suffering for other people and things. You see it in the family, where the mother suffers for her child, where a daughter sacrifices her young life for an invalid mother. You see it in the garden, where one flower withers that others may bloom. You see it in a harvest field. You see it in a bird's nest. You see it a thousand times a day. It is the thing which saves life from savagery, this thing which says: "No, you are not able, let me take your place." Its divinest manifestation, however, is in the vicarious sufferings of Jesus.

They say we have the teachings of Jesus, what difference does it make what we believe about Him? Let us eliminate all vexatious questions as to the virgin birth, the miracles of His personal ministry, the atonement and all that has to do with the supernatural, and confine ourselves to His teachings. Are they not enough? If we obey them, what more is needed? Ah, if we did but obey them! A lad who sat beside his father at a prayer meeting heard a man praying most earnestly to be good, to be useful, to be unselffish. The boy leaned over and whispered to his father: "Father, why don't he?" Why do not we obey the teachings of Christ? We need more than a knowledge of His teachings. We need the ability to obey. Christianity is more than Christ's teachings. It is Christ. His teachings are precious, but He is more precious. Can a love-letter ever take the place of a lover?

Besides, we should never have had Christ's teachings had we not first had Christ, and had not Christ Himself been what He was, and done what He did.

They say, why go further than the example of Christ? We know how He lived. He shows us how to live. Is it not enough to imitate Him? Yes, he shows us how to live, but he does far more. He enables us to live after the fashion of His life. To do that, one must be more than an imitator. He must be a reproducer. Life is the only thing that can reproduce. It is idle to tell a thorn bush to be an oak tree. The life of the oak must jump in its sap before it can imitate the oak. And so Jesus Himself must be formed in us, if we are to imitate Him. Therefore, Jesus is not only our example, but our Savior. Recently a ship in peril at sea sent out the wireless cry, "Save, O, save," and a dozen great ocean liners came speeding by its side to give relief. Suppose these big steamships had contented themselves with sailing around the Volturno, and giving it an exhibition of seamanship. Suppose they had, in effect, said: "Watch us, and see how to handle yourself in a storm at sea. Imitate us." Their conduct would not have been the heroism of the high seas, but the infamy. Yet this is as far as some people get with Christ. If Jesus does nothing for us but set an example, He is not our Savior; He is our despair.

The biggest fact of Christianity is Christ, not the church, not the Bible, not civilization, not the Christian, but Christ. Christ proves the Bible. He vindicates the church. He inspires civilization, and produces the Christian. I believe in the Bible because I believe in Christ. I have confidence in the church because I believe in Christ. I look for new heavens and a new earth because I believe in Christ. The biggest fact in Christianity is Christ, and the biggest fact in Christ is the atonement. He is the atonement. The atonement is His personal ministry for man's redemption.

The Background of the Atonement.

In order to approach the atonement sympathetically, let us look for a moment at the background set up for us in the ceremonial worship of the Old Testament, particularly in the customs incident to the observance of that greatest day in the Hebrew year, the Day of the Atonement. All the rites and ordinances of Jewish worship incline toward the great truth central in the observance of that day. It was my privilege a few years ago to be present for several hours in a Russian Jewish synagogue of the most orthodox type, and witness their celebration of the day of the atonement. While much of what I saw seemed to be mere formalism, I noticed that the emphasis was still the ancient emphasis on a vicarious propitiation for sin, and renewed reconciliation between God and man.

The ancient observance was with great ceremony and impressiveness. From all over the land the people assembled. At the supreme moment of the service, when a holy hush as of the eternal world fell on the vast concourse, the high priest, who had already offered sacrifice for his own sins, approached that mystic inner shrine which he alone was allowed to enter, and he but once a year. Passing through the heavy curtains, he disappeared within the holy of holies, and was there face to face with the sacred symbols of the Divine Presence. When he emerged from that sublime contact, he took two sacrificial goats and laid on them the sins of the people. One was slain and offered in the altar. The other was taken far off into the wilderness and lost. The twofold act typified expiation and forgiveness.

This is the picture which is hung up in the Old Testament as a background of the atonement. It is an ancient tapestry into which inspiration has woven the symbolism of Christ's work on the Cross. The day of atonement was a shadow picture of Christ's work, and the great truths pictorially presented there Christ realized. He has opened up the holy of holies, so that any soul at any time may go straight to God. He has also suffered for sin, and achieved forgiveness.

The Atonement All-Inclusive.

Christ's atoning work covers His entire career, and includes every fact of His life and ministry. We are disposed to confine it to His death. Undoubtedly He was atoning for us in His death. This is the meaning of Calvary. Calvary was vastly more than a spectacle of heroism. It was not the death of a victim, but the achievement of a Savior. It was the goal of Christ's earthly ministry. He died for sinners. But this is not all He did.

He lived for sinners, and His life was a part of His atoning work. Get rid of your narrow theories of the atonement. No theory is big enough to hold that great fact. The Incarnation was a part of the atonement. Christ was making atonement when He taught, when He stilled the tempest, when He fed the multitude, when He healed the sick, when He had compassion on the crowd, when He wept with Mary and Martha, when He raised the dead, when He lay in the tomb, and Himself arose. Through every thought and word and deed and plan and purpose and feature of His life, He was bringing God and man together.

Indeed, the atonement is timeless; Christ is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. His atoning work is the one thing Jesus has always been about. Widen your perspective. Get a bigger vision of God's great plan. The atonement was a fact before ever sin was a reality. We are not to think of God as having blundered at creation,

and as trying to recover Himself at Calvary. As you approach the country where the big mountains lie, suddenly you discover that the skyline is broken, and yonder, thirty miles away, a splendid range lifts itself against the blue, and you exclaim, "Behold the mountains," but what you see is just a foothill. Beyond, buried in the haze and banked against the far invisible horizon, rise range on range and peak on peak. There are lofty valleys and broad plateaus and dizzy heights which stretch and slope away toward the infinite. Not your foothill but that great country of high heights and far ranges is the mountains. So we sometimes sit down before Calvary and say: "This is the atonement." It is just a foothill that has emerged. All of Christ's earthly ministry banked around that Cross. All His teachings, His miracles, His example were there. But all this is not all. Behind and beyond and above Calvary stretch the infinite features of the atonement, obscured by distance, but not destroyed. We do not see them now, but some day we may, and then we shall begin to understand the meaning of the Scripture which says: "He was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Then there will dawn on us the far meaning of Christ's cry on the Cross: 'It is finished."

Whether or not we take in the far reaches of the atonement, we must be convinced that blessings accomplished on such a far plan and by such measureless sacrifice are the most precious God has to bestow.

The Benefits of the Atonement.

Insofar as we are able to apprehend them, the benefits of the atonement may be named in two words.

The first is expiation, or propitiation, or satisfaction. We may regard this as the divine side in the application of the atonement. I am free to say there are features connected with it which puzzle me, but I accept it because it is undoubtedly taught in the Bible. It is there in the divine economy of grace. It is the aspect of the atonement that seems to be given most prominence in the Old Testament. Christ paid our debt. He suffered in our stead. He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. He took upon Him our sins, and suffered the just for the unjust. He suffered in the sinner's stead, and because of His expiatory work, God can be just and at the same time justify the unjust.

This is the Gospel for the sinner, for a soul at the great straits. Leave this out, aud there is no Gospel left. We ministers are frequently sent for to comfort some soul with a wicked, wasted, wretched past, and for whom the light is dying fast in the west. What shall we say at such a time? Shall we proclaim the beatitudes, and preach the

beauty and worth of a life of high ideals and unselfish service? There is no Gospel in that for a man who is dying, and whose past has been wasted. I remember once I was called to see a Scotchman dying of tuberculosis. Climbing a filthy, quaking stair to a hall bedroom on the second floor, I entered a room in which I felt you could almost cut tubercular germs with a knife. The room was in a most unsanitary condition, and on a cot lay a man with an awful cough, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, in the last stages of consumption. He told me that he had run away from home when a boy, and that, although his old parents in Scotland had been pious people, he had lived a wild and reckless life. He said he wanted me to help him get home. Supposing that he wanted to get back to Scotland, I asked him if he was a member of the St. Andrews' society, and how much money he would need. He then told me that I did not understand him—that what he wanted was for me to show him how to get saved. Then I realized that he was talking about his "long Home." What was I to say to him? He had lived a wicked life, and he was dying. Should I talk to him about Christ as an example? Should I try to expound to him the ethics of Jesus? I told him the old story of a Savior Who died for sinners, Who paid the penalty on Calvary's Cross; and I saw the fear fade out of his face, and the look of peace come into his eyes, and I heard him say he was happy. I went out of that shabby tenement walking on air, for I had seen once more the greatest of all miracles come to pass. I had seen a soul saved by the atoning merit of a crucified Redeemer.

The second word is reconciliation. It is an incident of the first. The atonement becomes reconciliation because it is expiation. Reconciliation is the human side of the atonement, if we may say the atonement has a human side. It is that aspect of the atonement to which the New Testament gives prominence. It is the way the New Testament translates atonement—"through whom we have now received the reconciliation."

Who is to be reconciled? Not God, for He has never been alienated. The atonement is not a scheme to make God like us, to secure His friendship, to capture His esteem. Sometimes it is so regarded, but it is not the view of the atonement which seems to me to be taught in the Bible. The notion that God is a fierce, enraged, vindictive Deity, and that Christ died on the Cross to tame His savage moods and allay His animosities toward the sinner is a hideous slander of the atonement. It is pagan rather than Christian. God has never needed to be reconciled to the sinner, for He has never been alienated.

He has Himself instituted reconciliation proceedings. "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son." God's love is not

the product, but the cause, of the atonement. It is not sequence, but motive. And God's love is changeless. Nothing the sinner can do can make God stop loving him. God is the same yesterday, and forever. He is eternal, timeless, changeless love. The Bible will be searched in vain for any satisfactory support of the theory that the atonement is a scheme to solace the wrath of an angry God. On the other hand, there is abundant Scripture to show that the atonement was an effort on God's part to reconcile man to God. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son"—notice, it does not say, "For if, when God was our enemy, God was reconciled to us by the death of His Son"—did the Bible read that way, it would contradict itself. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," not "Himself unto the world," "and you that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death." It was not God who was alienated, but the sinner.

The atonement is God's supreme effort to reconcile His alienated, wayward, and estranged children to Himself, to make them see that He is not an angry and vindictive despot, but a tender, loving, and compassionate Father. How is this reconciliation to be effected? Christ, the Son, stands up in the eternal council and says: "I will undertake to effect reconciliation," and so this became His mission from the foundation of the world, and in its accomplishment through the long ages, He climbed to His vicarious sacrifice. In the tragedy of Christ's sufferings, there are three acts in which He discovers to man the heart of God.

He identifies Himself with us. "Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted.' Common trials and sufferings are the furnace fires which weld life. Christ meets us in those claims. His temptation was real. His sufferings were real. If not, they were wicked. We emerge from the fire with Him as our brother, ready for any message he may give us. This is His message. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Next, He breaks the power and fascination of sin through suffering. Sin deceives us. Christ tears off sin's disguises, and shows us that sin is death. He takes the penalty up in His own life, and endures it. He agonizes in Gethsemane, and hangs in crucifixion chains on a Cross. Thus He saves us not only from sin, but from sinning. The terrible thing about sin is not the suffering incidental to it, but the fact of sin. The pain connected with disease is merely the danger

signal, which nature gives that an enemy has assailed our health. Were there no pain connected with disease, it could do its deadly work undiscovered. And so the suffering incident to sin is merely a danger signal to show that an enemy has assailed the spiritual life. The worst thing about sin is sinning. Sinning is alienation from God. Christ breaks the power of sin, and by that act effects reconciliation.

Finally, He reveals God's love by suffering. "God commendeth His own love toward us in that while we were yet enemies Christ died for us." This is where the blood of the atonement delivers its message. The life is in the blood. The atonement is the story of One going the full length of sacrificing His life for an enemy. When we understand that, it is not possible for us longer to think of God as hostile. He must love us. He suffers with us. I once knew a mother whose wayward boy was about to be sent to jail for some crime he had committed. The boy did not seem to mind the disgrace, but the mother was in an agony of pain. She suffered far more than the boy. It was the vicarious suffering of a mother's love. It is this love which Christ reveals through His sufferings; and so by His Cross He has slain the enmity—not God's enmity toward us, for there was no such enmity to slay—but our enmity toward God.

Thus Christ, through suffering, reconciles us to God. With nail-pierced hands He tears aside the disguises human fear had built between itself and God; and as we catch the vision thus revealed, the spirit in our hearts cries: "Abba, Father!" At last we know that God is love. We lay down our arms against Him and surrender. We enlist in His service, and are saved.

The Mathematics of the Atonement.

Someone may raise a question as to the mathematics of the atonement. He may ask for what number and for what class did Christ die. Is the atonement limited or unlimited? Is it sufficient for all, but efficient only for the elect? Such people are getting into the theology of the atonement, and theology may not always be a blessing. Sometimes it may mean the eclipse of religion. It is certainly not always identical with religion. Theology is the science of religion. Salvation is the experience of religion. Science is a thing that needs constant revision, but experience is timeless and permanent. Botany is the science of flowers. There have been many schools of botany, but each recurring spring the flowers "lift up the same fair faces, the violets are here." The Bible takes up the mathematics of the atonement in a grand way. It says: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but

have everlasting life." There is no bottom to that, no top, no rim, no end. It is measureless.

Our great concern connected with the atonement should be, not on whom it is bestowed, but by whom it is received. "Through Whom we have now received the atonement." Have I received the atonement? Have I laid down my arms against God? Have I ceased to be an outlaw, and become a citizen—a prisoner, and become a child? Am I reconciled to God? Have I looked over the shoulder of the Cross and seen my Father's face?

ADDRESS

REV. R. H. McKIMM, D. D.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the water of Israel?" 2 Kings v. 12.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lambs." Rev. xxii. 1.

This was Naaman's contemptuous comparison between the rivers of Damascus and the river Jordan, in whose waters the prophet Elisha had bidden him wash that his leprosy might be cleansed.

There are many who entertain a similar opinion of the relative merits of Profane and Sacred Literature. It was so, I may remind you, fifteen hundred years ago, with the great Augustine, who, before his conversion, thought the style of the books of the Bible plain and poor in comparison with the study diction of the philosophers.

It is so today with many writers and readers who fail to recognize the superiority of the Bible, considered merely as literature. It is this fact which has governed me in the choice of a topic this evening.

My subject then is this: "The Bible unique among the Literatures of the World." Let me state at once the limits within which I shall confine myself in its treatment.

I wish to recall to your minds, and to illustrate if I can, some of the characteristics which mark the Bible as unique and peculiar, as suigeneris, among the World's literatures. On such a theme you will not expect originality. The mine has been already explored times without number. I can only hope to refresh your memory of the rich and varied treasures which it contains, and possibly so to group and arrange some of its gems as to deepen your impression of their beauty.

At the outset let me ask you to observe that I shall take up the Bible today as a Literature, and compare it with other literatures. I shall not speak as a theologian, and (though heartily accepting both) I shall, for the most part, leave entirely on one side the inspiration and divine authority of the Bible. It is as a literature that I shall regard

it, and I shall invite attention to certain facts and phenomena that differentiate it broadly from all other literatures of manknd.

1. In the first place, I would ask you to observe the remarkable variety of the forms in which this literature is cast. What is this book which I hold in my hand? We call it "the Bible;" "the Book," but when I open and examine it, I find it is a library, containing a multitude of separate books by a variety of authors, on a variety of topics and in a variety of literary forms. Prose and Poetry, Dialogue and Drama, History and Biography, are all here; songs, sonnets, odes, hymns, prayers, orations, laws, letters, ritual codes, sermons, rhapsodies, prophecies, fables, proverbs, parables—these and other forms of composition find their example here.

Now, the Bible is unique in this marvelous variety of its contents. Where is there another book which contains such various forms of composition, and in such a small compass that you can put the whole library into your overcoat pockets, or into your muff?

And then look at the wondrous perfection of these literary forms. For charm of style, for simplicity, for graphic vividness, the narratives of the Bible are unrivaled. The imagery of the psalmists is unsurpassed. The prophets are masters of a majestic diction which literally finds no parallel. The book of Job has no rival among the dramas of the world, either for marvelous poetic beauty or for profound analysis of the problem of human suffering. The four evangelists stand absolutely alone in the matchless and unconscious beauty of their story—with such strange fascination is it told, so entirely devoid of art, or effort, yet so far surpassing art itself or its vivid reality. Yes, viewed merely as literature, the Bible stands unique among the literatures of manknd. If Burke desires a supreme instance of the sublime in composition, he turns to the first chapter of Genesis. Walter Savage Laudor extols it as "containing more specimens of genius and taste, than any other volume in existence." Rousseau confesses the majesty of the Scriptures, and pronounces the diction of the philosophers, with all its pomp, contemptible in comparison. The greatest poets have sought inspiration in its pages. Shakespeare was deeply indebted to the Bible. Dante, like a bee, sucked honey from its pages. Milton was its child, nursed at its bosom. The poems of Tennyson are saturated with the ideas and the spirit of the Scriptures. The genius of Browning lights its torch at the same altar of eternal truth. The greatest orators of our modern world have been its debtors. It is not too much to say that English literature owes more to the Bible than to any other influence.

Ah, Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus do indeed sparkle with beauty as they leap from the sides of Hermon, but in this feature of

which I have now spoken, they cannot compare with the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal which proceeds from the throne of God, and of the Lamb.

2. Consider, in the next place, the unity of the Bible. This is a most remarkable feature when we remember the great variety of its structure, the multiplicity of its authors, and the vast tract of time through which its composition extended. We think of it as a book; it is in fact a literature, the product of at least 1580 years of Jewish life and history. Here are 66 books, by almost as many authors. "It was commenced by Moses in the deserts of Arabia, and completed by St. John in the Isle of Patmos. Between its commencement and its close, entire phases of civilization appeared and disappeared. To its earliest penmen the very speech of its later writers was unknown, and to the authors of its closing half, the dialect of Moses and of David had become unintelligible. And yet this book produced in such far removed times, in such distant places, and by such varied instrumentality, is one, and forms a whole." These three-score books into which the One Book is divided, are marked by the individuality of their several authors, and stamped with the characteristic features of the age, and the country in which they were produced; and yet they constitute one living organism, whose growth extended through a millenium and a half. They are the living record of Revelation—of God's progressive self-revelation to man. Differences there are, vast differences, between the several books, not only in style, in structure, in literary form, but in the standards of morality which they severally illustrate, and in the degree in which the nature of God, and the destiny of man are revealed. But these differences are not contradictions—on the contrary, they are consistent with the most complete harmony. They are rather different stages of development in the one plan and purpose of God. They are different degrees of light and knowledge between the dawn and the noon-day. They are different phases of the one revelation, as when a statue is slowly unveiled from the feet upward. Thus the law of the structure of the Bible is the same as that of the physical universe—the law of evolution—Theistic evolution. But the very essence of that law is the unity of the organism, through all the numerous differentiations. So here. Throughout the structure of the organism of Holy Scripture the unity of idea and of purpose is manifest. To the great problems of the origin of the Universe, and of the human race, the meaning of creation, the object of human life, the destiny of man, his relation to the Creator, the Bible gives throughout harmonious answers.

Now, I pause to ask, how can this unity upon the deepest and most difficult problems of thought and life throughout a great literature, which was a thousand five hundred years in its growth, be ex-

plained? There can be but one intelligible answer. It was informed and ordered in its development by one Divine Spirit. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." These words of men are, therefore, also the Word of God. His finger is as plainly here, as on the Tables of Stone given unto Moses on the Mount.

When I stand before one of these splendid piles which the genius of the architects of the middle ages reared on the soil of England to the glory of God, and when I see in the same building, several different styles of architecture, as for example, the Norman, the early Engslih—the Decorated and the Perpendicular—I am infallibly sure that these different parts of the great Cathedral, erected at different periods, did not harmoniously blend into one design, and altogether make our Minster, by accident, but that there was one plan, or, at least, one purpose, one ideal, which governed the minds of those who worked on the building in successive generations. As surely may we conclude as we see the different books of Holy Scripture, of different ages of the world, combined in one harmonious structure, and together constituting one vast Cathedral of truth, to the honor and glory of Almighty God—that neither was this unity an accident, but that one plan, one purpose, one mind governed and guided the Structure from the foundation stone in Genesis, to the top-most spire in Revelation. But here again is a feature in which the Bible stands absolutely alone among the Literatures of the world.

Those Literatures—the much admired rivers of Damascus, cannot in this respect compare for a moment with the pure river of Life, which we find in the Literature of the Bible.

3. Another water mark in the texture of this fabric of Holy Scripture, is its Catholicity. There was never a book which so marvelously appealed to all classes of mankind, from the philosopher to the ploughman, from the most learned to the most ignorant. Listen to the cry: "Ho! Everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" and lo! not only the Augustines, and the Luthers and the Latimers, and the Wesley's eagerly come to slake their thirst at the Castalian Spring of Holy Scripture, but the Keplers, and the Newtons the Wilberforces, and the Gladstones, and our own Washington and Jackson and Lee; the Lockes and the Faradeys, as eagerly drink and are refreshed. It is not only that men of the most exquisite literary talent extol it as superior, in genius and taste to any other volume in existence. It is not only that the greatest orators and poets have sought in these pages the purest models of diction and of style. It is not only that the most brilliant skeptics have confessed its majesty and its beauty. But the point of moment to my present contention is that these Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments have proved themselves capable of ministering illumination of soul, as well as, comfort and consolation, in

the greatest exigencies of life, to men of all classes, of all conditions, of all races, and of all ages of the world. Thus it is beyond all comparison, the most Catholic of books. It belongs to the world. It speaks to the world. It ministers to the world. It inspires the world as no other book does. It has been translated into almost every tongue spoken on the globe, and never yet has it failed to reach some individuals of those manifold races with its life-giving touch. And yet from what race did this book proceed? From the Jewish Race! Everyone of its writers (with the possible exception of Job) was a Jew. That is to say the most Catholic of books proceeds from the narrowest, and most exclusive of all the races!

I ask you scientific men, is this a natural evolution? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

Is there not here the trace—aye the unmistakeable trace—of a supernatural hand? What promise or potency did Judaism contain, with its rigid narrowness, its tribal prejudices its local limitations, of being the fountain head of a universal religion, that should know no difference of race or tribe? Whose but the Hand of the Divine Husbandman could have made the Jewish stock capable of bringing forth such a Religion of Christianity?

But in this feature of Catholicity, it is not too much to say that the Bible stands supreme and unrivalled. Even Shakespeare can bear no comparison in his power to speak to all races, and to all classes and all conditions of mankind, and to all grades of intelligence and

Here is another particular in which the rivers of Damascus can bear no comparison with the waters that spring sparkling from the Judaean hills.

4. But again. The Sacred Literature contained within the covers of the Bible is unique in its moral beauty, in its Spiritual power, in its reflection and incarnation of the divine. There are other sacred books; there are other literatures of morals and religion; and some of them have been widely influential among mankind. We do not deny either the beauty or the value of some parts of these other bibles of the nations. We do not affirm that "God and spiritual truth are shut up in the Hebrew and Christian Sacred Books." Nay, we gladly recognize in some of the utterances of the sages, the philosophers, the religious teachers outside the pale of the Christian Bible, the utterance of the same Spirit of truth who speaks in our own Sacred Scriptures. Some of our most devoted missionaries in the East tell us that they can appeal to the poets of India against idolatry as St. Paul appealed to the Greek poets in attestation of the truth of the Fatherhood of God. They say they can prove from the Chinese classical books that man is sinful and deserves punishment for his sin.

They tell us that the literature of the East contains many spiritual truths with which Christianity has affinity. But what we do affirm is that the Bible stands among all other sacred books of the world as man among mammals—as transcendently superior for example to the Koran, or the Zendavesta, or the Buddhist Suttas, as man whom God has made in his own image, is superior to the ape, or to the horse, or to the dog. Doubtless there is light in portions of those Sacred books, but compared with the light that shines in the Bible, it is as the pale radiance of the cold starlit sky to the mid-day glory of the sun.

To justify this unique position which we assign to the Bible in comparison with the other sacred books of mankind, it is sufficient to appeal to experience—the experience of the individual and the experience of the ages of history. Leaving out of consideration the canons of Councils and the dogmas of theologians; passing by also altogether the weighty arguments for its inspiration, we allege it as a fact confirmed by experience that the Bible has won for itself a place in the minds of men as the Book of God, such as no other book has ever done. It commends itself to the human conscience. It interprets man's moral nature to himself. It reads for him the deepest riddles of life. Its voice penetrates the secret chambers of the soul, and is recognized as a voice of divine authority. It turns men away from the paths of vice to the paths of virtue.

That it is unique in this respect by comparison with all other literatures is so plain to an educated man as scarcely to require proof. Some years ago when the knowledge of the oriental sacred books was dawning upon the mind of Europe, there were some who ventured to compare them not unfavorably with the Bible. They were the Abana and Pharper which would be found better than all the waters of Israel. But who would now venture to make such a comparison? They have been clothed in European dress; they have been introduced to the Western public; but, as a recent writer has said, "they are destined to remain eternally sealed save to a select band of oriental scholars,"—they are with few exceptions but mumied curiosities to the Western mind; they will never exercise any permanent or important influence over the future of Europe; they will not add one item of spiritual truth, or of moral teaching to the treasure which the Christian portion of the globe already enjoys." And yet the Bible of the Christian church, which has such a profound grasp upon the mind and heart of Europe, "which has leavened all Western thought, which has moulded the legislation, and tempered the penal code"—this Bible is itself a collection of Oriental books! Surely we have here a profoundly significant fact. After all, it is in the waters of Israel, in the river Jordan, and not in the rivers of Damascus that mankind finds the cleansing of its leprosy.

5. To another unique feature of the Bible let me invite your thoughtful attention. I mean the fact, explain it as we may, that the Bible is in a peculiar sense the Book of the English speaking peoples. It is by these peoples that it is most highly prized. It is among them that it is most influential. It is chiefly through their instrumentality that the Bible is distributed abroad among the nations and peoples and tribes of the globe.

There is a striking ceremony at the coronation of the Sovereigns of Great Britain in Westminster Abbey, which fitly symbolizes the peculiar bond between the English people and the Bible. The Holy Bible is placed in the Monarch's hands with these impressive words: "Our gracious Sovereign! We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively Oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of Eternal Life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation; and happy forevermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory forever, Amen."

Now, the English peoples are the great colonizers of the world; they have spread over the face of the globe in the last century with truly marvelous rapidity. To illustrate this, consider the following statement:

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the English language stood fifth on the list of the seven leading languages of civilization. In 1890 English had risen to the first place. "In 1801 German was spoken by 10,000,000 more people than English; in 1890 English was spoken by 36,000,000 more than German. Then French was spoken by 11,000,000 more than English; now English is spoken by 60,000,000 more than French." And these masterful peoples, whose language is becoming rapdly the commercial language of the world, and whose combined power is vastly the mightiest on the globe, are the great Bible publishers and Bible distributors of the world. Wherever they go, they carry the Bible with them. And their zeal for its dissemination is such that they lavish time and money and labor and learning without stint that they may give this book to all peoples and tongues of mankind. Surely this is a unique feature in this wonderful book—that its destiny is linked so closely with the life and the progress of a great race, and that race the mightiest, the most progressive, and the most civilized, on the globe.

Is there any other literature that can for a moment pretend comparison with the Bible in this respect? Is there any river of Damascus that can rival the river of God in Holy Scripture in the particular in which I have just dwelt?

6. Again this marvelous literature stands out unique among the literatures of the world in this, that it alone has been able to inspire men to undertake the stupendous enterprise of the world-wide dissemination of one book, and, in the prosecution of this undertaking to gladly give severest labor, and toil, and self-denial, and even life, itself.

The difficulties of such a task were vast and complicated. Think of the multitudenous languages and dialects to be mastered—many of them rude and savage to a degree, many of them entirely unknown till the zealous missionaries of the Cross caught them living from the lips of savage tribes, and reduced them to the bondage of writing, and formulate the laws of their construction. In illustration recall the story of that knightly soul, that Christian hero, Coleridge Patterson, gentleman, athlete, scholar, poet, sailing in his little yacht "the Southern Cross," from island to island in Melanesia, swimming ashore alone, mingling on the coral strand with the naked, tattoed savages, that he might learn their various dialects, reduce them to writing, and so open the way to translate the Bible into their tongues. Or take the example of Bishop Steere, who translated the Prayer Book and the New Testament together with half of the old into the chief of the African languages. "He sits at work in his library, a whitewashed room with sloping floor, which has a hole at the lower end through which the water sluiced over it can drain away; its furniture a table and chair, a few cupboards, and a bed with mosquito curtains. A thousand distractions divert him from his work. Visits to the schools, or the printing presses, superintendence of packing and unpacking parcels, planting grass for thatch digging, planting, trimming lamps, prescribing medicins, directing cookery, attending services—such multifarious occupations alternate with correspondence on the deepest problems of religious faith and life. And amidst all these demands upon his time the Bishop plods steadily onward," in his great work of giving the Bible a tongue in which to speak to the millions of the dark continent. Why is it there are no societies to give Shakespeare, or Milton, or Socrates, or Plato to all mankind? Is it not because men find in the Bible a pure river of Water of Life, clear as srystal, which heals, and saves, and quickens as no water at Abana and Pharpar ever does?

7. Once more. The history of the translation of the Bible itself marks it off and distinguishes it from all other literatures of mankind. Upon this point I avail myself of the words of a writer in the Quarterly Review. He says: "The History of Bible translation is unique in the chronicles of literature. Nothing at all like it has the world ever known . . . Begun more than 2000 years ago, with the translation of the 70 for the library of the Ptolemies, carried on by the believers in every age, despite long intervals of apparent indifference, throughout

the Christian centuries, the work is still pursued amid the conflicting and competing claims of a civilization richer today in the variety of its intellectual elements than at any former period, with an evergrowing intensity of devotion and breadth of aim. For purely literary interest nothing can compare with it. Think of the languages it has embalmed—the Hebrew, Moeso-Gothic, the old Syriac, the Gothic, the old Slavonic—some to remain the sole monuments of the speech of dead and buried nationalities, others, after the trance of centuries, possibly, as in the Nestorian churches of Armenia to awake and speak with a tongue of fire to hearts that it alone could move. Think of its manifold points of contact with the wider knowledge of the nineteenth century, and of the light which it has cast, directly or indirectly, upon the deepest problems of geography and ethnography and philology; whilst commerce has been largely stimulated thro' the investigations of men who have labored to make its message intelligible to new-found races. The story is unrivalled in thrilling romance and chivalrous endeavor."

But, some one may ask, what is the present day aspect of this matter of Bible translation and dissemination? We hear much about the decay of faith—the weakening of the hold of the Christian religion upon the world. It is not long since Hartmann, Schopenbauer's great disciple and collaberateur, gave utterance to a prophecy similar to that of Voltaire, a century ago; only he gave the Christian religion, I believe, several centuries yet, while the "cleverest man in Europe" had only given the Bible half a century to survive. Well, so far is it from being true that the Bible is a moribund book, embalming an outworn Creed, that it is speaking today to the peoples and tribes of the earth in 400 different tongues, in most of which it has begun to speak since the battle of Waterloo! "The anxiety to possess the Bible is so universal that one edition upon another is rapidly exhausted, and it is found difficult to keep the supply abreast with the demands in every quarter of the world. There can be no greater mistake than the notion which is firmly held by some persons that modern translations of the Bible are the idle and useless outcome of a visionary philanthropy, which thrusts its unwelcome waves upon indifferent or reluctant customers. Despite all facilities for the multiplication of copies, the cry is unremitting for larger impressions; whilst the purchase of them by natives out of their deep poverty is a guarantee against their destruction at the bidding of priests, or Mullah, which mere gratuitous distribution cannot command." "No fact is more striking in the history of Bible dissimination in China than this, that as soon as gratuitious circulation was replaced by the sale of the Chinese Scriptures, the total number of copies required increased fourfold."

Said an educated native to one of the colporteurs, "These men have come into our beautiful country; they built chapels, and the sound of their bells is heard far and near. The alarming sound enters even into our ancestral halls, and our family graves. Even our incense loses its power: Our sons and our daughters will die; and the foreigner and his faith will triumph."

Very striking is the scene depicted in one of the islands of the South Pacific, when a case of Bibles in the Rarotorgan tongue was opened and distributed among the natives. A venerable man among them told how he could not sleep till he had read the entire book of Job, which had never before been seen in a Rarotorgan dress. Then "lifting up the sacred volume before the entire congregation," he exclaimed, "This is my resolve; the dust shall never cover my Bible; the moths shall never eat it; the mildew shall never rot it."

Yes, there can be no doubt that this library of oriental books, which we call the Bible has a strange adaptability for version into the multiform varieties of human speech, and strange power to seize the attention and win the affection of the countless tribes of the human race. It is speaking today of Christ and His Salvation to peoples too numerous to tell. In equatorial and Southern Africa; in India and China; in Japan and Korea, in Persia, Arabia and Arminia; from the island of Ceylon to the gates of Afghanistan; and far away beyond the boundaries of British India, to the tribes of Central Asia; in the Polynesian and Malayan archipelagoes; in New Guinea and Australia; and northward in our own continent into the Arctic circle; "the sacred torch is being simultaneously handed on."

To say that there is no parallel to this in the history of the literatures of the world is entirely superfluous. The rivers of Damascus are in this respect also unspeakably inferior to the waters that burst from Judaean hills!

8. A final feature which marks out the literature of the Bible from all other literatures, is that the interest which it awakens, and the study which it calls forth increases with the advancing centuries. For eigheen centuries the profoundest scholars and the keenest witted men have been exploring the mines hid within this little book and yet its wealth is not exhausted. On the contrary, the nineteenth century has brought to the study of the Scriptures a wealth of learning and a laborious scholarship never equalled in any preceding age. In no age of the world, it may safely be affirmed, have the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament been searched so laboriously, so minutely, with such painstaking research, with such keen analysis, with such varied critical appliances, or by so great an array of accomplished scholars as in the past century, and in the age in which we are living. The annals of contemporary history, where any existed,

have been ransacked to illuminate the story of the Bible. The resources of philology have been exhausted to elucidate the language of the Bible. The researches of archaelogy have been diligently and laboriously pursued to illustrate the geography and the topography, and, we might say, the sociology of the Bible, while Oriental literatures and languages have been laid under tribute as never before to aid in its interpretation. Two branches of Biblical science have been so developed and enlarged, as almost to be justly entitled to rank as new sciences in this country. I mean the textual criticism, and the Higher, or historical criticism. Devout scholars have consecrated the larger part of their lives to the study of the various manuscripts in order to ascertain the correct text. Ingalls gave to it forty years of his life. That same patient investigation which physical scientists have given to the facts and processes of nature, has been exhibited in the field of Biblical research by a great company of scholars in the study of the structure of the Bible, and the relation of its several parts to one another. But, some one may rejoin, this keen analysis to which scientific students are subjecting the books of the Bible is undermining its authority. A process of criticism is at this very hour going on that bids fair to overturn the traditional ideas of its origin and of the authorship of its books—in fact of its whole structure.

The spectre of the Higher Criticism rises, like Banquo's ghost, at the feast, to destroy our peace of mind—to weaken the impression which the considerations I have advanced must make upon every reflecting mind of the altogether unique character of this Book, which is the treasure and the hope and the beacon light of the Christian Church. What have we to say of the Higher criticism? Let me remind you, in the first place, that the Bible has never yet suffered any damage, in the long run from free investigation. It has ever emerged from the fire of criticism, as the Hebrew children did from the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar scatheless. Nevertheless erroneous conceptons about the Bble have, from time to time been sloughed off by the church, as the result of the fiery trial of criticism.

We may safely rest in the confidence that the present agitation will in the end have a like result. It is quite superfluous for us to tremble for the Word of God. It will stand firm as the lasting hills—but it is very possible some of our notions respecting its structure will have to be materially modified. In the next place, truth and justice demand that we discriminate carefully between two distinct schools among the critcs. If there are those who use criticism recklessly; who discredit the historical credibility of the Bible, and reject its claims as a Revelation to man of the will of God; there are also those, and they are among the most learned and distinguished critics of the day, who are cautious and careful in their methods, deeply reveren-

tial in spirit, profoundly convinced of the divine origin and authority of the Bible, and firm and clear in their Christian faith, as they are devout and exemplary in their lives. We should be very cautious how we condemn, as enemies of the faith, men who, by every test, are the true servants of Christ, because they hold not with us as to the date and authorship and structure of some of the books of the Bible, although they reverence it as devoutly as ourselves, and bow to its divine authority as unquestionably as we. It is possible their views may be erroneous in many particulars, but it is also possible that our own opinions may be at fault. Time and patience will judge between us. It is not for us to usurp the functions of the Judge. Gamaliel's counsel may be salutary in this case: "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this counsel and this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Let me just say two things here: We must beware of accepting the so-called "Results" of the Higher criticism without very carefully testing them every one; for it will be found that many of them—and those the most important—rest upon a very flimsy foundation. And let me add that it is my deliberate opinion that the labors of devout and careful critics are making it plainer every day that the destinctive criticism of the School of Kneneut Willhausen—triumphant as it has been in many influential quarters—is no longer able to maintan itself, is, in fact, on the defensive—and that the day is coming when it will be as thoroughly discredited as the Tubingen theory now is.

We may recall the fact that a similar anxiety and disquietude of mind has again and again been felt by good men in the face of the discoveries of science, or the advance of scholarship, lest these should overthrow the faith of men; but experience has shown that such was not the case; and, while the wood and the hay and the stubble of mere traditional opinions have perished in the flame which knowledge has kindled, the Bible has only been the more clearly understood and the faith the more firmly established.

We may be confident that the same result will follow in the present case. We may well renew our faith in the presence and guidance of God's Holy Spirit with His church. He will lead us unto all truth. He will guide the researches of devout scholars so that they will lead to a clearer light and a larger apprehension of the Revelation which the Scriptures contain. Already we are great gainers by much that the Higher criticism has accomplished. As its work is tested by time, and purified in the Alembic of a yet riper and more reverent scholarship, the church will be more and more its debtor. Meanwhile, let us never forget that "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and that it would be worse than fatuous to attempt

to fetter the investigations of Christian scholarship—it would be an act of unbelief, it would be rebellion against the Master's own precept—"search the Scriptures." Truth is a fire which will consume the wood and the hay and the stubble, both of the critics and the theologians, but the gold and silver precious stones—the eternal verities of God's revelation—will come out of the furnace unharmed—not even the smell of fire upon them, brighter and more resplendent than ever.

That "pure river of water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb," will flow on through the ages in undimished fulness and the blessed invitation will not cease to sound in the ears of men "whosoever will, let him take the water of Life freely."

CHRISTIANITY IN THE NEW CHINA

By NG POON CHEW

During the recent months, China has engrossed the attention of the whole civilized world, by reason of the epoch-making events that have taken place there. These events are: the revolution and the establishment of the republic. The revolution is one of the most wonderful and unique affairs in the history of mankind by reason of its rapidity, moderation, effectiveness and businesslike manner in which it was conducted from beginning to end. The result of this has completely dazed the eyes of the world. It was an event wholly unlooked for.

But the attention of the world has only been directed toward the political phase of this upheaval, while the deeper, greater, and more forceful factor has been overlooked, without whose existence and influence these events could never have taken place, at such a time, in such a manner, and with such a result. I refer to the existence and influence of Christianity in China.

I am quite positive that without the long years of preparation which Christianity has been steadily, patiently, and noiselessly making in the hearts and minds of my people, this wonderful epoch which has just been written in the history of my race could never have taken place. To my mind, the events which led to the establishment of the Chinese Republic and the lives of the leaders connected with that movement have completely and forever refuted the charge that Christianity is too foreign to the Chinese mode of living and thinking. But Christianity is today a great force directing and shaping the destiny of that great republic across the Pacific.

Christianity was introduced into China in a most humble and insignificant manner, and under the most inauspicious conditions. If the introduction of the religion of Jesus Christ among the Chinese were a mere human undertaking, it would have been abandoned from the very outset as a hopeless task and senseless enterprise; but the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is a divine injunction, and the undertaking is a divine undertaking. Strong in the faith that "With God nothing is impossible," and that God is able to raise from these stones children unto Abraham, the early missionaries went forth cheerfully into the Master's

field to sow the seed of the Gospel of truth, though conscious of the thought that they were only to sow and after them others to reap the fruit of their labor. So they toiled and toiled against almost insurmountable obstacles in the field and adverse criticism at home, yet they continued in their work patiently, faithfully, and hopefully, until time and opportunities revealed to the doubting world the story of their success and the glories of their triumph, for truly their labor is not in vain in the Lord.

From a human standpoint, how impossible, how hopeless must have been the prospect of converting the countless millions of that benighted land to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as that lone pioneer Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier, stood upon that rocky promontory near Macao, with an inhospitable—yea even a hostile country before him, with every avenue closed against him, and what else could be do but exclaim, "Oh, Rock, Rock, when wilt thou open to my Master!"

Even three centuries later, in 1807, that memorable year which marked the beginning of the Protestant Missionary propaganda, when Dr. Robert Marrison began his work for the uplift of China, the situation was not much changed nor more hopeful. But after the lapse of a single century of missionary work, the native Christian community has increased from zero to hundreds of thousands, we can exlaim "What has God wrought!" "God's way is not man's way, nor God's will man's will" is plainly seen. When one considers the long ages of China's civilization, her idea of self-sufficiency, the haughty character of her people, the deep-rootedness of her tradition, the denseness of her ignorance, we realize more fully the significance of the victory of the Cross over the Dragon. Let us then pause to thank God and take courage.

What has God wrought within a century of missionary effort! After seven long years of faithful, prayerful effort, one solitary man out of the 400,000,000 souls was brought to the foot of the cross. Even as late as 1860, there were only 2,000 native Christians in all China, when the American Civil War broke out, according to the census taken by the missionaries in China. Two thousand was the tangible result of fifty years of work. And even as late as 1900, that fateful year in Chinese history, the Christian natives were in danger of extermination. The conservative elements of the Chinese people were instigated by the Manchu rulers to try the attempt to preserve the old ideas of the Chinese civilization by exterminating everything connected with the foreigners. Of course, the native Christians were the first object of their wrath, and thousands were killed and hundreds of churches were destroyed. Yet thirteen years later, on April 27, 1913, the Chinese Republican Government appealed to the native Christian churches throughout the whole land for prayer for the nation. And

on the day appointed, the officials of the republic united with the Christians in observing this remarkable event.

Christianity is fast gaining ground while the native religions are losing. The secret of this is that in Christianity there is life, there is power. It is a living religion: the religion of the living God for the living man, for God is the God of the living and not of the dead.

Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, the religions of the natives are simply forms and terms without any meaning to the lives of the people. Whatever life, whatever power, whatever influence they might once have exerted on the lives of the people are no longer visible or perceptible. These forms of religion are now hopeless because they are helpless. They are helpless to help the people because they are helpless to help themselves.

In form, in letters, in terms, in cold language, the maxims of Confucianism are just as sublime as when they were first uttered by that great sage; the reasoning of Taoism is just as subtle as it was when first enunciated by the philosopher: and the teaching of Buddhism is just as beautiful as when it was first unfolded by the 'Light of Asia," but they have lost their hold on the hearts and minds of the people. They are unable to rekindle the spark of spiritual life; they are unable to awaken a moral response to their moral teaching; they are unable to bring comfort and joy to the broken hearts and the sorrowful; and they are unable to present a glimpse of hope beyond the grave to those entering into the Valley of the Shadow.

How empty are the assertions that are often made by those who are not in sympathy with the missionary work, that the religions of the Chinese are more suitable to them and that the effort made to introduce Christianity is needless and uncalled for. But, the old religions of the Chinese are not good enough nor sufficient for the needs of today, or at any time in the past, notwithstanding the fact that the three systems of teaching have been trying to satisfy the cravings of the inner man; and after twenty-five centuries of constant nursing, the spiritual life of the people has been starved unto death.

Confucianism attempted to satisfy the moral needs of the inner man by giving moral thought; Taoism, in its turn, bestowed intellectual food; Buddhism then supplied spiritual nourishment. Yet with all this, the spiritual nature of the Chinese people is empty.

So the religions of China have been weighed through the centuries and found wanting. They have been given the chance to uplift the people and they have failed, for they are of the earth and earthly.

But the religion of Jesus Christ will supply all the spiritual needs of my people as it has supplied the spiritual needs of other peoples. Christianity is a living religion; it is a religion with power strong

enough to awaken the once dormant spirit life of my people, to regenerate their whole being, for indeed, "Never man spake as this man," is still true through all the centuries.

Christianity is doing wonders in China today. Under its influence, the Dry Bones are taking on flesh and blood and are beginning to inhale the breath of life. It has awakened a national consciousness and moral responsibility, and has opened to the people a hope of a redeemed life beyond the grave.

Perhaps the question is often asked, "What has Christianity done in the creation of the Chinese Republic?" Let us then consider.

Christianity has created in the breasts of the Chinese people a love for freedom, due to the promise that "The truth shall make you free." This love of freedom is manifested in many forms: first, intellectual freedom.

For thousands of years, the intellectual avenues of the Chinese people were effectively closed to the new order of things. Consequently the whole mental faculties were denied independent thinking and investigation. Their intellectual life was crystalized and fossilized. The thinking apparatus of the whole nation moved in the exact groove that their fathers moved in before them.

The literary style of the Chinese nation has been narrowed down to a mere copying of the style of the sages that existed in ages gone by. Any style outside of that is not tolerated or permitted to occupy a place in the literary circles of the land.

This condition of things has been so rigid and fixed and impermeable as the Fortress of Gibraltar to outside assault or influence; so it is almost hopeless to look for new ideas or ideals emanating from the Chinese intellectual world.

But with God nothing is impossible. And since the dawn of the nineteenth century, Christianity began to exert its influence on the intellectual world of China and soon it began to respond. Modern ideas, ideals, thoughts both religious and scientific, were imparted to the land through the schools opened by the missionaries, and it was through this line that the missionary work proved most effective in breaking the prejudices of the people. Then from the modern schools established by the missionaries, a new intellectual world has been opened to the Chinese race. Independent thought, investigation, and literary style began to come into existence and to enrich the native literature, and to quicken the wonderful possibilities in the future of my country.

Through the influence of Christianity, the fetters that have bound and enslaved our mental faculties have been broken and complete intellectual emancipation is secured to our people.

Second: Spiritual Freedom. The influence of Christianity is making a deep stir in the spiritual and moral atmosphere of our people as well as in the intellectual one. Through ignorance and superstition, the spiritual and moral consciousness has become absolutely dormant and almost extinct through many centuries of disuse. The teachings of the ancient sages, beautiful as they are, have been unable to produce a spiritual and moral conception of the relation between man and his creator. The greatest of all sages of the Oriental world, Confucius, had never taught man's responsibility to the deity, had never ventured into the field of the unseen, had never speculated into the life beyond the grave, and all he had ever taught was: man's relation to man; man, his brother's keeper; man in the world, for the world, and by the world. To him the hereafter, the continuation of the being beyond the point of physical extinction is an impenetrable blank. His teaching, beautiful, sublime, full of morality, overflowing with humanity, is insufficient to satisfy the craving of man in his search, though blindly, after truth. One of his disciples asked Confucius, one day: "Master, teach us about death." The master replied, "I do not know about life; how do I know about death?"

But Christianity has supplied what was wanting in Confucianism. We have found Christ, the way, the truth, and the life. In having found the truth, we are free from bondage of superstition and moral death.

With the advent of Christianity in China, a moral and spiritual world has dawned upon the Chinese people. With the rectification of the head and heart, through the teaching of the religion of Jesus Christ, we are prepared to re-adjust the social structure of our land which has been in chaotic condition for a long time.

Third: Social Freedom. The Chinese social cosmogany, as in all primitive and non-Christian countries, is one-sided, with the exaltation of the man and the debasement of the woman, the nobility of the rulers and the meanness of the common people, as the underlying principle. Now, since the advent of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, a new conception of human relation is unfolded throughout the land and a new re-adjustment becomes inevitable; and consequently such a re-adjustment is in progress.

Under the enlightenment of Christian truth, my people are beginning to realize that we are all the children of one Father in Heaven.

Today, the Republic of China is the result of the direct and indirect influence of Christianity. With the establishment of the Chinese Republic, my people are engaged in the reconstruction of our social world upon the fundamental principle which was enunciated by the American fathers, that "All men are created equal, that they are en-

dowed with certain inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness."

Fourth: The concrete evidence of a strong footing of Christianity in the New China may be seen in the personnel of the officials of the Chinese Republic.

Many of the leaders of the Chinese revolution, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the Manchu monarchy and the establishment of the Chinese Republic—the youngest, but the biggest that the world has ever seen—are Christian men, not only Christian men, but the second and third generations of early Chinese Christian converts.

The man who first unfurled the flag of the revolution and the flag of the Chinese Republic, on September 12, 1911, over the historic ground of Wu Chang, is a Christian. The first provisional president who consecrated his whole life for the main purpose of procuring the political emancipation of his country and his people, is a Christian: Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Many of the highest officials of the government, including those of the Cabinet, are of the Christian faith. The speaker of the House of Representatives, is an active Y. M. C. A. worker, and is a devout Christian man.

Almost all the officials of the Government of Canton are members of the Christian churches. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that province is the son of the Presbyterian Chinese preacher at Vancouver, British Columbia. The Governor of that province is also a church member. The Chief Commissioner of Education, who has in his hands the destiny of the lives of 28,000,000 people, is the dean of the Canton Christian College and a member of the Episcopal Church. And many of these never bowed their knees to Baal, but have been taught from their mother's laps, in their childhood days, the sweet story of the Saviour's love, and as the twilight fell upon their weary limbs, they were taught to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee Lord my soul to keep." Surely what has God wrought within a single century of missionary effort!

And behold, the most unlooked for of all the unlooked for events, the most remarkable of all remarkable occasions of modern times or of all times, was the call for prayers for the Republic of China, made by the Governor of the Republic to the native Christian churches throughout the whole land. And, O, how that day of all days, in the dawn of the career of our Republic, was observed, when officials and people, Christians and non-Christians, gathered from the early dawn to the day far spent in supplication to God, the only God that does answer prayer and grant the pleadings of a contrite heart! As these multitudes gathered in the churches and knelt in prayer, it seems that the prophecy of Isaiah has been fulfilled, "Behold, these shall come

from far, and lo, these from the north and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim."

Occasions like these do make us pause to thank God and to take courage.

Now we have seen clearly what Christianity has done for China, and what part Christianity has performed in the creation of the Chinese Republic. Now let us consider what Christianity yet has to perform for the preservation of the Chinese Republic.

If China in her whole history ever needed Christianity to purify her political, social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual atmosphere, surely China needs Christianity today the most. Today, China has come to the most critical period in her religion as well as in her social and political life.

There is danger ahead—danger fraught with dark foreboding, danger that might involve the peace of the whole world unless met and removed by the Christian forces today.

This danger lies in the tendency of the Young China toward agnosticism—not atheism, not in a positive disbelief in the existence of a Supreme Being, but in a carelessness of their duties toward Him.

The young generation of the Chinese people are beginning to get the idea in their head that since China has become a Republic and has put away the monarchistic ideas from her social world, as well as her political world, it is now incompatible to have anything to do with religious observances which they considered to be the relic of the times gone by. They are cutting themselves loose from all religious ties and influences of their fathers. Their father's religious conceptions might be false and insufficient to procure the regeneration of spiritual life, but still it is better than without any at all. No man, no nation, can get along and endure without religion. It is better to embrace a false religion than no religion. Some nations have tried to get along without religion and some men have also tried to do the same, but one and all failed and failed completely and miserably. And China will surely fail, if she attempts it.

The Churches in Christendom should take cognizance of this drifting tendency of the young China in a dangerous sea of religious uncertainty, and should meet and direct this tendency in the proper channel to save the tears, and heart-aches of the future China.

In the past, the Christian missionaries from foreign countries, after arriving in China, commenced to study the language which requires many years of close application before it can be fairly mastered. Then they began to go to the highways and byways to preach the Gospel to the natives. In the past, such a procedure might have been necessary and feasible, but at the present time, and in the future, such method

of spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be discontinued and abandoned as a crude, ineffective, primitive, unscientific, and unsystematic method, and a more modern, feasible, economical, and logical one must be adopted. That method is to utilize the learning of the foreign missionaries in training and raising a native ministry and sending it out to all corners of the nation to preach the Gospel of the saving grace to the perishing world. A trained and educated native missionary is able to do what would be considered almost impossible for the foreign preacher to do. The native missionary can feel as a native feels and can sympathize with him in his doubts, failures, and short-comings. And a native missionary can go to any part of the land without arousing distrust, suspicion, antagonism, or disturbance; so that the Gospel of Jesus Christ may be quietly spread to the remotest village without even the presence or evidence of the foreigner.

So then, the activity of the foreign missionary in China, from now on, should be restricted and confined to the functions of educating and training a native ministry to carry on the work of proclaiming the salvation of mankind.

Now, since the future activity of the foreign missionary in the Chinese Republic is to be occupied in the educational rather than in the pastoral lines of work, the method of selecting and sending missionaries to China must be radically changed, so that the quality and quantity of the foreign missionary force may be kept in harmony with the new method of procedure. So, hereafter, send us no one but the very best. We want your great men, your good men, your college-bred men. We want men with great heads as well as great hearts. We want men that we can admire as well as respect; we admire the big man, we respect the good man, but in your missionary we want the man in whom goodness and greatness combine. We want men that can think as well as pray. We want men that can lead us in life as well as console us in death. Indeed, we want the intellectual as well as the spiritual qualities in the missionary.

There might have been a time in the past when it was proper and legitimate to take up a collection and deport your undesirable preachers at home as missionaries to the heathen, consoling yourselves that the heathen ought to be perfectly satisfied with any kind of stale crumbs from the master's table. But the time has changed and the situation is altered, and the missionary field in the Chinese Republic deserves and is entitled to the highest consideration and co-operation of the whole Christian world.

The present method of missionary enterprise must also undergo other radical changes. All sectarian ideas and feelings which have so far characterized the missionary effort, must give way to the spirit of

unity of purpose and action. There should be no competition, antagonism, or rivalry. There must be no longer diversity and opposition of theological teaching in the missionary field.

The Chinese should be permitted, encouraged, and assisted to build up within the whole Republic of China, one united Church of Christ, whose theological views should be liberal and charitable, few and simple, instead of the present sectarian divisions, which are a stumbling block to the young Christian instead of a portal to the knowledge which leads unto salvation.

There should be no such designation as Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, Protestant, or Catholic, but simply, the followers of Christ, the Saviour of man.

With the sympathy and assistance rendered us by the Christian churches of the West, I believe within a century the Gospel of Jesus Christ will be the supreme religion of the land, notwithstanding that clouds of doubt and suspense arise sometimes from all quarters. I am an optimist. I believe that all things work together for good; I believe truth will prevail. The religion of Jesus Christ is truth and therefore the religion of Jesus Christ will be the religion of the Republic of China.

When God, in His infinite mercy, shall have purified our moral, social, intellectual, and political atmosphere, with His Holy Spirit, then the clouds of war and rumors of war will roll away from the eastern horizon and the mists of discord and misunderstanding will disappear from the celestial sky, and then the sun of the regenerated Chinese race will rise higher and shine brighter still.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

By RUSSELL H. CONWELL

[Once more, garrison duty laid its dull hand on the troops, varied by little encounters that broke the monotony and furnished the material for many campfire stories, but otherwise did little damage. The men eagerly welcomed these scouting expeditions, and when an especially dangerous one to Bogue Sound was planned, and Company F, eager to be selected, Captain Conwell personally interceded with the Colonel that his men might be given the task. The region into which they were sent was known to be full of rebels, and as they approached the danger zone, Captain Conwell ordered his men to lie down, while he went forward to reconoitre. Noticing a Confederate officer behind a tree, he stole to the tree, and reaching as far around as he could. began firing with his revolver. Not being experienced in the shooting of men and believing since it must be done, " 'twere well it were done quickly," shot all his loads in quick succession. His enemy, more wily, waited till the Captain's ammunition was gone and then slowly and with steady aim began returning the fire. But Captain Conwell's comrades watching from a distance saw his peril, and disobeying orders, rose as one man and came to his rescue. The Confederate fled but not before he had left a ball in Captain Conwell's shoulder which, of little cansequence at the time, later came near causing his death.

Thus the days passed away, and as the term of enlistment drew to a close, General Foster sent for Captain Conwell and promised to recommend him for a colonelcy if he would enter at once upon recruiting service among his men. This he willingly consented to do, and as may be imagined his men nearly all wanted to re-enlist under him. Such a commission, however, for one so young aroused bitter jealousy among officers of other companies, and Captain Conwell hearing of it, decided not to accept the appointment. He wrote the Governor that he would be content with the captain's commission again and that he preferred not to raise contention by receiving anything higher. The company returned home, but before the new reorganization was effected, Captain Conwell was attacked with a serious fever. By the time he recovered, the new regiment had been organized and new officers put over it. Of course, his men were dissatisfied. With the understanding that such of his old comrades as wished could join it, he went to work immediately recruiting another company. But nearly all his old men wanted to come into it, the new men recruited would not give him up, and the anomalous position arose of two companies clamoring for one captain. While it created much comment, it did not lessen the jealousy which his popularity had aroused, among men and officers not intimately associated with him, so that his second enlistment began under a cloud of disappoint-

ment for his men, and jealousy among outsiders, that seemed to bring misfortune in its train.

His new men, however, never failed him. His thoughtful care for them, his kindness, his unselfishness won their loyalty and love as it had done in Company F, and Company D, 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers were to a man as devoted and as attached to him as ever were his old comrades of the first days of the war.

In this company went as Captain Conwell's personal orderly, a young boy, John Ring, of Westfield, Massachusetts, a lad of sixteen or seventeen. Entirely too young and too small to join the ranks of soldiers, he had pleaded with his father so earnestly to be permitted to go to the war that Mr. Ring had finally consented to put him in Captain Conwell's charge. The boy was a worshipper at the shrine of the young Captain. He had sat thrilled and fascinated under the magic of the burning words which had swept men by the hundreds to enlist. It was Captain Conwell's speeches that had stirred the boy and moved him with such fiery ardor to go to war. No greater joy could be given him, since he could not fight, than to be in his Captain's very tent to look after his belongings, to minister in small ways to his comfort. A hero worshipper the lad was, and at an age when ideals take hold of a pure, high-minded boy with a force that will carry him to any height of self-sacrifice, to any depth of suffering. He had been carefully reared in a Christian home and read the Bible every morning and every evening in their tent, a sight that so pricked the conscience of Captain Conwell, as he remembered his mother and her loving instructions, that he forbade it. But though John Ring loved Captain Conwell with a love which the former did not then understand, the boy loved duty and right better, and bravely disobeying these orders, he read on.

The company was stationed at Fort Macon, North Carolina, for awhile, and then sent to Newport Barracks. Here it was that Captain Conwell and his soldiers cut the logs and built the first free schoolhouse erected for colored children. Colonel Conwell himself taught it at first and then he engaged a woman to teach. It is still standing.

Months passed away and the men received no pay. Request after request Captain Conwell sent to headquarters at Newberne, but received no reply. The men became discontented and unruly. Some had families at home in need. All of these tales were poured into the young Captain's ears. Ready ever to relieve trouble, impatient always to get to work and remedy a wrong, instead of talking about it, Captain Conwell decided to ride to Newberne, find out what was the matter and have the men's money forwarded at once. Leaving an efficient officer in command and securing a pass, which he never stopped to consider was not a properly made out permit for a leave of absence for a commanding officer, he took an orderly and started. It was a twenty-mile ride to Newberne and meant an absence of some time. But he anticipated no trouble, for the rebels had been letting the Northern troops severely alone for nearly a year.

He had covered barely two-thirds of the distance, when a Union man passed, who shouted as he hurried on, "Your men are in a fight." Conwell and his orderly turned, put their horses to the gallop and rode back furiously. It was too late. The country between was swarming with Confederates. He ran into the enemies' pickets and

barely escaped capture by swimming a deep creek, shot spattering all around them. He made a desperate effort to ride around the lines but failed. Then he tried descending the river by boat, but the enemy had captured the entire line of posts. Frustrated at all points, nothing was to be done but retrace his steps to Newberne, where the worst of news awaited him. The assault upon his fort had been sudden and in overwhelming force. His men had been shot down or bayonetted, the remnant driven to the woods. The whole ground was in the hands of the enemy.

Nor was this all. Back at that little fort had been enacted one of the saddest tragedies of the war. When the Union soldiers fled, they had retreated across the long railroad bridge that spanned the Newport river, and to prevent the enemy following, had set it on fire. Just as the flames began to eat into the timbers, John Ring, the boy orderly, thought of his Captain's sword, that wonderfully gold-sheathed sword which had been presented to Captain Conwell on the memorable day in Springfield when he had so eloquently called upon it to fight in the cause of Justice. It had been left behind in the Captain's tent, the Army Regulations requiring that he wear one less conspicuous. Even now it might be in the hands of some slave-owning Confederate. Maddened at the thought, John Ring leaped on to the burning bridge, plunged back through the fire, through the ranks of the yelling, excited Confederates, reached the tent unobserved and grasped the sword of his idolized Captain. Again he made a rush for the flame-wrapped bridge. But this time the keen eyes of the enemy discerned him.

"Look at the Yank with the sword. Wing him! Bring him down." And bullets sped after the fearless boy. But he fled on undeterred, and plunged into the mass of flame and smoke. The fire had gained too great headway by this time for any living thing to pass through it unhurt. He saw it was useless to attempt to cross as before, and belting the sword about him, he dropped beneath the stringers and tried to make his way hand over hand. All about him fell the blazing brands. The biting smoke blinded him. The very flesh was burning from his arms. The enemies' bullets sung about him. But still he struggled on. In sheer admiration of his courage, the Confederate general gave the order to cease firing, and the two armies stood silent and watched the plucky fight of this brave boy. Inch by inch, he gained on his path of fire. But he could see no longer. In torturing blackness he groped on, fearful only that he might not succeed in saving the precious sword, that in his blindness he might grasp a blazing timber and his hand be burnt from him, that death in a tongue of flame be swept down into his face, that the bridge might fall and the sword be lost. At last he heard his comrades shouting. They guided him with their cheers, "A little further," "Keep straight on," "You're all right now." And then he dropped blazing into the outstretched arms of his comrades, while a mighty shout went up from both sides of the river, as enemy and friend paid the tribute of brave men to a brave deed.

With swelling hearts and tear-blinded eyes, they tenderly laid the insensible hero on a gun carriage and took him to the hospital. Two days of quivering agony followed and then he met and bravely faced his last enemy. Opening his eyes, he said clearly and distinctly, "Give

the Captain his sword." Then his breath fluttered and the little armor-bearer slept the sleep of peace.]—Editor's Note.

[The above report is one of the leading incidents in the life of Dr. Conwell and was the primary act in his accepting Christ and being converted to His ministry and with great results as we all know.]—Editor's Note.

I am astonished that so many people should care to hear this story over again. Indeed, this lecture has become a study of psychology; it often breaks all rules of oratory, departs from the precepts of rhetoric, and yet remains the most popular of any lecture that I have delivered in the forty-four years of my public life. I have sometimes studied for a year upon a lecture and made careful research, and then presented the lecture just once—never delivered it again. I put too much work on it. But this had no work on it—thrown together perfectly at random, spoken offhand without any special preparation, and it succeeds when the thing we study, work over, adjust to a plan is an entire failure.

"The Acres of Diamonds" which I have mentioned through so many years are to be found in Philadelphia, and you are to find them. Many have found them. And what man has done, man can do. I could not find anything better to illustrate my thought than a story I have told over and over again, and which is now found in books in nearly every library.

In 1870 we went down the Tigris River. We hired a guide at Bagdad to show us Persepolis, Nineveh and Babylon, and the ancient countries of Asyria as far as the Arabian Gulf. He was well acquainted with the land, but he was one of those guides who love to entertain their patrons; he was like a barber that tells you many stories in order to keep your mind off the scratching and scraping. He told me so many stories that I grew tired of his telling them and I refused to listen—looked away whenever he commenced; that made the guide quite angry. I remember that toward evening he took his Turkish cap off his head and swung it around in the air. The gesture I did not understand and I did not dare look at him for fear I should become the victim of another story. But, although I am not a woman, I did look, and the instant I turned my eyes upon that worthy guide he was off again. Said he, "I will tell you a story now which I reserve for my particular friends!" So then, counting myself a particular friend, I listened, and I have always been glad I did.

He said there once lived not far from the River Indus an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. He said that Al Hafed owned a very large farm with orchards, grain fields and gardens. He was a contented and wealthy man—contended because he was wealthy, and

wealthy because he was contended. One day there visited the old farmer one of those ancient Buddhist priests, and he sat down by Al Hafed's fire and told that old farmer how this world of ours was made. He said that this world was once a mere bank of fog, which is scientifically true, and he said that the Almighty thrust his finger into the bank of fog and then began slowly to move his finger around and gradually to increase the speed of his finger until at last he whirled that bank of fog into a solid ball of fire, and it went rolling through the universe, burning its way through other cosmic banks of fog, until it condensed the moisture without, and fell in floods of rain upon the heated surface and cooled the outward crust. Then the internal flames burst through the cooling crust and threw up the mountains and made the hills of the valley of this wonderful world of ours. If this internal melted mass burst out and cooled very quickly it became granite; that which cooled less quickly, became silver; and less quickly, gold; and after gold diamonds were made. Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight."

This is a scientific truth also. You all know that a diamond is pure carbon, actually deposited sunlight—and he said another thing I would not forget; he declared that a diamond is the last and highest of God's mineral creations, as a woman is the last and highest of God's animal creations. I suppose that is the reason why the two have such a liking for each other. And the old priest told Al Hafed that if he had a handful of diamonds he could purchase a whole county, and with a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones through the influence of their great wealth. Al Hafed heard all about diamonds and how much they were worth, and went to his bed that night a poor man—not that he had lost anything, but poor because he was discontented and discontented because he thought he was poor: He said: "I want a mine of diamonds!" So he lay awake all night, and early in the morning sought out the priest. Now I know from experience that a priest when awakened early in the morning is cross. He awoke that priest out of his dreams and said to him, "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?" The priest said, "Diamonds? What do you want with diamonds?" "I want to be immensely rich," said Al Hafed, "but I don't know where to go." "Well," said the priest, "if you will find a river that runs over white sand between high mountains, in those sands you will always see diamonds." "Do you really believe that there is such a river?" "Plenty of them, plenty of them; all you have to do is just to go and find them, then you have them." Al Hafed said, "I will go." So he sold his farm, collected his money at interest, left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began very properly, to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterwards he went around into Palestine,

then he wandered on into Europe, and at last when his money was all spent, and he was in rags, wretchedness and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay in Barcelona, Spain, when a tidal wave came rolling in through the Pillars of Hercules and the poor afflicted, suffering man could not resist the awful temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.

When that old guide had told me that very sad story, he stopped the camel I was riding and went back to fix the baggage on one of the other camels, and I remember thinking to myself, "Why did he reserve that for his particular friends?" There seemed to be no beginning, middle or end—nothing to it. That was the first story I ever heard told or read in which the hero was killed in the first chapter. I had but one chapter of that story and the hero was dead. When the guide came back and took up the halter of my camel again, he went right on with the same story. He said that Al Hafed's successor led his camel out into the garden to drink, and as that camel put its nose down into the clear water of the garden brook Al Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the sands of the shallow stream, and reaching in he pulled out a black stone having an eye of light that reflected all the colors of the rainbow, and he took that curious pebble into the house and left it on the mantel, then went on his way and forgot all about it. A few days after that, this same old priest who told Al Hafed how diamonds were made, came in to visit his successor, when he saw that flash of light from the mantel. He rushed up and said, "Here is a diamond—here is a diamond! Has Al Hafed returned?" "No, no, Al Hafed has not returned and that is not a diamond; that is nothing but a stone; we found it right out here in our garden." "But I know a diamond when I see it," said he; "that is a diamond!"

Then together they rushed to the garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers and found others more beautiful, more valuable diamonds than the first, and thus, said the guide to me, were discovered the diamond mines of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond mines in all the history of mankind, exceeding the Kimberly in its value. The great Kohinoor diamond in England's crown jewels and the largest crown diamond on earth in Russia's crown jewels, which I had often hoped she would have to sell before they had peace with Japan, came from that mine, and when the old guide had called my attention to that wonderful discovery he took his Turkish cap off his head again and swung it around in the air to call my attention to the moral. Those Arab guides have a moral to each story, though the stories are not always moral. He said had Al Hafed remained at home and dug and dug in his own cellar or in his own garden, instead

of wretchedness, starvation, poverty and death in a strange land, he would have had "acres of diamonds"—for every acre, yes, every shovelful of that old farm afterwards revealed the gems which since have decorated the crowns of monarchs. When he had given the moral to his story, I saw why he had reserved this story for his "particular friends." I didn't tell him I could see it; I was not going to tell that old Arab that I could see it. For it was that mean old Arab's way of going round a thing like a lawyer, and saying indirectly what he did not dare say directly, that there was a certain young man that day traveling down the Tigris River that might better be at home in America. I didn't tell him I could see it.

I told him his story reminded me of one, and I told it to him quick. I told him about that man out in California, who, in 1847, owned a ranch out there. He read that gold had been discovered in Southern California, and he sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter and started off to hunt for gold. Colonel Sutter put a mill on the little stream in that farm and one day his little girl brought some wet sand from the raceway of the mill into the house and placed it before the fire to dry, and as that sand was falling through the little girl's fingers a visitor saw the first shining scales of real gold that were ever discovered in California; and the man who wanted the gold had sold this ranch and gone away, never to return. I delivered this lecture two years ago in California, in the city that stands near that farm, and they told me that the mine is not exhausted yet, and that a one-third owner of that farm has been getting during these recent years twenty dollars of gold every fifteen minutes of his life, sleeping or waking. Why, you and I would enjoy an income like that!

But the best illustration that I have now of this thought was found here in Pennsylvania. There was a man living in Pennsylvania who owned a farm here and he did what I should do if I had a farm in Pennsylvania—he sold it. But before he sold it he concluded to secure employment collecting coal oil for his cousin in Canada. They first discovered coal oil there. So this farmer in Pennsylvania decided that he would apply for a position with his cousin in Canada. Now, you see, this farmer was not altogether a foolish man. He did not leave his farm until he had something else to do. Of all the simpletons the stars shine on there is none more foolish than a man who leaves one job before he has obtained another. And that has especial reference to a gentleman of my profession, and has no reference to a man seeking a divorce. So I say this old farmer did not leave one job until he had obtained another. He wrote to Canada, but his cousin replied that he could not engage him because he did not know anything about the oil business. "Well, then," said he, "I will understand it." So he set himself at the study of the whole subject. He

began at the second day of the creation, he studied the subject from the primitive vegetation to the coal oil stage, until he knew all about it, "Now I understand the oil business." And his cousin replied to him, "All right, then, come on."

That man, by the record of the county, sold his farm for eight hundred and thirty-three dollars—even money, "no cents." He had scarcely gone from that farm before the man who purchased it went out to arrange for the watering the cattle and he found that the previous owner had arranged the matter very nicely. There is a stream running down the hillside there, and the previous owner had gone out and put a plank across that stream at an angle, extending across the brook and down edgewise a few inches under the surface of the water. The purpose of the plank across that brook was to throw over to the other bank a dreadful-looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses to drink above the plank, although they would drink the water on one side below it. Thus that man who had gone to Canada had been himself damming back for twenty-three years a flow of coal oil which the State Geologist of Pennsylvania declared officially, as early as 1870, was then worth to our State a hundred millions of dollars. The city of Titusville now stands on that farm and those Pleasantville wells flow on, and that farmer who had studied all about the formation of oil since the second day of God's creation clear down to the present time, sold that farm for $833, no cents—again I say, "no sense."

But I need another illustration, and I found that in Massachusetts, and I am sorry I did, because that is my old State. This young man I mention went out of the State to study—went down to Yale College and studied Mines and Mining. They paid him fifteen dollars a week during his last year for training students who were behind their classes in mineralogy, out of hours, of course, while pursuing his own studies. But when he graduated they raised his pay from fifteen dollars to forty-five dollars and offered him a professorship. Then he went straight home to his mother and said, "Mother, I won't work for forty-five dollars a week. What is forty-five dollars a week for a man with a brain like mine! Mother, let's go out to California and stake out gold claims and be immensely rich. "Now," said his mother, "it is just as well to be happy as it is to be rich."

But as he was the only son he had his way—they always do; and they sold out in Massachusetts and went to Wisconsin, where he went into the employ of the Superior Copper Mining Company, and he was lost from sight in the employ of that company at fifteen dollars a week again. He was also to have an interest in any mines that he should discover for that company. But I do not believe that he has ever discovered a mine—I do not know anything about it, but I do not believe

he has. I know he had scarcely gone from the old homestead before the farmer who had bought the homestead went out to dig potatoes, and as he was bringing them in in a large basket through the front gateway, the ends of the stone wall came so near together at the gate that the basket hugged very tight. So he set the basket on the ground and pulled, first on one side and then on the other side. Our farms in Massachusetts are mostly stone walls, and the farmers have to be economical with their gateways in order to have some place to put the stones. That basket hugged so tight there that as he was hauling it through he noticed in the upper stone next the gate a block of native silver, eight inches square; and this professor of mines and mining and mineralogy, who would not work for forty-five dollars a week, when he sold that homestead in Massachusetts, sat right on that stone to make the bargain. He was brought up there; he had gone back and forth by that piece of silver, rubbed it with his sleeve, and it seemed to say, 'Come now, now, now, here is a hundred thousand dollars. Why not take me?" But he would not take it. There was no silver in Newburyport; it was all away off—well, I don't know where; he didn't, but somewhere else—and he was a professor of mineralogy.

I do not know of anything I would enjoy better than to take the whole time tonight telling of blunders like that I have heard professors make. Yet I wish I knew what that man is doing out there in Wisconsin. I can imagine him out there, as he sits by his fireside, and he is saying to his friends, "Do you know that man Conwell that lives in Philadelphia?" "Oh, yes, I have heard of him." "And do you know that man Jones that lives in that city?" "Yes, I have heard of him." And then he begins to laugh and laugh and says to his friends, "They have done the same thing I did, precisely." And that spoils the whole joke, because you and I have done it.

Ninety out of every hundred people here have made that mistake this very day. I say you ought to be rich; you have no right to be poor. To live in Philadelphia and not be rich is a misfortune, and it is doubly a misfortune, because you could have been rich just as well as poor. Philadelphia furnishes so many opportunities. You ought to be rich. But persons with certain religious prejudice will ask, "How can you spend your time advising the rising generation to give their time to getting money—dollars and cents—the commercial spirit?"

Yet I must say that you ought to spend time getting rich. You and I know there are some things more valuable than money; of course, we do. Ah, yes! By a heart made unspeakably sad by a grave on which the autumn leaves now fall, I know there are some things higher and grander and sublimer than money. Well does the man know, who has suffered, that there are some things sweeter and holier and more sacred than gold. Nevertheless, the man of common

sense also knows that there is not any one of those things that is not greatly enhanced by the use of money. Money is power. Love is the grandest thing on God's earth, but fortunate the lover who has plenty of money. Money is power; money has powers; and for a man to say, "I do not want money," is to say, "I do not wish to do any good to my fellowmen." It is absurd thus to talk. It is absurd to disconnect them. This is a wonderfully great life, and you ought to spend your time getting money, because of the power there is in money. And yet this religious prejudice is so great that some people think it is a great honor to be one of God's poor. I am looking in the faces of people who think just that way. I heard a man once say in a prayer meeting that he was thankful that he was one of God's poor, and then I silently wondered what his wife would say to that speech, as she took in washing to support the man while he sat and smoked on the veranda. I don't want to see any more of that kind of God's poor. Now, when a man could have been rich just as well, and he is now weak because he is poor, he has done some great wrong; he has been untruthful to himself; he has been unkind to his fellowmen. We ought to get rich if we can by honorable and Christian methods, and these are the only methods that sweep us quickly toward the goal of riches.

I remember, not many years ago a young theological student who came into my office and said to me that he thought it was his duty to come in and "labor with me." I asked him what had happened, and he said: "I feel it is my duty to come in and speak to you, sir, and say that the Holy Scriptures declare that money is the root of all evil. I asked him where he found that saying, and he said he found it in the Bible. I asked him whether he had made a new Bible, and he said, no, he had not gotten a new Bible, that it was in the old Bible. "Well," I said, "if it is in my Bible, I never saw it. Will you please get the text-book and let me see it?" He left the room and soon came stalking in with his Bible open, with all the bigoted pride of the narrow sectarian, who founds his creed on some misinterpretation of Scripture, and he puts the Bible down on the table before me and fairly squealed into my ear, "There it is. You can read it for yourself." I said to him, "Young man, you will learn, when you get a little older, that you cannot trust another denomination to read the Bible for you." I said, "Now, you belong to another denomination. Please read it to me, and remember that you are taught in a school where emphasis is exegesis." So he took the Bible and read it: "The love of money is the root of all evil." Then he had it right. The Great Book has come back into the esteem and love of the people, and into the respect of the greatest minds of earth, and now you can quote it and rest your life and your death on it without more fear. So, when he quoted right from the Scriptures he quoted the truth. "The love

of money is the root of all evil." Oh, that is it. It is the worship of the means instead of the end, though you cannot reach the end without the means. When a man makes an idol of the money instead of the purpose for which it may be used, when he squeezes the dollar until the eagle squeals, then it is made the root of all evil. Think, if you only had the money, what you could do for your wife, your child, and for your home and your city. Think how soon you could endow the Temple College yonder if you only had the money and the disposition to give it; and yet, my friend, people say you and I should not spend the time getting rich. How inconsistent the whole thing is. We ought to be rich, because money has power. I think the best thing for me to do is to illustrate this, for if I say you ought to get rich, I ought, at least, to suggest how it is done. We get a prejudice against rich men because of the lies that are told about them. The lies that are told about Mr. Rockefeller because he has two hundred million dollars—so many believe them; yet how false is the representation of that man to the world. How little we can tell what is true nowadays when newspapers try to sell their papers entirely on some sensation! The way they lie about the rich men is something terrible, and I do not know that there is anything to illustrate this better than what the newspapers now say about the city of Philadelphia. A young man came to me the other day and said, "If Mr. Rockefeller, as you think, is a good man, why is it that everybody says so much against him?" It is because he has gotten ahead of us; that is the whole of it—just gotten ahead of us. Why is it Mr. Carnegie is criticised so sharply by an envious world? Because he has gotten more than we have. If a man knows more than I know, don't I incline to criticise somewhat his learning? Let a man stand in a pulpit and preach to thousands, and if I have fifteen people in my church, and they're all asleep, don't I criticise him? We always do that to the man who gets ahead of us. Why, the man you are criticising has one hundred millions, and you have fifty cents, and both of you have just what you are worth. One of the richest men in this country came into my home and sat down in my parlor and said: "Did you see all those lies about my family in the paper?" "Certainly I did; I knew they were lies when I saw them." "Why do they lie about me the way they do?" "Well," I said to him, "if you will give me a check for one hundred millions, I will take all the lies along with it." "Well," said he, "I don't see any sense in their thus talking about my family and myself. Conwell, tell me frankly, what do you think the American people think of me?" "Well," said I, "they think you are the blackest-hearted villain that ever trod the soil!" "But what can I do about it?" There is nothing he can do about it, and yet he is one of the sweetest Christian men I ever knew. If you get a hundred millions

you will have the lies; you will be lied about, and you can judge your success in any line by the lies that are told about you. I say that you ought to be rich. But there are ever coming to me young men who say, "I would like to go into business, but I cannot." "Why not?" "Because I have no capital to begin on." Capital, capital to begin on! What! young man! Living in Philadelphia and looking at this wealthy generation, all of whom began as poor boys, and you want capital to begin on? It is fortunate for you that you have no capital. I am glad you have no money. I pity a rich man's son. A rich man's son in these days of ours occupies a very difficult position. They are to be pitied. A rich man's son cannot know the very best things in human life. He cannot. The statistics of Massachusetts show us that not one out of seventeen rich men's sons ever die rich. They are raised in luxury, they die in poverty. Even if a rich man's son retains his father's money even then he cannot know the best things of life.

A young man in our college yonder asked me to formulate for him what I thought was the happiest hour in a man's history, and I studied it long and came back convinced that the happiest hour that any man ever sees in any earthly matter is when a young man takes his bride over the threshhold of the door, for the first time, of the house he himself has earned and built, when he turns to his bride and with an eloquence greater than any language of mine, he sayeth to his wife, "My loved one, I earned this home myself; I earned it all. It is mine, and I divide it with thee." That is the grandest moment a human heart may ever see. But a rich man's son cannot know that. He goes into a finer mansion, it may be, but he is obliged to go through the house and say, "Mother gave me this, mother gave me that, my mother gave me that, my mother gave me that," until his wife wishes she had married his mother. Oh, I pity a rich man's son. I do. Until he gets so far along in his dudeism that he gets his arms up like that and can't get them down. Didn't you ever see any of them astray at Atlantic City? I saw one of these scarecrows once and I never tire thinking about it. I was at Niagara Falls lecturing, and after the lecture I went to the hotel, and when I went up to the desk there stood there a millionaire's son from New York. He was an indescribable specimen of anthropologic potency. He carried a gold-headed cane under his arm—More in its head than he had in his. I do not believe I could describe the young man if I should try. But still I must say that he wore an eye-glass he could not see through; patent leather shoes he could not walk in, and pants he could not sit down in—dressed like a grasshopper! Well, this human cricket came up to the clerk's desk just as I came in. He adjusted his unseeing eye-glass in this wise and lisped to the clerk, because it's "Hinglish, you know," to lisp: "Thir, thir, will you have the kindness to fuhnish me with thome papah and

thome envelopehs!" The clerk measured that man quick, and he pulled out a drawer and took some envelopes and paper and cast them across the counter and turned away to his books. You should have seen that specimen of humanity when the paper and envelopes came across the counter—he whose wants had always been anticipated by servants. He adjusted his unseeing eye-glass and he yelled after that clerk: "Come back here thir, come right back here. Now, thir, will you order a thervant to take that papah and thothe envelopes and carry them to yondah dethk." Oh, the poor miserable, contemptible American monkey! He couldn't carry paper and envelopes twenty feet. I suppose he could not get his arms down. I have no pity for such travesties of human nature. If you have no capital, I am glad of it. You don't need capital; you need common sense, not copper cents.

A. T. Stewart, the great princely merchant of New York, the richest man in America in his time, was a poor boy; he had a dollar and a half and went into the mercantile business. But he lost eighty-seven and a half cents of his first dollar and a half because he bought some needles and thread and buttons to sell which people didn't want.

Are you poor? It is because you are not wanted and are left on your own hands. There was the great lesson. Apply it whichever way you will it comes to every single person's life, young or old. He did not know what people needed, and consequently bought something they didn't want, and had the goods left on his hands a dead loss. A. T. Stewart learned there the great lesson of his mercantile life and said, "I will never buy anything more until I first learn what the people want; then I'll make the purchase." He went around to the doors and asked them what they did want, and when he found out what they wanted, he invested his sixty-two and a half cents and began to supply "a known demand." I care not what your profession or occupation in life may be; I care not whether you are a lawyer, a doctor, a housekeeper, teacher or whatever else, the principle is precisely the same. We must know what the world needs first and then invest ourselves to supply that need, and success is almost certain. A. T. Stewart went on until he was worth forty millions. "Well," you will say, "a man can do that in New York, but cannot do it here in Philadelphia." The statistics very carefully gathered in New York in 1889 showed one hundred and seven millionaires in the city worth over ten millions apiece. It was remarkable and people think they must go there to get rich. Out of that one hundred and seven millionaires only seven of them made their money in New York, and the others moved to New York after their fortunes were made, and sixty-seven out of the remaining hundred made their fortunes in towns of less than six thousand people, and the richest man in the country at that time lived in a town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, and always

lived there and never moved away. It is not so much where you are as what you are. But at the same time if the largeness of the city comes into the problem, then remember it is the smaller city that furnishes the great opportunity to make millions of money. The best illustration that I can give is in reference to John Jacob Astor, who was a poor boy and who made all the money of the Astor family. He made more than his successors have ever earned, and yet he once held a mortgage on a millinery store in New York, and because the people could not make enough money to pay the interest and the rent, he foreclosed the mortgage and took possession of the store and went into partnership with the man who had failed. He kept the same stock, did not give them a dollar of capital, and he left them alone and went out and sat down upon a bench in the park. Out there on that bench in the park he had the most important, and to my mind, the pleasantest part of that partnership business. He was watching the ladies as they went by; and where is the man that wouldn't get rich at that business? But when John Jacob Astor saw a lady pass, with her shoulders back and her head up, as if she did not care if the whole world looked on her, he studied her bonnet; and before that bonnet was out of sight he knew the shape of the frame and the color of the trimmings, the curl of the—something on a bonnet. Sometimes I try to describe a woman's bonnet, but it is of little use, for it would be out of style tomorrow night. So John Jacob Astor went to the store and said: "Now, put in the show window just such a bonnet as I describe to you because," said he, "I have just seen a lady who likes just such a bonnet. Do not make up any more till I come back." And he went out again and sat on that bench in the park, and another lady of a different form and complexion passed him with a bonnet of different shape and color, of course. "Now," said he, "put such a bonnet as that in the show window." He didn't fill his show window with hats and bonnets which drive people away and then sit in the back of the store and bawl because the people go somewhere else to trade. He didn't put a hat or bonnet in that show window the like of which he had not seen before it was made up.

In our city especially there are great opportunities for manufacturing, and the time has come when the line is drawn very sharply between the stockholders of the factory and their employes. Now, friends, there has also come a discouraging gloom upon this country and the laboring men are beginning to feel that they are being held down by a crust over their heads through which they find it impossible to break, and the aristocratic money-owner himself is so far above that he will never descend to their assistance. That is the thought that is in the minds of our people. But, friends, never in the history of our country was there an opportunity so great for the

poor man to get rich as there is now and in the city of Philadelphia. The very fact that they get discouraged is what prevents them from getting rich. That is all there is to it. The road is open, and let us keep it open between the poor and the rich. I know that the labor unions have two great problems to contend with, and there is only one way to solve them. The labor unions are doing as much to prevent its solving as are the capitalists today, and there are positively two sides to it. The labor union has two difficulties; the first one is that it began to make a labor scale for all classes on a par, and they scale down a man that can earn five dollars a day to two and a half a day, in order to level up to him an imbecile that cannot earn fifty cents a day. That is one of the most dangerous and discouraging things for the working man. He cannot get the results of his work if he do better work or higher work or work longer; that is a dangerous thing, and in order to get every laboring man free and every American equal to every other American, let the laboring man ask what he is worth and get it—not let any capitalist say to him: "You shall work for me for half of what you are worth; nor let any labor organization say: "You shall work for the capitalist for half your worth." Be a man, be independent, and then shall the laboring man find the road ever open from poverty to wealth. The other difficulty that the labor union has to consider, and this problem they have to solve themselves, is the kind of orators who come and talk to them about the oppressive rich. I can in my dreams recite the oration I have heard again and again under such circumstances. My life has been with the laboring man. I am a laboring man myself. I have often, in their assemblies, heard the speech of the man who has been invited to address the labor union. The man gets up before the assembled company of honest laboring men and he begins by saying: "Oh, ye honest industrious laboring men, who have furnished all the capital of the world, who have built all the palaces and constructed all the railroads and covered the ocean with her steamships. Oh, you laboring men! You are nothing but slaves; you are ground down in the dust by the capitalist who is gloating over you as he enjoys his beautiful estates and as he has his banks filled with gold, and every dollar he owns is coined out of the heart's blood of the honest laboring man." Now, that is a lie, and you know it is a lie; and yet that is the kind of speech that they are all the time hearing, representing the capitalists as wicked and the laboring men so enslaved. Why, how wrong it is! Let the man who loves his flag and believes in American principles endeavor with all his soul to bring the capitalist and the laboring man together until they stand side by side, and arm in arm, and work for the common good of humanity.

He is an enemy to his country who sets capital against labor or labor against capital.

Suppose I were to go down through this audience and ask you to introduce me to the great inventors who live here in Philadelphia. "The inventors of Philadelphia," you would say, "Why we don't have any in Philadelphia. It is too slow to invent anything." But you do have just as great inventors, and they are here in this audience, as ever invented a machine. But the probability is that the greatest inventor to benefit the world with his discovery is some person, perhaps some lady, who thinks she could not invent anything. Did you ever study the history of invention and see how strange it was that the man who made the greatest discovery did it without any previous idea that he was an inventor? Who are the great inventors? They are persons with plain, straighforward common sense, who saw a need in the world and immediately applied themselves to supply that need. If you want to invent anything, don't try to find it in the wheels in your head nor in the wheels in your machine, but first find out what the people need, and then apply yourself to that need, and this leads to invention on the part of people you would not dream of before. The great inventors are simply great men; the greater the man the more simple the man; and the more simple a machine, the more valuable it is. Did you ever know a really great man? His ways are so simple, so common, so plain, that you think any one could do what he is doing. So it is with the great men the world over. If you know a really great man, a neighbor of yours, you can go right up to him and say, "How are you, Jim, good morning, Sam." Of course you can, for they are always so simple.

When I wrote the life of General Garfield, one of his neighbors took me to his back door, and shouted, "Jim, Jim, Jim!" and very soon "Jim" came to the door and General Garfield let me in—one of the grandest men of our century. The great men of the world are ever so. I was down in Virginia and went up to an educational institution and was directed to a man who was setting out a tree. I approached him and said, "Do you think it would be possible for me to see General Robert E. Lee, the President of the University?" He said, "Sir, I am General Lee." Of course, when you meet such a man, so noble a man as that, you will find him a simple, plain man. Greatness is always just so modest and great inventions are simple.

I asked a class in school once who were the great inventors, and a little girl popped up and said, "Columbus." Well, now, she was not so far wrong. Columbus bought a farm and he carried on that farm just as I carried on my father's farm. He took a hoe and went out and sat down on a rock. But Columbus, as he sat upon that shore and looked out upon the ocean, noticed that the ships, as they sailed

away, sank deeper into the sea the farther they went. And since that time some other "Spanish ships" have sunk into the sea. But as Columbus noticed that the tops of the masts dropped down out of sight, he said: "That is the way it is with this hoe handle; if you go around this hoe handle, the further off you go the farther down you go. I can sail around to the East Indies." How plain it all was. How simple the mind—majestic like the simplicity of a mountain in its greatness. Who are the great inventors? They are ever the simple, plain, everyday people who see the need and set about to supply it.

I was once lecturing in North Carolina, and the cashier of the bank sat directly behind a lady who wore a very large hat. I said to that audience, "Your wealth is too near to you; you are looking right over it." He whispered to his friend, "Well, then, my wealth is in that hat." A little later, as he wrote me, I said, "Wherever there is a human need there is a greater fortune than a mine can furnish." He caught my thought, and he drew up his plan for a better hat pin than was in the hat before him, and the pin is now being manufactured. He was offered fifty-five thousand dollars for his patent. That man made his fortune before he got out of that hall. This is the whole question: Do you see a need?

I remember well a man up in my native hills, a poor man, who for twenty years was helped by the town in his poverty, who owned a wide-spreading maple tree that covered the poor man's cottage like a benediction on high. I remember that tree, for in the spring—there were some roguish boys around that neighborhood when I was young —in the spring of the year the man would put a bucket there and the spouts to catch the maple sap, and I remember where that bucket was; and when I was young the boys were, oh, so mean, that they went to that tree before that man had gotten out of bed in the morning, and after he had gone to bed at night, and drank up that sweet sap. I could swear they did it. He didn't make a great deal of maple sugar from that tree. But one day he made the sugar so white and crystaline that the visitor did not believe it was maple sugar; thought maple sugar must be red or black. He said to the old man: "Why don't you make it that way and sell it for confectionary?" The old man caught his thought and invented the "rock maple crystal," and before that patent expired he had ninety thousand dollars and had built a beautiful palace on the site of that tree. After forty years owning that tree he awoke to find it had fortunes of money indeed in it. And many of us are right by the tree that has a fortune for us. and we own it, possess it, do what we will with it, but we do not learn its value because we do not see the human need, and in these dis-

coveries and inventions this is one of the most romantic things of life.

I have received letters from all over the country and from England, where I have lectured, saying that they have discovered this and that, and one man out in Ohio took me through his great factories last spring, and said that they cost him $680,000, and said he, "I was not worth a cent in the world when I heard your lecture "Acres of Diamonds;" but I made up my mind to stop right here and make my fortune here, and here it is. He showed me through his unmortgaged possessions. And this is a continual experience now as I travel through the country, after these many years. I mention this incident, not to boast, but to show you that you can do the same if you will.

Who are the great inventors? I remember a good illustration in a man who used to live in East Brookfield, Mass. He was a shoemaker, and he was out of work, and he sat around the house until his wife told him "to go out doors." And he did what every husband is compelled by law to do—he obeyed his wife. And he went out and sat down on an ash barrel in his back yard. Think of it! Stranded on an ash barrel and the enemy in possession of the house! As he sat on that ash barrel, he looked down into that little brook which ran through that back yard into the meadows, and he saw a little trout go flashing up the stream and hiding under the bank. I do not suppose he thought of Tennyson's beautiful poem:

"Chatter, chatter, as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

But as this man looked into the brook, he leaped off that ash barrel and managed to catch the trout with his fingers, and sent it to Worcester. They wrote back that they would give him a five dollar bill for another such trout as that, not that it was worth that much, but he wished to help the poor man. So this shoemaker and his wife, now perfectly united, that five dollar bill in prospect, went out to get another trout. They went up the stream to its source and down to the brimming river, but not another trout could they find in the whole stream; and so they came home disconsolate and went to the minister. The minister didn't know how trout grew, but he pointed the way. Said he, "Get Seth Green's book, and that will give you all the information you want." They did so, and found all about the culture of trout. They found that a trout lays thirty-six hundred eggs every year and every trout gains a quarter of a pound evey year, so that in four years a little trout will furnish four tons per annum to sell to the market at fifty cents a pound. When they found that, they

said they didn't believe any such story as that, but if they could get five dollars apiece they could make something. And right in that same back yard with the coal sifter up stream and window screens down the stream, they began the culture of trout. They afterwards moved to the Hudson, and since then he has become the authority in the United States upon the raising of fish, and he has been next to the highest on the United States Fish Commission in Washington. My lesson is that man's wealth was out there in his back yard for twenty years, but he didn't see it until his wife drove him out with a mop stick.

I remember meeting personally a poor carpenter of Hingham, Massachusetts, who was out of work and in poverty. His wife also drove him out of doors. He sat down on the shore and whittled a soaked shingle into a wooden chain. His children quarreled over it in the evening, and while he was whittling a second one, a neighbor came along and said, "Why don't you whittle toys if you can carve like that?" He said, "I don't know what to make!" There is the whole thing. His neighbor said to him: "Why don't you ask your own children?" Said he, "What is the use of doing that? My children are different from other people's children." I used to see people like that when I taught school. The next morning when his boy came down the stairway, he said, "Sam, what do you want for a toy?" "I want a wheel-barrow." When his little girl came down, he asked her what she wanted, and she said, "I want a little doll's washstand, a little doll's carriage, a little doll's umbrella," and went on with a whole lot of things that would have taken his lifetime to supply. He consulted his own children right there in his own house and began to whittle out toys to please them. He began with his jack-knife, and made those unpainted Hingham toys. He is the richest man in the entire New England states, if Mr. Larson is to be trusted in his statement concerning such things, and yet that man's fortune was made by consulting his own children in his own house. You don't need to go out of your own house to find out what to invent or what to make I always talk too long on this subject.

I would like to meet the great men who are here tonight. The great men! We don't have any great men in Philadelphia. Great men! You say that they all come from London, or San Francisco, or Rome, or Manayunk, or anywhere else but here—anywhere else but Philadelphia—and yet, in fact, there are just as great men in Philadelphia as in any city of its size. There are great men and women in this audience. Great men, I have said, are very simple men. Just as many great men here as are to be found anywhere. The greatest error in judging great men is that we think that they always hold an office. The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Who are the great men of the world? The young man and young woman may well ask the question. It is not necessary that they should hold an office, and yet that is the popular idea. That is the idea we teach now in our high schools and common schools, that the great men of the world are those who hold some high office, and unless we change that very soon and do away with that prejudice, we are going to change to an empire. There is no question about it. We must teach that men are great only on their intrinsic value, and not on the position that they may incidentally happen to occupy. And, yet, don't blame the young men saying that they are going to be great men when they get into some official position. I ask this audience again who of you are going to be great? Says a young man: "I am going to be great." When are you going to be great?" "When I am elected to some political office." Won't you learn the lesson, young man; that it is prima facie evidence of littleness to hold public office under our form of government? Think of it. This is a government of the people, and by the people, and for the people, and not for the office-holder, and if the people in this country rule as they always should rule, an office-holder is only the servant of the people, and the Bible says that "the servant cannot be greater than his master." The Bible says that "he that is sent cannot be greater than him who sent him." In this country the people are the masters, and the office-holders can never be greater than the people; they should be honest servants of the people, but they are not our greatest men. Young man, remember that you never heard of a great man holding any political office in this country unless he took that office at an expense to himself. It is a loss to every great man to take a public office in our country. Bear this in mind, young man, that you cannot be made great by a political position.

Another young man says, "I am going to be a great man in Philadelphia some time." "Is that so?" When are you going to be great?" "When there comes another war! When we get into difficulty with Mexico, or England, or Russia, or Japan, or with Spain again over Cuba, or with New Jersey, I will march up to the cannon's mouth, and amid the glistering bayonets I will tear down their flag from its staff, and I will come home with stars on my shoulders, and hold every office in the gift of the government, and I will be great" "No, you won't! No, you won't; that is no evidence of true greatness, young man." But don't blame that young man for thinking that way; that is the way he is taught in the high school. That is the way history is taught in college. He is taught that the men who hold the office did all the fighting.

I remember we had a Peace Jubilee here in Philadelphia soon after the Spanish war. Perhaps some of the visitors think we should

not have had it until now in Philadelphia, and as the great procession was going up Broad street I was told that the tally-ho coach stopped right in front of my house, and on the coach was Hobson, and all the people threw up their hats and swung their handkerchiefs, and shouted "Hurrah for Hobson!" I would have yelled too, because he deserves much more of his country than he has ever received. But suppose I go into the High School tomorrow and ask, "Boys, who sunk the Merrimac?" If they answer me "Hobson," they tell me seven-eights of a lie—seven eights of a lie, because there were eight men who sunk the Merrimac. The other seven men, by virtue of their position, were continually exposed to the Spanish fire, while Hobson, as an officer, might reasonably be behind the smoke-stack. Why, my friends, in this intelligent audience gathered here tonight I do not believe I could find a single person that can name the other seven men who were with Hobson. Why do we teach history in that way? We ought to teach that however humble the station a man may occupy, if he does his full duty in his place, he is just as much entitled to the American people's honor as is the king upon his throne. We do teach it as a mother did her little boy in New York when he said, "Mamma what great building is that?" "That is General Grant's tomb." "Who was General Grant?" "He was the man who put down the rebellion." Is that the way to teach history?

Do you think we would have gained a victory if it had depended on General Grant alone? Oh, no. Then why is there a tomb on the Hudson at all? Why, not simply because General Grant was personally a great man himself, but the tomb is there because he was a representative man and represented two hundred thousand men who went down to death for their nation and of them as great as General Grant. That is why that beautiful tomb stands on the heights over the Hudson.

I remember an incident that will illustrate this, the only one that I can give tonight. I am ashamed of it, but I don't dare leave it out. I close my eyes now; I look back through the years to 1863; I can see my native town in the Berkshire Hills, I can see that cattle-show ground filled with people; I can see the church there and the town hall crowded, and hear bands playing, and see flags flying and handkerchiefs streaming—well do I recall at this moment that day. The people had turned out to receive a company of soldiers, and that company came marching up the Common. They had served out one term in the Civil War and had re-enlisted, and they were being received by their native townsmen. I was but a boy, but I was captain of that company, puffed out with pride on that day—why, a cambric needle would have burst me all to pieces. As I marched on the Common at the head of my company, there was not a man more proud

than I. We marched into the town hall and then they seated my soldiers down in the center of the house and I took my place down on the front seat, and then the town officers filed through the great throng of people, who stood close and packed in that little hall. They came up on the platform, formed a half circle around it, and the mayor of the town, the "chairman of the Select men" in New England, took his seat in the middle of that half circle. He was an old man, his hair was gray; he never held an office before in his life. He thought that an office was all he needed to be a truly great man, and when he came up he adjusted his powerful spectacles and glanced calmly around the audience with amazing dignity. Suddenly his eyes fell upon me, and then the good old man came right forward and invited me to come up on the stand with the town officers. Invited me up on the stand! No town officer ever took notice of me before I went to war. Now, I should not say that. One town officer was there who advised the teacher to "whale" me, but I mean no "honorable mention." So I was invited up on the stand with the town officers. I took my seat and let my sword fall on the floor, and folded my arms across my breast and waited to be received. Napoleon the Fifth! Pride goeth before destruction and a fall. When I had gotten my seat and all became silent through the hall, the chairman of the Select men arose and came forward with great dignity to the table, and we all supposed he would introduce the Congregational minister, who was the only orator in the town, and who would give the oration to the returning soldiers. But, friends, you should have seen the surprise that ran over that audience when they discovered that this old farmer was going to deliver that oration himself. He had never made a speech in his life before, but he fell into the same error that others have fallen into, he seemed to think that the office would make him an orator. So he had written out a speech and walked up and down the pasture until he had learned it by heart and frightened the cattle, and he brought that manuscript with him, and taking it from his pocket, he spread it carefully upon the table. Then he adjusted his spectacles to be sure that he might see it, and walked far back on the platform and then stepped forward like this. He must have studied the subject much, for he assumed an elocutionary attitude; he rested heavily upon his left heel, slightly advanced the right foot, threw back his shoulders, opened the organs of speech, and advanced his right hand at an angle of forty-five. As he stood in that elocutionary attitude this is just the way that speech went, this is it precisely. Some of my friends have asked me if I do not exaggerate it, but I could not exaggerate it. Impossible! This is the way it went; altough I am not here for the story but the lesson that is back of it:

"Fellow citizens." As soon as he heard his voice, his hand began

to shake like that, his knees began to tremble, and then he shook all over. He coughed and choked and finally came around to look at his manuscript. Then he began again: "Fellow citizens: We—are—we are—we are—we are— We are very happy—we are very happy—we are very happy—to welcome back to their native town these soldiers who have fought and bled—and come back again to their native town. We are especially—we are especially—we are especially—we are especially pleased to see with us today this young hero (that meant me) —this young hero who in imagination (friends, remember, he said "imagination," for if he had not said that, I would not be egotistical enough to refer to it)—this young hero who, in imagination, we have seen leading his troops—leading—we have seen leading—we have seen leading his troops on to the deathly breach. We have seen his shining—his shining—we have seen his shining—we have seen his shining—his shining sword—flashing in the sunlight as he shouted to his troops, 'Come on'!"

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear! How little that good, old man knew about war. If he had known anything about war, he ought to have known what any soldier in this audience knows is true, that it is next to a crime for an officer of infantry ever in time of danger to go ahead of his men. I, with my shining sword flashing in the sunlight, shouting to my troops: "Come on." I never did it. Do you suppose I would go ahead of my men to be shot in the front by the enemy and in the back by my own men? That is no place for an officer. The place for the officer is behind the private soldier in actual fighting. How often as a staff officer, I rode down the line when the Rebel cry and yell was coming out of the woods, sweeping along over the fields, and shouted, "Officers to the rear! Officers to the rear!" and then every officer goes behind the line of battle, and the higher the officer's rank, the farther behind he goes. Not because he is any the less brave, but because the laws of war require that to be done. If the general came up on the front line and were killed you would lose your battle anyhow, because he has the plan of the battle in his brain, and must be kept in comparative safety. I, with my "shining sword flashing in the sunlight." Ah! There sat in the hall that day men who had given that boy their last hardtack, who had carried him on their backs through deep rivers. But some were not there; they had gone down to death for their country. The speaker mentioned them, but they were little noticed, and yet they had gone down to death for their country, gone down for a cause they believed was right and still believe was right, though I grant to the other side the same that I ask for myself. Yet these men who had actually died for their country were little noticed, and the hero of the hour was this boy. Why was he the hero? Simply because that man fell into that same foolish-

ness. This boy was an officer, and those were only private soldiers. I learned a lesson that I will never forget. Greatness consists not in holding some office; greatness really consists in doing some great deed with little means, in the accomplishment of vast purposes from the private ranks of life; that is true greatness. He who can give to his people better streets, better homes, better schools, better churches, more religion, more of happiness, more of God, he that can be a blessing to the community in which he lives tonight will be great anywhere, but he who cannot be a blessing where he now lives will never be great anywhere on the face of God's earth. "We live in deeds, not years, in feeling, not in figures on a dial; in thoughts, not breaths; we should count time by heart throbs, in the cause of right. Bailey says: "He most lives who thinks most."

If you forget everything I have said to you, do not forget this, because it contains more in two lines than all I have said. Bailey says:

"He most lives who thinks most, who feels the noblest, and who acts the best."

AN APPRECIATION

By MAJOR COLE
Faithful Servant of the Lord

My heart burns that we may know the greatest honor in this world we may have. Jesus Christ, our Lord, says so. "When the comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father even the spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father. He shall testify of me, and ye also shall bear witness.

Pray while I give you the following verses that we may realize the honor that is ours by faith in Christ. We are tempted of the Holy Spirit to witness of Christ.

Annointing of the Spirit.

(1) Oil for the light (Exod. xxv. 6). "They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil" (Matt. xxv. 3, 4. "Ye are the light of the world" (Matt. v. 14). "Arise, shine" (Isa. 1x. 1). "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, said the Lord of hosts" (Zech. iv. 6).

(2) Oil upon the meat offering (Lev. ii. 15). "God annointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power" (Acts x. 38).

(3) Oil for annointing: (a) Prophet. "Elisha . . . shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room" (1 Kings xix. 16). "I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy" (Joel ii. 28, 29). "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost" (Acts ii. 4). "He will show you things to come" (John xvi. 13). "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things" (1 John ii. 20). (b) Priest (Lev. viii. 30). (c) King (1 Samuel xvi. 13). "Ye are a royal priesthood" (1 Peter ii. 9). "He hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father" (Rev. i. 6). "He which hath anointed us is God" (2 Cor. i. 21).

(4) Oil for healing. "Pouring in oil and wine" (Luke x. 34). "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost" (John xiv. 26).

(5) Oil of joy. "God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows" (Ps. xlv. 7). "The oil of joy for mourning" (Isa. lxi. 3). "Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup run-

neth over" (Ps. xxiii. 5). "The kingdom of God is . . . joy in the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xiv. 17). "The fruit of the Spirit is . . . joy" (Gal. v. 22).

(6) Oil of separation (Lev. xxi. 10-12; x. 6, 7). Once anointed with the holy oil, the anointed ones could not, dared not, live as others. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing" (2 Cor. vi. 17). "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20).

(7) The land of promise was a land of oil-olive (Deut. viii. 8). The walk of faith is a walk in the Spirit. "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit" (Gal. v. 25). "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

VALUE OF MID-WINTER BIBLE CONFERENCES

Pana, Ill., Mar. 31, 1914.

I want to express to you the appreciation of the people of Pana for the Bible Conference recently held here. We all feel that we were individually and collectively broadened spiritually and intellectually. The interest increased nightly, on the last night we had standing room only.

DR. JOHN D. REID,
Secretary Local Committee.

Washington, D. C., May 27, 1914.

I was pleased to learn that you are arranging for another campaign of Bible Conferences similar to what you held here last winter. They were remarkable Conferences. Just how you were able to crowd into the week so much that was great and good, is still a mystery to me: and how you secured the assistance of so many men distinguished in their different lines of Bible study, and Christian work, is another mystery. Your Winona work evidently has taught you what the Church largely needs, and has put you in touch with the very men who are best able to meet these needs.

I attended all, or nearly all, the Conferences here with great pleasure and profit. Every meeting was a success; every speaker justified his reputation. With a campaign of such men during the coming year, you should be able to "turn the world upside down." And this is just what is needed now.

THOMAS GORDON.

Washington, D. C., June 3, 1914.

The Mid-Winter Bible Conference under the direction of Rev. Dr. Dickey, held here in the past year was exceptional in the program offered and the ability, skill, attractiveness, and power of its leaders. It commanded the attention and interest not only of the church people but of many others. The sessions mornings, afternoons and evenings were crowded with instructed and delighted congregations. They gave a strong inspirational influence to the study of the Bible and left a large and enduring blessing to our churches.

WALLACE RADCLIFFE, D. D., L.L. D.
Pastor New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 3, 1914.

The Mid-Winter Bible Conference, held in Philadelphia during the latter part of March 1914, was truly a great power for good. It was not attended by our people as it ought to have been; not as another like it would probably be now; for it was not thoroughly understood. At the close of this Conference, one of the members of my own church, a strong man, said: "If I had known what this Conference was to be, I would have bought a thousand tickets for general distribution." These words speak more eloquently than anything I could write you myself.

REV. JOHN GRANT NEWMAN, D. D.

Pastor The Chambers-Wylie Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Washington, D. C., May 21, 1914.

Our Bible Conference stimulated us all and made the Bible doubly dear. We wished that our young preachers in particular might have shared in it and have been made to feel, as all who were present did, that the preacher who can expound and interpret the Scriptures beginning like the Master with Moses and the Prophets, in their relation to Christ and the life in Christ, will have the most fruitful ministry.

CHARLES WOOD.

Pastor Church of the Covenant.

Washington, D. C., May 31, 1914.

The Mid-Winter Bible Conference held in Washington in 1914 aroused, informed and inspired our church people and created a profound impression upon many who were somewhat indifferent to the claims of the church.

The papers gave more space to the reports of the Conference than to any other religious event held in Washington in many years. The attitude of the papers reflects the importance of the occasion in the minds of our city editors.

The speakers were most acceptable to our church people. There was nothing controversial. All that was presented was constructive. Our pastors and other Christian leaders are agreed that Washington would be glad to welcome such a conference every year.

WM. KNOWLES COOPER.

General Secretary Y. M. C. A.

Washington, D. C., May 22, 1914.

I desire to express to you the general satisfaction felt by the members of the evangelical churches at the management and results of

the Bible Conference held in this city under your direction during the past winter. It greatly quickened the interest in Bible study and promoted better fellowship among the denominations. Another conference at no distant time will be much welcomed.

JOHN W. FOSTER.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 29, 1914.

I beg to assure you that the Evening Mid-Winter Bible Conference held in Wheeling last March left an indelible impression on the minds and hearts of many ministers and Christian men and women.

It was a blessing and delight to listen to the men of learning and of great prominence who were sent to us. Their addresses of instruction and spiritual uplift were heard by an average of 800 persons on the six week nights. The hope has been very generally expressed that we may be favored with a Bible Conference next year.

JOHN C. LYNCH.

General Secretary Y. M. C. A.

Washington, D. C., May 26, 1914.

Replying to your recent letter in reference to the Bible Conference held in our city last February, as secretary of the local committee of arrangements, I was in a position, I believe, to learn something of the impression that was made upon the pastors of our city. To each denominational ministers' association I sent a letter, after the Conference, asking for their opinion of the Conference. There was universal approval and appreciation. The next Conference for Washington will have easy sailing. It is a very great privilege to sit at the feet of the world's greatest Bible teachers.

HENRY ANSTADT.

Pastor Luther Place Memorial Church.

Nashville, Tenn., May 27, 1914.

The Bible Conference in Nashville was a great spiritual uplift. It united the churches, quickened and strengthened the faith of many, gave multitudes a new love for and a stronger confidence in the Bible, and promoted the kind of revival that is not evanescent.

The attendance was very large, and the enthusiasm so great that the Conference was the principal theme of conversation in Nashville during the week it was in session.

It has lifted our churches to higher levels, and has made easier the work of every minister in the city.

JAMES I. VANCE.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Pana, Ill., May 30, 1914.

The World's Bible Conference movement, under the management of Dr. S. C. Dickey, has my heartiest approval. It was my privilege to attend several sessions of the Conference held in Springfield, Ill., last March, and also hear many favorable comments of scores of ministers who attended from a distance.

My experience as one of the local committee for the Conference in Pana, leads me to say that it was one of the best things that ever came to our city. The ministers were deeply impressed with the response made by the general public. The large church was crowded at all the services, and the people seemed hungry for the Word of God. The talent was unusual and, of course, the public realized that the Conference had no other than the religious motive. Before the Conference closed, leading business men of all the churches sought for some means to secure a similar Conference next year.

When one recalls how difficult it is to put on even an ordinary lecture course, and the light return in value, and then experiences such wonderful success in every way in these Bible Conferences, he can come to but one conclusion. And it is this, that Dr. Dickey has solved the problem, and for the next several years these Bible Conferences will meet a real need and do a real service in the bringing of the kingdom of God.

And, my dear Dr. Dickey, when you are making up the circuit for this coming winter, do not fail to save a week for Pana.

P. P. CARSON.

Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 21, 1914.

Echoes from the Mid-Winter Bible Conference are still heard in Pittsburgh and the fruit thereof is apparent in most of our churches.

There is a deeper interest in Bible studies; a more confident note, noticeable in teaching the Bible. Ministers are frequently requested to recommend books that will help in the Bible study. In fact, there is a more wholesome Christian atmosphere generally. The Conference evidently helped a great many Christian people.

FRANK W. SNEED.

Pastor East Liberty Presbyterian Church.

Pana, Ill., May 20, 1914.

The meetings were well attended, the speakers brought us strong messages, each from his own special viewpoint and the effect was good, in that the general religious tone of the community was

strengthened, and the Church and its message was commended to a class of rather indifferent church adherents. The Christian workers were given fresh assurance, and have since continued their work with commendable zeal. The hope is that we may have a similar Conference this coming year.

H. B. FOSTER.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Lancaster, Ohio, May 19, 1914.

The Conference you supplied us last winter from Columbus, with a week of the great speakers you had there, was a rare privilege for people outside the larger cities. It was a great intellectual and spiritual tonic, stimulating many to closer Bible reading, and to more earnest Christian living.

A chain of such Conferences across country in the winters, must prove of tremendous benefit.

IRVINE L. DUNGAN.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Sewickley, Pa., May 22, 1914.

An appreciation of the Bible Conference of Pittsburgh and especially of the supplementary one here at Sewickley is best voiced in the repeated appeals still made for a repetition next year. The people here were delighted with it. Many who were out of town during its sessions have expressed their regret at having missed it. Largely owing to the fact that we had most of the speakers here locally and the people became acquainted with the character of the Conference as well as with the teaching, large numbers went to the city daily to hear one or several addresses. This means almost two hours of traveling besides the time spent in the Conference. The evening meetings in Sewickley crowded our largest church and several evenings many could not get in at all and had to turn away at the door.

I believe the Conference accomplished lasting good, in inciting a deeper desire to know the Bible better and in the impression of the truth in the hearts of the hearers. We all want another next year and we want it down town so busy business men can attend without so great loss of time in transit and we want extra meetings here every evening.

Do not leave Sewickley out of your calculations. We will not permit that.

HUGH L. HODGE.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Washington, May 21, 1914.

The Bible Conference held last February in Washington, D. C., proved to be a great boon to the city. Preachers and laymen who gathered in crowds daily, most richly appreciated the illumination and inspiration received. Yours faithfully,

W. R. WEDDERSPOON.

Pastor Foundry M. E. Church.

Louisville, Ky., May 21, 1914.

As chairman of the committee into whose hands all the work of the Bible Conference was put I wish to give this word touching the impression of the Conference upon Louisville and the prospects for the future. It is the unanimous opinion of the thinking people here that it was the greatest success of anything religious held here for many years. The array of speakers was the choicest. Every man was at his best and the information and the inspiration given to our Louisville audiences, in the short space of six successive nights, completely won the hearts of the people.

It was heard on every side "we are in fine condition now to have the full Bible Conference—the day-meetings as well as the night meetings."

Personally, I question whether there is anything in the religious world so far reaching for good, for the establishing of the kingdom, by way of specific efforts, as these Bible Conferences and you are to be congratulated at the conception and splendid execution of your plans. Count me in, wherever my lot of Pastor is cast, as one ready to work for the coming of your men.

RICHARD WILKINSON.

Chairman Committee on Advertising.

Coatesville Pa., May 21, 1914.

Being within easy reach of Philadelphia it was our great privilege to have some of the speakers for the World's Bible Conference visit our town.

It was a Union meeting in the Presbyterian Church and every one was most deeply interested, instructed and inspired. The addresses of the men were listened to with most profound attention.

With such men as Dr. Palmer, Dr. Stuart, Dr. Vance, and S. D. Gordon every phase of truth was presented from its various view points. The impressions left by some of the speakers will never fade.

For us the Conference was in every way emminently successful and we consider it both an honor and privilege to have had it.

GEO. E. GILLESPIE.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Columbus, Ohio, May 22, 1914.

No one who attended the Mid-Winter Bible Conference in Columbus, Ohio, and vicinity February 16 to 22, 1914, will think exaggeration possible when speaking of the great blessing which came and remained as a result. As to scholarship, culture, eloquence and knowledge of the Bible the speakers of the Columbus Conference are acknowledged leaders of the Christian World. Every man had a great message and held his audience fascinated to the end.

The message which the Conference brought to the churches of Columbus was most timely and vital. The latest word of the archaeologist and explorer, of scientist and theologian was brought to bear on the religious problems of today. Every lecture was interesting, inspiring and true to the Bible as the revealed Word of God. Men and women went away thinking, if not saying, the words of the Prophet: 'The Word of our God shall stand forever." The faith of men in the Bible as the inspired Word of God was wonderfully strengthened and a new appreciation of and love for "The Book" has followed the Conference. The Conference was "Winona" brought to Columbus.

Not one word of criticism has been heard. The ticket plan, even, has been endorsed and commended. All are anxiously waiting for a return of the Conference next year. No richer spiritual blessing can come to any community than that which attends such a Conference. God in Heaven has evidently set His seal of approval on the great work.

JOSEPH TAYLOR BRITAN.

Pastor of Central Presbyterian Church.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 25, 1914.

I am writing to say that in my judgment, the Mid-Winter Bible Conference which came to Philadelphia March 22-29 last, was by far one of the best and most blessed gatherings held in this city for many years. The program was unparalleled, and the influence of the week of Bible study and exposition is more lasting and far-reaching than you can even guess. I hope, with all my heart, this Conference can be made an annual affair for Philadelphia. There are many who cannot afford to go to Northfield or Winona, who have the privilege of such a program as we are accustomed to enjoy who are privileged to jour-

ney thither. God bless you in your effort to increase and inspire knowledge of the Word.

A. E. HARRIS.

Associate Pastor The Baptist Temple.

Nashville, Tenn., May 25, 1914.

I have the happiest memories of our Mid-Winter Bible Conference. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord and it was a real service to the Kingdom. All the churches were benefitted and the preachers are a unit in their approval.

We are eager to have you here again next winter and hope that nothing will prevent your coming.

CAREY E. MORGAN.

Pastor Vine Street Christian Church.

Nashville, Tenn., May 27, 1914.

I take pleasure in giving personal testimony to the moral and spiritual benefit accruing to the membership of the various Protestant churches in Nashville, and indeed to the entire city, through the Mid-Winter Bible Conference held here last February. I think more practical interest was secured in, and more practical good resulted from this gathering than any other which has been held in our city during the four years of my pastorate here.

J. S. FRENCH.

Pastor McKendree Methodist Church.

Trenton, N. J., May 30, 1914.

As you will soon be looking forward to your next year's program in the World's Bible Conference movement, I must again take occasion to tell you with what gratifying success we had our part in your last schedule. Of course we had only five evening meetings—lectures, but I have never seen anything take such a hold in the city. Our church was crowded nearly every night and many could not get in some of the evenings. The people from all churches were united and greatly pleased. Some of our leading men are anxious that Trenton should have all the day and night sessions next year. The results of the meetings have been in every way most wholesome and happy. Shall we hear from you in due time concerning your plans for 1915?

HENRY COLLIN MINTON.

Pastor First Presbyterian Church.

Washington, D. C., May 25, 1914.

Among the religious movements that have found recognition in the National Capitol I consider the World's Bible Conference, held in our city during the past winter, of first merit. It appealed to all classes, and gave a dignity and seriousness to Bible study that proved gratifying to the real friends of the Old Book.' EARLE WILFLEY,

Pastor Vermont Avenue Christian Church.

Toledo, Ohio, May 21, 1914.

"I wish to say that the evening Bible Conference held last winter at Toledo under the auspices of Mid-Winter Conferences was a great success. In many respects it was the greatest thing Toledo ever had. The Conference was not only a great treat, but a great inspiration to all who attended. Nothing better can come to any city than the opportunity of obtaining one of these Conferences. I heartily commend them." D. H. JOHNSTON,

Pastor Rosewood Avenue Presbyterian Church.

The Springfield Bible Conference closed with a rapture of appreciation and enthusiasm. It has excited universal praise. There is not a singe disgruntled soul left. The audience at the close unanimously and enthusiasitcally invited you to return next year. The Conference has helped Springfield wonderfully, and judged from a Springfield standard, was in every way a great success. The last meeting turned several people away. Every seat was taken. We shall pray God to bless you abundantly in Pittsburg and Philadelphia. With warmest greetings to all. Very sincerely, DONALD C. MACLEOD.

The Conference was one of the best ever held in Pittsburgh. The audiences were large and steadily increased. From all quarters come words of commendation. Great numbers of citizens have asked that one be held here next year. Business men have said that they would underwrite the movement, thus making it free to all.

J. K. McCLURKIN.

The importance of a great series of Bible Conferences next year is so apparent to all now, that it can be made the mightiest religious force of our day; carefully managed and clearly advertised with the prices put within the reach of the people. You deserve the gratitude and co-operation of all Christians in the land. Your Brother,

RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

The saving of souls is the biggest business in the world. If the people of Allegheny County knew all about the "precious pearls" being offered three times daily at the meetings of the Mid-Winter Bible Conference, and knew the giants who are telling what they know and have lived, only a small percentage of them could be accommodated with seats. Therefore, give Pittsburgh another conference. Yours truly,

GEO. H. PRAGER,
(An Interested Layman.)

I am enclosing you some of the clippings to indicate to you in part what the people here thought of the Conference. I have heard no dissenting voice. All agree that it has been a great thing. They would like to have Hannibal made a center next year, with a full day and night program. I believe it could be financed. I hope you will count us in on your plans for next year, and let us know in time to work the thing up months ahead.

REV. B. E. S. ELY, JR., D. D.,
Hannibal, Mo.

Rev. Prof. A. T. Robertson, D. D., of Louisville, Kentucky, says: "Americans have long enjoyed the summer visits of British speakers at Northfield, Winona and other Bible Conferences. The vacation time would lose much of its charm for many of us without the contact with these annual visitors, who charm us by their lofty messages and social grace.

"But this winter Dr. Sol C. Dickey, Director of Winona, has inaugurated a series of Mid-Winter Bible Conferences in seven of our cities (————). The experiment is a distinct success. It is astonishing to see how the crowds stay all day and hear speaker after speaker with undiminished interest. It is proof positive of the eager desire of the people for more knowledge of the Bible. Dr. Dickey is showing himself a master in managing so tremendous an enterprise. The financial end of it alone is very heavy, but there is great enthusiasm about it and promise that it will become permanent. In each city there is a strong desire for a repetition next winter."

The Baptist Commonwealth says: "This method of extending Winona and Northfield and taking the Conference into other localities during the winter months will be of untold benefit to individual Christians and the churches. What a great thing it would be if such a group of men could be gathered together year after year and take

their messages to the common people! It would be as good as a traveling theological seminary. And why not? We are having traveling agricultural colleges, and a half-dozen other special traveling groups. Why not exalt the Bible and magnify the religious life by just such methods as these? Nothing would delight us more than to know that such a movement could be consummated."

"I feel that I got more good out of those meetings than I can possibly tell. I am a stranger to you, but I am praying that I may continue to feel the spirit and power of Christ as much as I have during the wonderful Bible Conference you held in Pittsburgh."

(Signed) "A Girl Who Is Glad the Conference Came Here."

"Seldom if ever have the people of Hannibal and surrounding territory been permitted to hear such a splendid array of talent from the pulpits of this city as that brought by the Bible Conference that closed last night. Every available foot of space was utilized to seat the vast audiences. The speakers were all men of international reputation in the religious world, men of superior brain power, and indefatigable students of the Bible. The lectures were inspiring, uplifting and beneficial to those who heard them. They were masterpieces in thought and diction. Hannibal should not fail to secure a similar conference next year."—Hannibal Editorial.

The Hannibal Evening Courier-Post says: "The great success of the Bible Conference which closed last night surpassed the expectations of the committee which arranged for the week of sermons. That the Conference will be repeated in 1915 is assured if only the desire of the people of Hannibal is to be consulted. There probably has never been anything of a religious nature that has been more popular in Hannibal, and which has drawn larger numbers of people, than has this series of meetings. This is due to some extent at least, to the great reputation of the speakers, who were from the very foremost of the world's pulpit orators."

Extended interviews with twenty-seven of the leading citizens of the city are published in the above paper, all of which praise the work of the Conference, and express a hope that the Conference may return next year.

"The Conference has educated the people in the proper way to study the Bible."—W. H. Fisher.

"I can say for myself that I think it is a great thing."—J. M. Woods.

"It is one of the biggest things we ever had."—Mrs. R. N. Mason.

"The Conference has awakened an interest in the study of the Bible."—Mrs. Bessie Tucker.

"These men from other fields show us things from a different standpoint."—Geo. R. D. Kramer, Jr.

"The Conference has been a great uplift to Hannibal."—Mrs. Bess Hafner.

"Without doubt the Conference has been a great help to Hannibal." —Mrs. J. D. Seibel.

"It has been an intellectual treat to listen to these men."—C. M. Roberts.

"The city has been greatly benefited and blessed by this Conference."—Miss Frances Connell.

"I favor having another Conference next year."—P. D. Fisher.

"The Bible Conferences have been the greatest thing Hannibal has had in years."—J. T. S. Hickman.

"To listen to the great preachers has been rare privilege."—Chas. S. Bowe.

"Certainly we should have another Conference next year."—Henry J. Lowe.

"I have received one of the greatest uplifts of my life this week." —W. T. Leagne.

"There has never been anything of more consequence in Hannibal than this Bible Conference. It should be made an annual affair."—J. R. Blackwood.

"If we can judge by the numbers who have attended, people have at least had their interest aroused."—Mrs. A. D. Stowell.

"I fully appreciate the opportunity of hearing such distinguished students of the Bible."—E. H. Moore.

"These men have brought us into closer touch with the Bible."—E. J. Peck.

"By all means we should have it again next year."—Fred L. Barrett.

"The Bible Conference has proven a great spiritual uplift to Hannibal."—T. C. Luck.

"The Conference was fine. Let us have another one next year."—John Wheelan.

"I am heartily in favor of having another conference next year."—John A. Sydney.

"I believe the Conference has been of great good."—A. M. Nipper.

"I think the people of Hannibal will begin to open their eyes and come back to the study of the old Book."—R. N. Gilbert.

"I can say for myself and family that we think it is the best and most uplifting conference ever held in Hannibal."—Mrs. J. C. Helm.

"Certainly the citizens have received a great moral uplift."—Mrs. Elizabeth Frazier.

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